



WING & WING

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The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

MALABAR X TAKES SCHOONER BEER REGATTA

New York City—Departing from tradition, the South Street Seaport Museum opened up the former Mayor's Trophy Schooner Race to all "classic" vessels and secured ample funding from the fine folks who make Schooner Beer. The result was a super race, sailed in a strong westerly and with four classes opening up the chances to take home some silver from the Schooner Beer Regatta.

It was a bit disconcerting to see all those pointy boats jockeying for position, but things looked normal when Class A, gaff-rigged schooners, started at 11:00 AM. MALABAR X was first across closely followed by AVENGER, representing the Nova Scotia Schooner Association. Ten boats started in this class with five more marconi schooners in Class B starting 15 minutes later.

There were eight yawls and ketches in Class C and 11 sloops and cutters in Class D, starting at 15-minute intervals. By the time all classes had started, the breeze was up to a solid 20 knots with frequent higher gusts.

In a further departure, the race committee set a somewhat circular course in the upper harbor with all boats required to circle part of the course twice before heading up the North River to a final leeward mark, then another short beat to the finish. This course had the advantage of mixing the classes on the course, something that rarely happens in a classic yacht race.

By the first mark, just south of Liberty Island, MALABAR X had established a comfortable lead over the rest of the schooners. TRADEWIND, KOUKLA and DEFIANCE had all gained ground by staying high on the Jersey shore, and VOYAGER was trying hard to make up for a disappointing start. At the second mark, off Staten Island's north shore, TRADEWIND was in second place having port tacked AVENGER at the mark. AVENGER was third and VOYAGER was starting to move up.

In Class B, LANDFALL and the 92' SVANEN were waging a close battle for the lead with PANDORIAN not far behind. In effect, there was no race in Class C as the 70' PETREL, with local knowledge galore, was well ahead. Halfway through the race it was apparent that the only boat with a chance to catch MALABAR X was PETREL.

The third leg was a run to the Brooklyn shore followed by a broad reach back to the first mark off Liberty Island, then around again. VOYAGER finally caught AVENGER about halfway down the second beat and soon caught TRADEWIND as well. PETREL came steaming by all these boats shortly thereafter and continued in pursuit of MALABAR X as the boats reached up the river.

The final windward leg was where PETREL caught MALABAR X to be

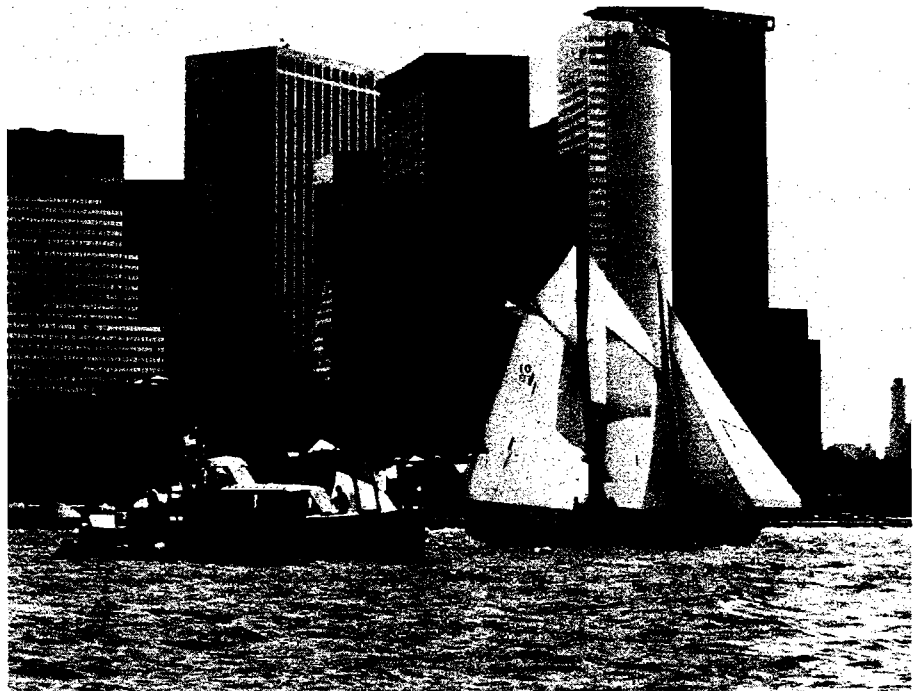
first across the line and take Class C. In Class D, which was behind the gaff schooners for most of the race, the competition was between FISH HAWK and NEITH for line honors with FISH HAWK crossing the line first.

The award ceremony also was different, taking place in public on Pier 16 and coming during intermission of a Schooner Fare concert. The awards were presented by Rod Stephens, whose comments about the participating boats—and some of their designers and builders—were well received.

First place in Class A, the Mayor's Trophy for fastest schooner and the Alfred E. Loomis Trophy for fastest gaff-rigged schooner, all went to Barbara and Lee Pryor's MALABAR X in what was the high point of this fine schooner's modern racing career. Second in Class A

MALABAR X leading the start

photo by Vern Brady



and the Knickerbocker Yacht Club prize for best seamanship went to Tom Gallant and AVENGER. It was a proud showing for the Canadian vessel, even though it sailed with a predominantly Yank crew. VOYAGER, recovering nicely from a poor start, took third for Peter and Jeanette Phillipps.

In Class B, LANDFALL barely beat SVANEN across the line by 19 seconds of elapsed time. But on corrected time, SVANEN fell to third behind PANDORIAN, owned by Barrie Abrams. The strong winds proved too much for MYTH and the Seaport's RUSSELL GRINNELL.

PETREL, of course, had no trouble saving her time in Class C. ISIS was second and PRIMA DONNA third. ASA members in this class included Bob Pulsch in the 32' ketch KATHLEEN MARY with a very creditable fifth, and Edd Kalehoff in MAGIC VENTURE, which withdrew.

Class D was won by the 17' sloop SKYLARK which won the *Offshore Magazine* Trophy for non-schooner with the best corrected time and the Schooner Beer Cup for best corrected time in all classes. Hank Abbott's 37' sloop QUEE QUEG took fourth place in this class.

It's a pleasure to see a race sponsor try something new by way of presentation and even a greater pleasure when it works out well, as this race did. Combined with the extremely good docking facilities at the Seaport—a quantum improvement which permits easy access to the piers and some protection from the river surge—and improving management of the race, South Street, with the help of Schooner Beer, is once again a high spot on the schooner racing circuit.

Sam Hoyt

THE MYSTIC SEAPORT SCHOONER RACE

Everything about this year's Mystic race was truly bizarre. It started with only 11 schooners turning out for what is generally acknowledged as the high point of the racing season. It ended with only two schooners crossing the finish line and a somewhat, though not highly, improbable winner.

Winds were easterly and light and the start was postponed after two boats had run aground coming down the Mystic River. At the Class B (smaller boats) gun, wind was still easterly at less than 10 knots with a course set to the eastern end of Fisher's Island Sound. Conditions were similar at the Class A start 10 minutes later.

SEBIM, entering her second race state-side after coming south with new owner Vern Brady, quickly got clear in Class B and, tacking for the Fisher's Island shore, opened up a substantial lead. In Class A, it was the latest renewal in the ongoing rivalry between Don Glassie's FORTUNE and Mystic Seaport's BRILLIANT, skippered by George Moffett.

As the boats approached the mark off Stonington, SEBIM still led, but by less than a hundred yards over BRILLIANT. FORTUNE, to leeward of the mark, threw in two good racing tacks and got around just ahead of BRILLIANT and less than 50 yards behind SEBIM. And there they stayed.

With the wind dropping to almost nothing, the three leaders were barely able to make headway against the last of an ebbing tide that gradually brought the rest of the fleet to the mark. First MALABAR X, then DEFIANCE came around to begin the agonizing downwind creep

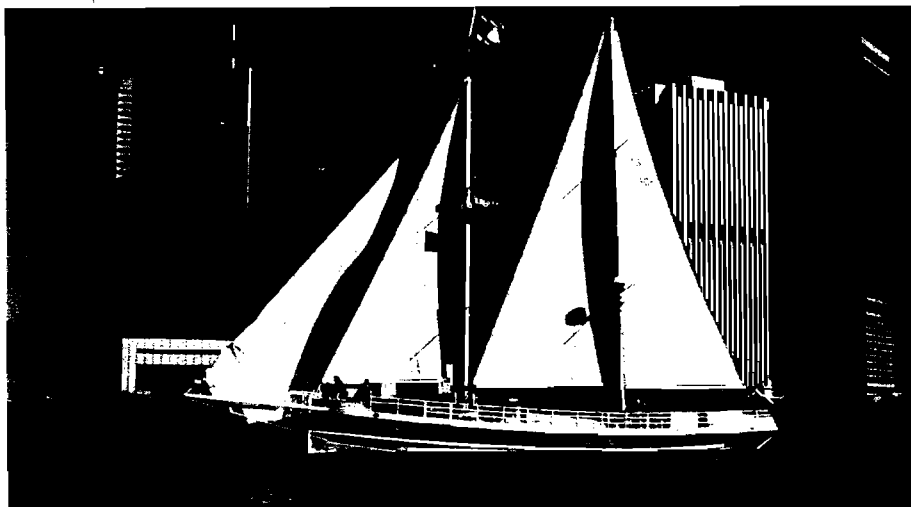
against the tide. Then came VOYAGER, SVANEN, SAGAMORE, which immediately broke out her square foresail. GOLDEN GOOSE and EASTERN PASSAGE.

With the wind, what there was of it, staying in the east, the progression literally inched its way back down the Sound. BRILLIANT opened up a bit of a lead and stayed in the middle. FORTUNE edged past SEBIM which eased up closer to the Connecticut shore to try and get out of the tide, as did DEFIANCE and MALABAR X. VOYAGER went back to the Fisher's Island side and seemed to find less tide as she gained ground there. For a time, GOLDEN GOOSE also appeared to move up by favoring the Fisher's Island shore.

But the truly bizarre was yet to come. As the schooners reached the eastern end of Fisher's Island, the tide had changed and was now favorable. It looked as though the race was between BRILLIANT and VOYAGER as they approached the shortened course finish off New London. The wind had now died completely and boats barely had steerageway.

Still they were going in the right direction. SEBIM had managed to pass FORTUNE which was just ahead of MALABAR X and DEFIANCE. The only other boat still in the race, as time was running out on the fleet and some opted to return to the Seaport, was SVANEN.

The view of the finish from a quarter-mile away showed VOYAGER approaching the pin end and BRILLIANT the committee boat end of the line in what looked to be a dead heat. Both, however,



SVANEN of Stockholm, a 92-foot converted fishing boat.

J. Mairs

OFFICERS

COMMODORE
Elaine Beckwith

REAR COMMODORE
Captain Philip LaFrance

SECRETARY
Captain Mark Faulstick

TREASURER
Captain George Moffett

NEWSLETTER
EDITOR: *Jeanette Phillipps*
GRAPHICS: *Jeanette Phillipps*

kept sails up after it appeared they had finished. SEBIM, now a hundred yards or so ahead of FORTUNE, drifted across in the dead center of the line and took the gun for Class B.

At this point, the weirdness began. Ollie Jones and Brian Beckwith on board Ollie's new floating condominium, motored by SEBIM and informed the dubious crew that both BRILLIANT and VOYAGER had failed to cross the line. The tide had taken one above and the other below the line. With deepening incredulity, SEBIM's crew waited to see if FORTUNE got a gun. When she did, also bisecting the line in perfect fashion, it became evident that SEBIM had indeed been first to finish.

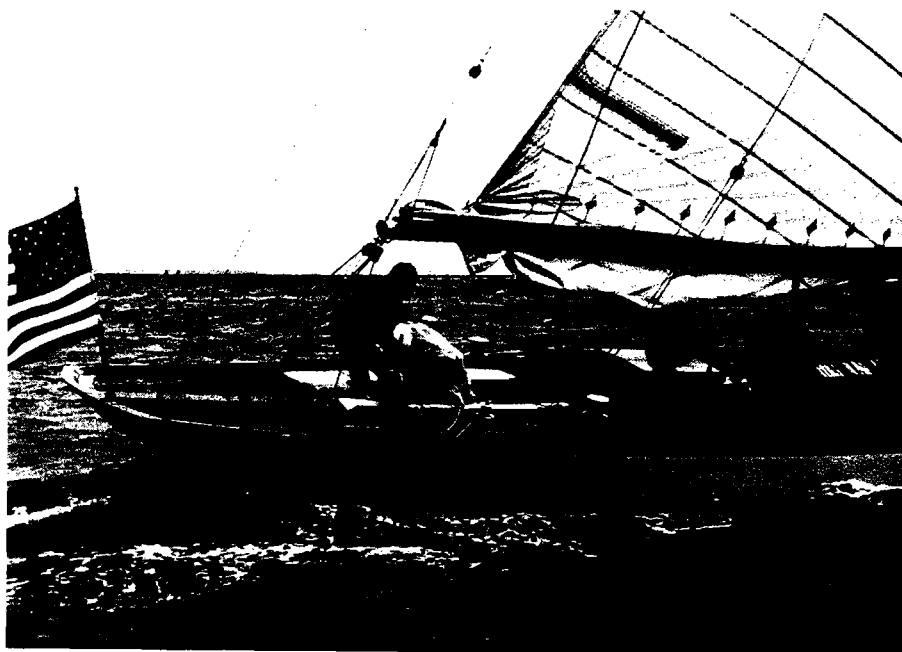
But MALABAR X and DEFIANCE were now approaching the line and Art Collins' boat had a real chance to save her time on SEBIM. But the tide gods must have had a good party in Nova Scotia. First MALABAR, then DEFIANCE were carried below the line, narrowly missing the committee boat as its bemused occupants watched helplessly.

The last vessel still racing, SVANEN, was warned to stay on the pin side as she approached the line, but she, too, fell prey to the foul tides and bumped the pin as she tried to claw back down on the line.

As these six schooners motored back to the Seaport and a torrential rain began, hailing the arrival of a strong frontal system which kept boats at the Seaport for far longer than they planned, the only question was whether SEBIM had saved her time on FORTUNE, which started 10 minutes later. As it turned out, she had and Vernon Brady carried off a load of trophies that even his feverish fantasies could not have manufactured, perhaps the most bizarre twist of all.

As always, Mystic's management of the race and the party that followed it was exceptional and a good time was had by all as the rain continued to fall in buckets and the wind picked up to over 40 knots. No one, however, was heard to wish the conditions had been reversed for the race.

Sam Hoyt



NEITH

photo by Jim Mairs

GOVERNOR'S CUP REGATTA

Some pretty scroungy weather greeted the twenty-seven competitors gathered in Essex on September 12th for the traditional vessel weekend. While the monsoon rains held off until Sunday, Saturday's race was held in blustery overcast conditions with winds ESE at 15-25 knots. There were only six schooners present and with the race now divided into four classes, two for schooners and two for "non-schooners," anyone who could finish would win something. But finishing wasn't all that easy!

The tide was flooding strongly at the start, the same direction as the wind, and many boats got caught way below the starting line at the gun. Just beating across the line was a real challenge. To make the first leg (2 miles to windward) even more exciting, as the wind picked up and several boats had to reef (or should have!), the fleet sailed through an oil slick thoughtfully deposited by a transiting tanker. Feet slipped on incredibly treacherous decks, sheets slipped on winch drums and concentration slipped at the helm as at least two separate collisions were noted among the pointy boats.

Despite some exhilarating speeds logged on the second (reaching) and third (running) legs, the final seven-mile beat to the finish against the tide was enough

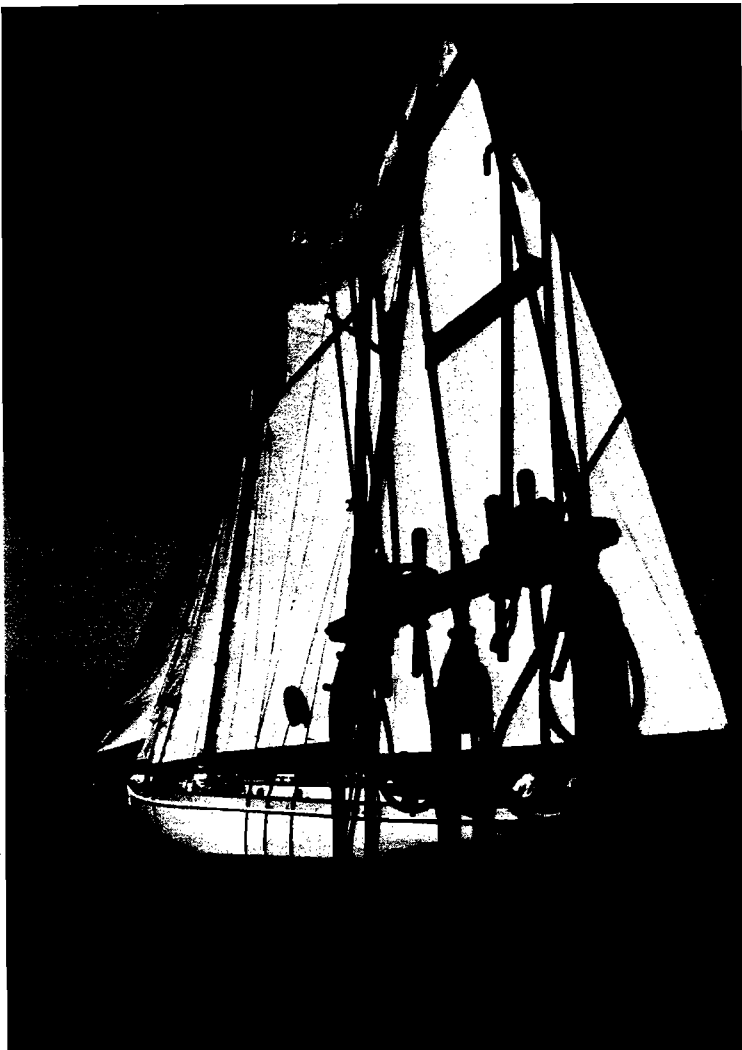
to make you wish you never left Tumble-down's cozy bar. Class A for "smaller" schooners saw Barry Abrams' 38' PANDORIAN take first place over Jim Raftery's 39' GOLDEN GOOSE. Humphrey Barnum, showing the wisdom that only comes with long experience, had earlier retired SAGAMORE to more hospitable environs. The larger schooners in class C finished right according to size: 1st—BRILLIANT 62', 2nd—ADVENTURER 52', 3rd—SEBIM 46'.

In the overall awards, George Moffett and BRILLIANT collected the Jacinta Trophy for best elapsed time and the Foundation Award for best corrected time among the schooners. George's ex-first mate Jeff Stone is skipper on NEITH this year and they did it to everyone by winning the Governor's Cup with best elapsed time in all classes. NEITH also took the Steamboat Dock Award for best elapsed time in the classic yacht division and the Victoria Trophy for best corrected time in same.

Overall it was a wet and wild day with Race Committee Chairman Tom Clark trying to deny he set such a tough course just to drum up some business for his sail loft! With the schooner division outnumbered some 21 to 6 by the classic yacht crowd, we had better get a lot more schooner participation next year or we are liable to see some re-thinking on the division of classes and awards.

Vern Brady

THE CLASSIC YACHT REGATTA



Peter Warburton's GALATEA

photo by Bob Benedict



Vern Brady's SEBIM

photo by Jim Mairs

For the eighth year in a row over eighty classic wooden sailing and power yachts gathered in Newport on Labor Day Weekend to race and parade in celebration of their continued existence. This year however will be remembered with sadness, for the weekend was overshadowed by the news that Tom Benson had died of a heart attack just two weeks earlier at the age of fifty. Tom was one of the founding forces behind the Museum of Yachting and its first Director. He had worked closely with the ASA over the years in discussions of race schedules, handicapping and sponsorship and was well known and respected by many members. His drive and enthusiasm will be sorely missed.

The race itself was held in classically excellent weather, with the fleet rounding Conanicut Island in a clockwise direction. A light air beat to the southern end, a long hot run up West Passage and a beat to the finish in a freshening 15-knot on-shore breeze. All familiar stuff to the CYR regulars. It's hard to complain about lack of variety just because everything is so perfect! In the schooner class (which is all we really care about) BRILLIANT and VOYAGER had their work cut out for them against two newly arrived Nova Scotians—AVENGER and SEBIM. In what amounted to a pair of match races, the Yankee boats prevailed on their home court. BRILLIANT trounced SEBIM by over thirteen minutes for first in class and VOYAGER led AVENGER by better than twenty minutes for third place honors. We're not sure what Tom Gallant's excuse was but SEBIM could offer none as we had a first rate crew aboard in the entire Hoyt family, together with Ralph and Julie Tingley, all seasoned gaff-schooner campaigners. We even had a genuine "ringer" in Ralph's son Jeff, lately returned from Australia where he was part of the Canadian 12-meter effort.

In other classes, Don Glassie took a fifth in "B" with FORTUNE (and another one at the party!), Hank Abbott was fifth in "C" with QUEE QUEG, and Bill Ashton (ex-TODDYWAX) brought his pointy boat DOVEKIE home fourth in class "D" and took the Rhodes award. Mark Faulstick had engine trouble with ADVENTURER and never made the start. Overall winners were the 12-meter NYALA on elapsed time (the Atlantic Trophy) and PRINCESS, a 34' Herreshoff sloop (the Sappho Cup) with best corrected time in fleet. At least the awards were named after schooners!

Vern Braa,

THE OPERA HOUSE CUP

"When high tide covers the highest mountain, one need not seek a landfall."

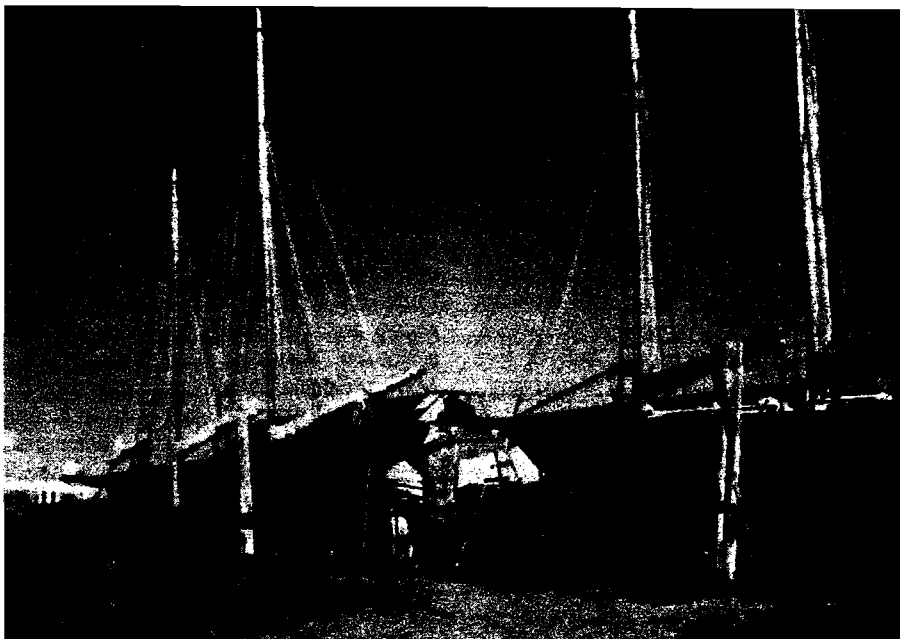
Captain Ūmloṭ Larsen, 1416

There were fifty-nine boats vying for position prior to the start of the fifteenth annual Opera House Cup Race in Nantucket. It was a brisk breeze, twenty to thirty knots veering in all directions as often occurs for these events. The day: August 16, 1987. Again the fleet was divided into two classes, and a good thing for smaller vessels in Class "B," with SAUDADE, a Sparky yawl with a topless foredeck crew, creating confusion for all contenders in Class "A," a disquieting havoc for anyone within five hundred boat lengths. But unlike so many of these races, the starts were clean and devoid of the painful shrieks of splintering wood or rigging dragging uproariously astern.

This author sailing a leather on purple-heart frame, junk-rigged schooner hit the line at the gun, but within seconds was passed by no less than thirty more spirited vessels. ADVENTURER took the lead and held for almost four miles to the first windward mark with VOYAGER and LIBERTY, a Gannon & Benjamin gaff sloop, close behind. The next leg, also to windward, saw all hulls either driving through or over a chop ever increasing in these shallow waters. The larger vessels or schooners having such a sensible rig and crews capable of these conditions soon took control. WHITEHAWK, a schooner with an unfortunate mast switch, finished first in four hours five minutes, followed a minute later by a one-masted schooner, GLEAM. In Class "B" VOYAGER, an Alden and legitimate gaff schooner, finished first with LIBERTY second. Neither placed well, but more important, two schooners placed second and third in fleet position: BRILLIANT and FORTUNE. These two upheld all the traditions for which the schooner rig holds dear and against a fleet consisting of the best of Herreshoff, Rhodes, Sparkman and Stevens, Gannon & Benjamin, Burgess, Alden, my hat is off, hand clasped across my ASA crest emblazoned upon a salt encrusted blazer.

My own vessel, DOUBLE ŪMLOT, was a disappointing DNF.

Lars Ūmloṭ II



*Preparing for the race at Gannon & Benjamin's yard
VOYAGER & ADVENTURER*

photo by J. Phillipps

*HERANDIS leads KOOKLA at Douglaston Windjammer
Race July 4*

photo by Vern Brady



THE NOVA SCOTIA SCHOONER ASSOCIATION ANNUAL REGATTA (OR BLUE SKIES, BLUE WATERS AND BLUE NOSES)

One of my better ideas, after buying SEBIM, was to take delivery of her during the NSSA annual race week in late July. After what was reportedly a wet spring, the regatta got a real break in the weather with a strong frontal system going through on Sunday, as the boats gathered in Mahone Bay, and clearing everything out for the rest of the week. About 15 schooners turned out for five days of racing and six nights of partying.

Kathy and I had driven up, with fellow ASA members Bob and Roberta Pulsch, to Bar Harbor, Maine and hopped the ferry to Yarmouth putting us in Mahone Bay late Saturday. SEBIM arrived shortly after dark with ex-owner Henry Endres who would be skippering for most of the week. Another Yankee, Jim Mairs, arrived on Sunday and we spent the day getting organized and "learning the ropes." Each race day started with breakfast for the entire fleet at the local Anglican Church hall about 8 AM. A different schooner crew was nominated to do the cooking each day. The Skipper's Meeting would follow breakfast and the course would be selected (out of nine possible variations) according to weather and severity of the skippers' hangovers.

Mahone Bay has got to be schooner racing paradise. Dotted with literally dozens of islands it features deep water, good winds and little chop. All races would start and finish off a wharf in the inner

harbor. The fleet would then broad reach (in the usual Southwesterlies) to the outer bay to follow the chosen route in a freshening breeze. It's like sailing through maritime history—Lunenburg to the South with Second Peninsula and the Stevens' homestead overlooking the bay; Indian Point and Chester just to the North and home to still more great names in schooner building: Langille, Heisler, Mason, Gerald Stevens; and guarding the entrance to the bay Big Tancook and Little Tancook Islands, whose fishermen/designers started it all with the Tancook Whaler. And to top it all off, sunny weather and unlimited visibility. You really don't even mind losing races in such beautiful surroundings, which is what we did a great deal of!

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday were sort of shakedown races (or so we claimed!) for SEBIM and her crew—neither had sailed this year prior to race week. Thursday was a lay day, gloriously spent sight-seeing, which included a visit to Second Peninsula and a tour of David Stevens' boat shop by his brother and retired sailmaker, Harold. We also visited Lunenburg with its many shops and famous Foundry before driving down to the beautiful coastal town of Kingsburg for a delightful afternoon visit with Monty and Carol Ann Mosher, owners of the schooner HARMONA. Friday was to be THE DAY. It was the Premier's Cup

Race, open to all schooners on corrected time but with no sail limitations. SEBIM was ready! The crew were psyched up, we had Capt. Warren Doane, SEBIM's original owner aboard, and the gollywobbler was set to go. Henry got us a good start and we soon pulled out a sizable lead over everyone except our nemesis the KATHY ANNE II and Capt. David Stevens who were just behind. At the mark off West Head on East Ironbound Island we reset the foresail, dropped the golly, sheeted the genny flat and beat up the west side of the island in 18 knots of wind. (It was not as easy as it just sounded.) The KATHY ANNE reached the mark but had to put a man aloft to unsnarl something and couldn't come about. As they stood into the lee of the island we knew we had them. Six miles later at the last mark before the finish we timed KATHY ANNE (using the radar) some seven-and-a-half minutes behind us! Nothing could stop us as we roared into the inner harbor with the golly pulling like a race horse. Of course, nothing could sink the TITANIC either. The wind died. I don't mean lightened, folks, I mean DOA! David Stevens later reported he had already given over the helm and was relaxing in the sur when one of the crew reported SEBIM had run aground! We might as well have. We coasted to a dead stop less than one-quarter mile from the finish, trapped nicely abeam of one of the two shoals in the harbor. (Commodore Joe Graves and SORCERESS had previously found the other one!) In 14 years of schooner racing I don't think I have ever felt more helpless or heard more cussing 'n swearing than in the next few minutes. Using us as a telltale, the KATHY ANNE and AMASONIA headed for the opposite side of the harbor (and shoal) and caught the first of the new breeze as it filled in from the West. KATHY ANNE II crossed the finish line five seconds ahead of SEBIM after 23.4 miles of racing! If you care about handicaps, Les Caslake and AMASONIA cleaned everyone and won the Premier's Cup for the second year in a row. As we came along the wharf, Sam Hoyt and Paul Bradley (they had just flown in for the delivery trip home) greeted us by saying, "What were you guys doing out there?"

Our last race on Saturday, the first of August, was for the Colonial Fisheries Trophy—working sails only, first to finish, no handicap. Since Henry had to re-

Capt. Brady takes command

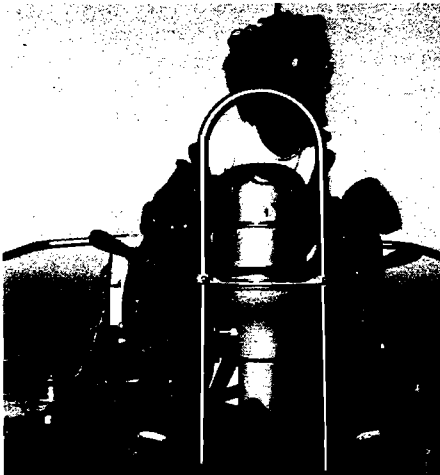
photo by Jim Mairs



turn home it was SEBIM's first race under American command and we duly marked the occasion by having Paul "the cat" Bradley climb the foremast and lash the ASA burgee to the masthead. (Next year we'll rig a flag halyard, Paul.) We also set a nice "Bennington Flag" at the peak of the main gaff. All was to be in vain however. After considerable jockeying for the start, the unthinkable happened—Fred Rhinelander's CONSTANCE collided with KATHY ANNE II. Fred lost his bowsprit and David Stevens lost a port side shroud. No serious crew injuries. The race was postponed an hour for "damage control." KATHY ANNE made the re-start, CONSTANCE didn't. After

Paul on watch

photo by J. Mairs



7/31: After mad-dashing from boat to car to taxi to bus to plane, Sam Hoyt and I were greeted at Halifax Airport by Kathy Johnsrud and Roberta Pulsch. Already feel better. Arrived in Mahone Bay under gorgeous skies to see the finish of Friday's race. The clouds formed question marks as the fleet appeared with every boat on a different point of sail. End of a frustrating day for the new captain/owner of SEBIM, Vernon Brady. After leading the fleet all day of a 15-mile course, SEBIM found herself in a hole minutes from the finish. As the breeze filled for the rest of the fleet, they sat and watched. The perennial favorite, KATHY ANNE, took the day finishing 90 seconds ahead of SEBIM.

8/1: Saturday, the final race of the week-long series held annually by the NSSA, had SEBIM sailing for the first time under ASA burgee and Old Glory. At the first mark SEBIM rounded first, a full 9.5 minutes ahead of the next boat. Unfortunately, she was unable to maintain the advantage for the windward race to the finish. KATHY ANNE once again took the silver. There is no second place in Novi racing.

reaching into the lead, SEBIM stretched it out and was looking pretty secure until the last leg. It was a beat all the way home—six long miles. KATHY ANNE was still in sight. Then she was closer. David Stevens was not about to give up by any means, collisions notwithstanding. Sailing in his home waters (he later admitted to racing on the bay for "about sixty years"), he brought his schooner steadily on until soon we were in hailing distance—but no one spoke. Two miles from the finish we starboard tacked them and bought some time. We tried desperately to cover but KATHY ANNE had to be pointing a solid 10 degrees higher than we could. (I felt like we were in a tacking

8/2: Sunday morning, after steak and eggs on the dock, we leave to a cacophony of blaring horns and flailing arms of farewell. They'll melt your heart them Novies.

Crew: Capt. Vern Brady, Sam 'Shogun' Hoyt, Jim Mairs, Bob Pulsch, Kyle Engles, and me. Wind NNW, 12 knots, Course 205° M, speed 6.2 knots! Working offshore to anticipate predictable SW wind. First 24 hours traveled 120 miles.

8/3: 10:00 hrs. W SSE 15, C 283° M, speed 8 knots. Lat 42°50.3' Long 65°28.4' Sixty miles SSE of Seal Island, N.S. on Brown's Bank.

Best wind so far and whales all around this morning.

Afternoon brings light wind and overcast. Even the golly won't hold. Motored into the fog. Radar detects no other vessels.

8/4: Rising barometer and light air. Wait, do you feel that breeze? What the hell, let's try sailing. Shut down the motor. . . down to 3 knots . . . down to 1 knot

Oh well, fire it up. In again out again all day. The sea puckering up as the fast-flowing Fundy current roars through undersea canyons making a patchwork of sea textures around mirrors of flat water.

Chow time: Dinty Moore and mines-trone mixed with some unidentifiable vegetable matter. Dee-licious. The only plate Jim Mairs missed on was the peanut butter ratatouille (the rice was overcooked). I exaggerate somewhat because most of our meals were feasts of the palate.

Instant coffee anyone? Is it 6 am or 6 pm? Check the log. Now I know I've found my sea rhythm. Re-entry will take a few days as well.

8/5: 0440 hrs. Clear skies and the glow of land tells us that Portsmouth, N.H. is to starboard and Gloucester is on target.

duel with FORTUNE.) Within a quarter mile she tacked under us and was gone. We followed them across the line by a couple of minutes. I have never seen a better setting suit of sails on a gaff-rigger, nor a vessel sailed any better.

We partied hard that night. (The girls had driven home that morning.) The comradeship and hospitality—and condolences—were sincere. You see, it's like the America's Cup, there are no trophies for second place. When we set sail for New England on Sunday we took home no silverware, but many, many friendships. I had no complaints however. I had captured the greatest prize of all—SEBIM.

Vern Brady

We are seeing traffic all around now as fishing boats head to and from the banks. A tug and barge appear on port and eventually we are forced to alter course to let them pass.

Watching Cape Ann Light as the sunrise fills the sails. All good things must pass and another passage nears the end.

APPLEDORE sails out as we enter the lobster pot infested entrance to the harbor.

0700 hrs. Up goes the Quarantine Flag. At the Customs Dock we are cordially if somewhat disinterestedly greeted. We search through heaps of soggy gear to rediscover identity papers. No use at sea but indispensable ashore.

As Sam and Jim must leave for the Big Apple, they go in search of transportation. After farewells I stare in disbelief as they load gear into a white stretch limousine.

Good people, good crew.

1030 hrs. Next stop Cape Cod Canal. APPLEDORE sails in from her morning charter as we reach nearby at 8 knots. Another photo opportunity missed. We later cross tacks with a varnished hull sloop on spinnaker alone most likely bound for Scituate.

1500 hrs. Wind getting light and crew showing signs of fatigue. Too much fun. We'll put in at the harbor of refuge on the Mass. Bay Side of the canal. I'm restless and tired at once. The others have washed and shaved so I wash but religiously disdain from shaving at sea. All the same, we present a crusty lot amidst the waxed hulls and trendy inhabitants of this cozy port.

My land transport arrives at 11 PM and we toast the voyage with warm rum in plastic cups. Three hundred plus miles without a hitch. Good boat, good crew, good weather. Look out people, this boat is fast.

Happy sailing,
Paul Bradley

A RANT ABOUT RACE WEEK

In the last few years, there's been much more contact between the American Schooner Association and the Nova Scotia Schooner Association than there was in years past. This, I suppose, has been a "good thing." I mean, any opportunity to go sailing and drink rum is not to be sniffed at, but one must wonder—how long is it going to take for you Yankees to learn anything? When, oh when, are you going to notice the wonders of the Nor'east? Now I'm not just talking about our superior speed, beauty, seamanship and capacity for hard liquor. No, I'm talking about the purity and correctness of having an annual Schooner Race Week, instead of running around participating in regattas where those "other rigs" are allowed in great number and the schooners are treated as a charming anachronism, except possibly FORTUNE, which we all know isn't really a schooner a'tall a'tall. Where's your pride? How can you truly school with all that other trash about?

Let's face it. People who sail those "other rigs" are inferior, with very few exceptions. They dress funny. They drink things called "cocktails" that contain substances other than rum. They *like* going to windward. They're insane. They're uncouth. They talk about things like "aspect ratios" and "number threes." They even pretend to know the God-damned rules of yacht racing. Do you really want to spend time with such riff-raff? If you do, I have serious fears for your immortal souls. You could end up dying and going to Newport. Look, let one of those guys in, and the next thing you know you'll start seriously considering the possibility of staying dry whilst sailing in a gale. That way goes madness.

On the other hand, you could go the way of the Novis. Once a year you could grace some special anchorage with your collective beauty and have Race Week. You could gather around in little bunches and discuss the kinds of things that real sailors talk about. The air could ring with phrases like "deadeyes and lanyards" and "full and bye" and "Jamming up the peaks for the windward leg." You could renew old friendships in an atmosphere devoid of winches but replete with wenches. You could race every day and compare your performance with that of the day before, thus arriving at an intelligent gauge for the intake of rum. And you'd never have to look at one of those "other rigs" except for the poor sods in the spectator fleet who you know in your heart wish they

were sailing a schooner. God, it's just wonderful!

But Nooooo. The ASA flails around New England like everyone's drunk but lovable uncle looking for a race that will let them join the fun. And, like the uncle, they endure the sidelong glances and smirks of the subhuman dolts who believe it's possible to enjoy sailing one of those "other rigs." Why? Don't you understand that the schooner is the ONLY RIG!!!! Just as there is one God and his name is God, there is one rig and it has the tall mast aft!!! We Novis may not be intellectual giants, but even we understand that. We call ourselves the Nova Scotia Schooner Association because we sail SCHOONERS. Why do you poor besotted Yankees find that such a difficult concept? Huh? I Mean, do Hell's Angels have members who drive Honda Civics? Hell no. They're a motorcycle gang. They insist that you drive a motorcycle if you want to join, among other things.

Schooner Race Week is an oasis of sanity in a world filled with Donald Trump, fiberglass and the golden arches. When you spread your races over the whole summer, you end up with a membership who can't remember where they left their boats. But it's easy for everyone to agree that for one week each year they're going to go someplace beautiful and live life as it should be lived. Imagine it! Nothing but schooners as far as the bloodshot eye can see. And you don't need a lot of boats to make for a great week. Everyone talks about how great the Opera House Cup was in the old days when everyone knew everyone. Well,

that's the way it still is and always will be at Schooner Race Week in Nova Scotia. Bigger is emphatically not better when it comes to regattas. A fleet of fifteen schooners who can really sail beat hell out of 85 yahoos in those "other rigs" yelling "sea room" when not one percent of the idiots has ever been to sea.

By now you've probably concluded I'm prejudiced; that I can't see the virtue in those "other rigs." Not so a'tall b'yes. For example, I admire CHRISTMAS, the Novi-built Starling Burgess cutter owned and sailed by Phil LaFrance. She's the perfect boat for a guy like Phil; not too complicated for his meager understanding and yet, somewhat like a schooner. Hell, I'll even allow as how old TICONDEROGA ain't bad lookin' when you put her among a bunch of Morgans and such like. If only she didn't have her rig in backwards. And those Concordia yawls are saucy little numbers, as long as you don't mind being cramped and wet all the time, and what true sailor minds that? Eh?

See, I'm a schoonerman. If this rig is lost, the world doesn't deserve to live. Period. The Nova Scotia Schooner Association exists for one simple reason. To make sure that schooners survive. We could care less about those "other rigs." For some reason that's beyond my limited capacity to understand, they seem to be doing just fine. They don't need us. And we sure as hell don't need them. They've got more regattas and clubs and associations than VOYAGER has sister frames. They're the prevailing madness. Schooner sailors are an endangered species. We need to stick together.

Tom Gallant's AVENGER

photo by J. Mairs



When I was a child, my father and I were walking the wharves of Lunenburg smelling the tar and salt fish and watching the hustle and work when a schooner hove into sight around Battery Point. She was old and work-scarred and her sails were patched and dirty. "Look Tommy," my father said, "Isn't she the most beautiful sight?" She was. My father was hardly ever wrong.

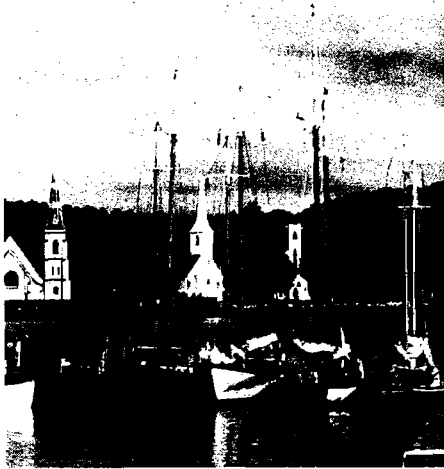
Tom Gallant

ANTI-RANT

Having read Tom Gallant's rant for this issue of "Wing & Wing," I felt someone, ultimately all of us, should address the issues he raises. It is a strong piece and he should be commended for his forthrightness . . . albeit misinformed and grossly opinionated.

Schooners gather at Mahone Bay

J. Mairs



One must first assess the disparity of scale between the two countries. Canada is a rather small country with but a few fishing hamlets from Liverpool (one doughnut factory, a Chinese restaurant, and one filling station) to Halifax (one motel, two Indian restaurants and an abandoned brewery). To the north of this sparse waterfront there is a stretch of coniferous trees and rumors of large cities along a creek they call the St. Lawrence beginning at the Gaspé Peninsula. These villages are populated by Eskimos and bear their tribal names: Monto, Toronto, and Ottawa. The creek does flow into Lake Ontario, an American lake, up 158 feet at Niagara to Lake Erie, eventually Lake Superior to the Mississippi and south through the midwest United States to the Gulf of Mexico . . . so not a total waste of energy. Since no schooners sail these waters, although there is one under construction on the Erie Canal (but none on the Canadian side) the NSSA limits of

navigation are but 63 kilometers from Liverpool east along Route 103 to Hallowfax, towns founded by disenchanting American Tories, now dead.

The United States on the other hand is an enormous expanse of land, having one city on the Atlantic coast bounded by the suburb, Bangor on the north, and Fort Lauderdale to the south of 80 million inhabitants all of whom "have schooners or wish they had one." (Quote is from a speech by Ed Murphy, Past Commodore, NSSA, 1986.) The ASA limits of navigation are therefore: to the east, Ibiza, Spain schooner BARBARA JANE; to the west, Washington state schooner the SOPHIA CHRISTINE; to the south, St. Thomas, U.S.V.I. schooner TAPPAN ZEE . . . 37,406.3 nautical miles. We do get together with considerable planning in advance, such as the Tall Ships in New York, with almost 100 traditionally rigged vessels, but our geography makes even these gatherings difficult.

The NSSA has a decided advantage with all its members sharing a few docks in Mahone Bay. Since my first cruise to the Maritime Province in '67, I have studied and made a few full-size replicas, the first being AMASONIA, the KATHY ANNE, and HEBRIDEE II. These I deploy about my bathtub on those dark wintery nights. Such spirited little forms as they crash about in tight quarters, and quite seaworthy, I must admit, with my legs conjuring up tidal waves. As soon as my new, larger tub arrives, I shall begin the construction of SORCERESS and ADARE, and in a year, MARGARET ANNE and CONSTANCE, until the entire fleet is assembled. I, of course, shall reserve sea room for my soap and two tug boats to assist the delicate Novi hulls when in need.

While our NSSA counterparts are designed to move quickly in these protected waters, American schooners have heavier scantlings, sit lower in the water and must carry provisions for a crew of six for a minimum of 4 weeks, the mandated vacation prescribed by our constitution. We Yanks prefer cruising models, strong, able, fast enough to make port, unload our fish before the ice melts. There are only a few dozen who actively race in the northeast corridor, but a hundred cruising about our bays, sounds, and offshore waters. I believe most of us prefer cruising to racing. This is not to say our vessels are slow, for our cruising schooner FORTUNE will hold her own against all competition and sail any multiple of a thousand nautical miles to engage same, provided the race is in Newport.

"To promote and encourage interest in the preservation, traditions and enjoyment of schooners and other traditionally rigged vessels" is the mission of the American Schooner Association. Would not a race from Gloucester to Gibraltar satisfy not only our aspirations, but the Gallant ranting as well? MALABAR II, VOYAGER, MARMION, even AVENGER, if he can clean the ring around his waterline in time, are considering such a passage in two years. I will admit we talk more than we do, particularly in the long winter months, but let me proffer this challenge as a serious venture. CONSTANCE too murmurs of being travel-lifted from my bathtub to the North Atlantic . . . it could be an armada! And with the addition of other traditionally rigged vessels, we could take Europe by storm.

Forget the storm! *Peter Phillipps*

David Stevens and his KATHY ANNE II

J. Mairs



This past September, Harold Stevens, sailmaker, died in Nova Scotia. Harold made a new suit of sails recently for the 60-foot Alden, TRADEWIND, not to slight a rather large set for BLUENOSE II, carrying probably the largest mainsail on the East Coast, and has suited the better part of the NSSA fleet. I shall miss his enthusiasm and experience, especially cutting a gaff sail or a fisherman, almost a lost art in this country. Of the two suits he has cut for VOYAGER since 1972, all sails pulled perfectly on first fit without any alterations or recutting, and have carried her gracefully and efficiently for some 60,000 miles. The handwork and attention to detail will fortunately be carried on by his stepson, Ronald Graves of Peninsula Sail in Lunenburg. The Stevens legacy continues with his brother, David, who is building a 45-foot schooner this winter in addition to his mastery as skipper of the KATHY ANNE II.

TURKEYDAY REGATTA

A regatta sponsored by the New York Athletic Club and the Huguenot Yacht Club for any turkeys who are still rigged the Saturday after Thanksgiving; for any turkeys who are fanatic enough to go sailing in some of the conditions that have prevailed over the years on the Saturday after Thanksgiving; for anyone who has not eaten so much turkey on Thanksgiving that just the mere mention of the word "turkey" is enough to keep one as far away as possible. The end result is a group of very enthusiastic, cold, wet yachtsmen on an otherwise incompatible fleet of fourteen fiberglass and wooden sloops, ketches, yawls and one schooner.

"What happened to you guys at the start?" A phrase all too familiar to the VOYAGER crew this season was heard as she steadily schooned by the fleet under working lowers in a gusty twenty knots, never hearing the starting gun. Can "1" to R "6" just inside Sands Point, a beat, then a reach two times around. A clear victory for the schooner, with George Emery's Alden cutter AIRES second, and Hank Abbott's 37' Rhodes sloop QUEE QUEG third. The winners all American Schooner Association members.

The unusual Turkey Day Platter for first place, designed by architect George Emery, was appropriately still at the engraver and not presented; second and third place trophies were quickly consumed; and best of all, a fuzzy stuffed bird disguised as a turkey, sporting sou'wester and slicker was awarded to the skipper who complained the most (even all the way to the podium).

The ceremony and celebration were held at the N.Y.A.C. Yacht Clubhouse in New Rochelle where giant unturkey sandwiches were served, and hot rummmm toddies for all completed this fine event.

JP

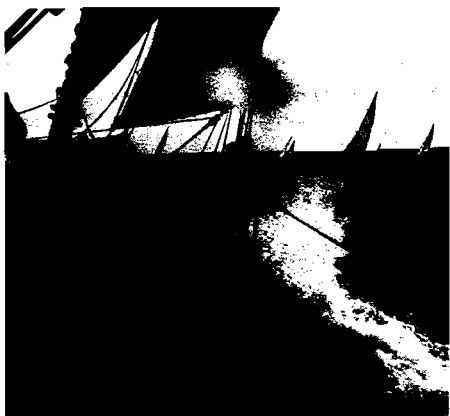
STARBOARD TACK

"The greatest contribution I can make to the American Schooner Association this year is to get my boat in the water and sailing again." The words of Commodore David Mowen as he reluctantly resigned as Commodore this December. I admire his honesty, his sense of responsibility to the Association. It would be too easy to hang in as Commodore with little active contribution. Someone always picks up the slack. We have all experienced the enthusiasm generated at every event which diminishes on the way home as other obligations overwhelm us. It takes a special person to admit that his schedule won't allow the dedication that should accompany the position of Commodore. We are an organization spread all over the East Coast, West Coast, Virgin Islands, even the Mediterranean. We need a solid, active core of officers.

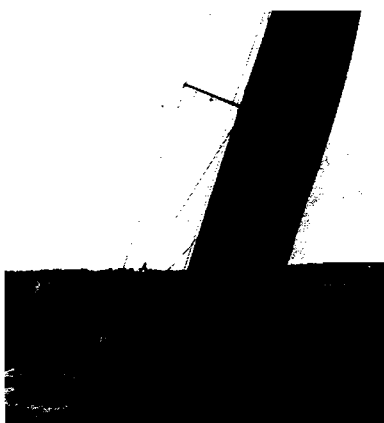
There has been little back-up from the general membership. We should all try to contribute on some level. As Editor my main objective is to encourage more participation via this publication. For some reason you have joined the American Schooner Association, and at least that part of your life is worth sharing with other sympathetic ears. I know of at least three once-active schooners that have been out of commission for two or more seasons. There is more than one tradition, small craft under construction. New decks perhaps? Are you making a "rot sandwich?" And those sister frames, are they steamed, laminated or sawn, riveted or screwed? Someone has a foundry in his backyard. Someone else on the West Coast is investigating the availability of good wood for new construction. Back on the East Coast there is a schooner built in Thailand from woods we've never heard of, the decks caulked with something that works fine over there, but crystalizes in cold temperatures. And right here in New York is an experiment ongoing where the traditional hull stays the same, but the rig has changed from gaff-topsail to marconi to full batten to who knows what next, probably back to gaff.

The makings of some good reading, I'd say. Perhaps we will learn from these unidentified parties in a future "Wing & Wing." Perhaps not. But now I must thank David Mowen for bringing this issue to mind and for putting first the best interest of his schooner and the American Schooner Association. We look forward to seeing his WHITE WING sailing again this summer.

J.



A SCHOONER TAKES THE FLEET



photos by Jim Mairs

MINUTES OF AMERICAN SCHOONER ASSOC BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING

Held aboard VOYAGER 12/5/87

David Mowen	Commodore
Elaine Beckwith	Vice Commodore
Philip LaFrance	Rear Commodore
Mark Faulstick	Secretary
George Moffett	Treasurer
Peter Phillipps	Past Commodore
Jim Lobdell	Past Commodore
Jeanette Phillipps	Editor Newsletter
Vernon Brady	ASA-NSSA Liason
Valerie LaFrance	Member
Roberta Faulstick	Member
Bill Manookian	Member
Sam Hoyt	Public Relations

The meeting was called to order at 1430 hours by Commodore Mowen. The following topics were discussed at length:

1. New membership:

- a. The reprinting of membership cards is on temporary hold while the cost of having decals made up is explored. The comparative costs will be presented to the general membership at the Annual Meeting.

- b. New member information and application folders need to be replenished. This secretary will make up 100 more and distribute them to the membership at the Annual Meeting. We should carry one aboard.

- c. The Membership Directory was discussed. It was decided that all the current data will be compiled and posted for review at the Annual Meeting. Changes and updates should be made so that the 1988 edition can be completed for publication. Elaine Beckwith volunteered to prepare and print the draft and final 1988 Directory.

- d. At long last, in answer to the multitude of requests we have received, memorable back issues of the inimitable "Wing & Wing" will be made available at the Annual Meeting. For those who have offered to exchange their entire complete set of Hardy Boys classics for W & W back issues will breathe easier; now they can have both!

2. Meetings: It was agreed by vote that no less than the following meetings be held:

- a. First Board of Governors meeting to be held each year the evening before the Annual Meeting of the general membership (in 1988 to be held at the Beckwith residence in Connecticut).

- b. ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL MEMBERSHIP to be held at

the Mystic Seaport Museum Youth Training Building, this year on Saturday, February 6, 1988. The possibility of the Annual Meeting becoming a more varied activity meeting, not just a business meeting, was discussed at length and will be brought up on Feb. 6 for some feedback.

- c. Second Board of Governors meeting to be held each year on either the first or second Saturday of April in Mattapoisett (in 1988 to be held at the LaFrance residence). It was agreed that this spring meeting be a planning session for the approaching sailing season, and in particular the coordination of the membership's cruising plans.

- d. Third Board of Governors meeting to be held within two weeks of the last ASA sanctioned race.

3. "Wing & Wing" was taken under discussion with the following suggestions and agreements:

- a. A continuance of the tri-annual printing (if budget allows), namely a winter issue, in print shortly after the Annual Meeting; a spring issue, printed after the spring Board of Governors meeting; and a fall issue, after the fall Board of Governors meeting. The meeting dates of the Board of Governors will be the cut-off dates for the receipt of articles, photos, etc., submitted for inclusion in the issue of "Wing & Wing" to follow.

- b. All members should be encouraged to submit their vessel's summer cruising plans so they can be published in the spring issue of "Wing & Wing." This would enable more members to rendezvous with one another and perhaps encourage more cruising in company and membership interaction.

- c. A section should be included on members for whom we have incorrect addresses, incomplete information, etc., and public notice be made to non-paid members as of a certain date. New members should be listed and welcomed.

- d. An informal "Letters to the Editor" section might encourage the participation of members who are intimidated by the term "writing an article."

4. After much consultation with the Nova Scotia Schooner Association, mutual agreement was reached that there will be no formal Rendezvous with the Canadian fleet in 1988. This will be planned instead for the summer of 1989, location somewhere on the East Coast USA. We

are all invited, however, to participate in the Annual NSSA Race Week to be held in Lunenburg this year, usually the last week in July.

An informal group of ASA vessels plans to sail into Maine waters, hopefully in time for the "Great Schooner Race" held in Rockland on July 8th. BANTAM, BRILLIANT, MALABAR II and VOYAGER are among the fleet so far, and NSSA members are certainly welcome to join in.

5. The Board of Governors decided with little discussion that an ASA trophy should be developed and presented at the last ASA-sanctioned race of the season. The possible nature of this trophy will be presented for discussion at the Annual Meeting.

6. Some thought should be given to ASA sanctioning of a specific set of the many races that are held each racing season. Rather than just listing them all in the schedule, we should indicate which ones are specifically recommended by the ASA.

7. ASA vessel owners should encourage their non-member crew to join the ASA as "crew members" for the \$10 fee, thereby contributing to the association from which they reap many enjoyable benefits.

8. It was agreed that a slate of specific objectives of the ASA would be discussed with the membership. The focus and expectation of the Association should be reviewed and the suggestion was made that more emphasis be placed upon activities other than racing, such as schooner and traditional vessel preservation, traditional vessel rendezvous and cruising.

9. The duly elected Commodore David Mowen presented his request to be relieved of his command, citing personal and particularly demanding business reasons. His request was taken under considerable discussion and accepted. It was agreed by unanimous vote of the Board of Governors to appoint the current Vice Commodore, Elaine Beckwith as Commodore for the duration of the term.

The meeting of the Board of Governors of the American Schooner Association was adjourned at 1615 hours.

Respectfully submitted,
Mark E. Faulstick
Secretary, ASA

DOG WATCH

If you are cruising Maine waters this summer, you're likely to cross tacks with the David Stevens schooner CONSTANCE. Owner Fred Rhineland (member ASA and NSSA) is also planning a 1989 Atlantic crossing and is very interested in hearing from other potential schooner cruise companions. Schooners AVENGER, MALABAR II and VOYAGER have been considering such a venture.

A final draft of the 1988 American Schooner Association Directory will be posted at our Annual Meeting Saturday, February 6, 1988 at Mystic Connecticut. Any changes of address, phone number, vessel information, etc., should be made so that the new Directory can be completed and made available before the sailing season. If you cannot be present, please mail in any new information to the Secretary.

The Snug Cove Yacht Club in New Rochelle is graced this winter by the presence of Tom Gallant's schooner AVENGER from Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. We are also occasionally graced by the presence of Tom Gallant himself who has been in New York working on his new album "Saltwater Heart." You heard it first, live at the South Street Seaport.

This issue of "Wing & Wing" represents the combined efforts of many of our members. They have made what could be a tedious task, a very enjoyable one. I thank you all for your writings and photographs.

JP

Snug Cove locals were further confused by the appearance of yet another schooner, ADVENTURER, for a one week stopover enroute to her home port in Staten Island. Comments like "where do they come from?" and "how many are there?" were heard on the docks where the presence of "character boats" like VOYAGER and the 1910 Crosby Catboat MADAM have always been considered a novelty amidst a plethora of plastic.

"Wing & Wing" is brought to you by Cathy and the Macintosh Plus and Frank of Impressive Impressions, who somehow changes little color prints into big black & white ones.



**American Schooner
Association**
P.O. BOX 484
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