



WING & WING

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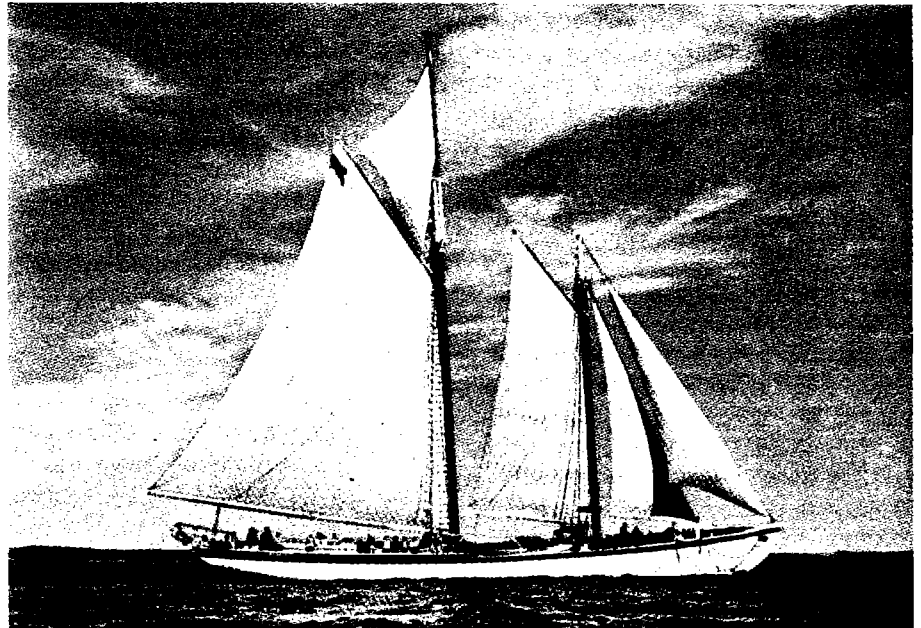
The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

INTERNATIONAL SCHOONER RENDEZVOUS GLOUCESTER 1989

Last summer ended more favorably than any I can recall since the formation of the American Schooner Association aboard the schooner ADARE in Havana, 1972: a new schooner was nearing completion in New Hampshire by Nancy and David Clark; Ted Kennedy injected a new vitality and force into the schooner MYA; and Vern Brady ran the Canadian blockade...one that the best of the American or Nova Scotian schooners, ketches, and sloops had been unable to penetrate in twelve years, and brought SEBIM into American waters, or more correctly, the New Jersey mud flats. BOUNDING HOME, Tom Schiller's elegant staysail schooner, was back in the water with several thousand new frames, a bevy of keel bolts; and Jeff Robinson had threatened to repaint PHRA LUANG black in lieu of gangrene green. Jim Lobdell had at last acquiesced to Ginny, permitting her grandmother's silver tea service aboard MALABAR II. We were on a roll. Our plan to beat the Canadian blockade that only Gallant's lavender gaff schooner had heretofore run, which most feel he was able to do with ease because:

1. No one was certain as to his flag preference.
2. He was unaware of its formation.
3. His snake wake navigational system was untrackable by modern surveillance systems.

Our plan to buy only the fastest of the Novi fleet, which is all their vessels, and at night, in fog, on the coldest day of winter, during a northeast gale, sneak them through their blockade South to U.S. waters, was now quietly in force.



Gloucester Schooner ADVENTURE

With all their fleet flying the stars and stripes, we would challenge for the International Schooner Trophy and possibly win. If we could not win on the water then at least we would persevere the American way: with money.

But our plan, alas, has gone awry. The blockade has been stiffened. AVENGER may not even dare a starboard slip-through. More significantly, our newest racing machine designed by the renowned Nathaniel Benjamin based upon the underbody of the HENRY FORD, a Burgess schooner BLUENOSE, refused to race, may not take up its position in the Gloucester starting line because of a mild challenge by Bob Fitzgerald of TALISMAN. We have secured but one of the many fast Novi schooners and the resourceful Canadians have quietly bought stock of the ASA over the past three years making a leverage buy-out almost impossible to now avoid.

It is imperative that we rally around our flag! All vessels aground or afloat must be fully commissioned for the Canadian-American Schooner Rendezvous on July 17th. We must confront our brethren of the North with an armada of impeccable strength and elegance. Our Vice Commodore, Phil LaFrance (an American name?) aboard CHRISTMAS, a Novi cutter, and Vernon Brady, Rear Commodore, aboard his Novi schooner SEBIM, will be lead by our lovely Commodore Elaine Beckwith formerly of schooner MARMION and this summer on any vessel she pleases still carrying an American ensign.

Uncle Sam demands, I implore, the American and Nova Scotian Schooner Associations welcome your participation in what we feel may well be the grandest of schooner and classic vessel rendezvous to date.

Peter Phillipps

Minutes of the Annual Meeting – February 11, 1989, Mystic, Connecticut

The meeting was called to order at 10:00 AM by Commodore Elaine Beckwith. There being 82 continuing, 9 new members and all elected members of the Board of Governors in attendance, a quorum was present.

The traditional round of introductions was invoked by Commodore Beckwith. Twenty-six member vessels were represented. The vessel MYA, previously owned by Matthew and Martha Stackpole is once again a membership vessel, owned by United States Senator Edward Kennedy and represented at this meeting by sailmaker Malcolm Howes and Christine Charbonneau.

Old Business

Minutes from the Annual Meeting of 1988 were presented as having been published in the spring issue of the Association's official publication "Wing and Wing" and with extra copies of the issue available, were unanimously accepted as read.

The Treasurer, Captain George Moffett, presented his report on the financial condition of the Association as follows:

INCOME:

\$2,239.00	Annual Membership Dues
100.00	Burgees Sold
71.34	Interest on Account
<u>1,527.28</u>	Cash on Hand (1987)
\$4,007.62	Total 1988 Working Capital

EXPENSES:

\$2,460.78	Publications
388.00	Burgees
312.30	Postage & P.O. Box
610.00	Annual Meeting & Misc.
<u>70.00</u>	Affiliated Membership Dues
\$3,841.67	Total 1988 Expenses
\$165.95	BALANCE

The Treasurer underscored the need for additional income this year to replenish the depleted cash on hand. While we finished the year in the black, it was only barely so, and only due to the cash on hand from 1987.

Past Commodore Captain Peter H.G. Phillipps was introduced to present the American Schooner Association Annual Award of 1987 to Ed Murphy of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association. In presenting the award, Captain Phillipps recounted his experience of crosstracking with Ed Murphy's HEBRIDEE II, during a leg of the last International Schooner Association Rendezvous race. The account served as a metaphor for the spirit of cooperation, camaraderie, and friendly competitiveness that is heart-felt among our two organizations. Monty Mosher, current Vice Commodore of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association, graciously accepted the award on behalf of Ed, who was unfortunately unable to attend.

New Business

The International Schooner Rendezvous of 1989, to be held in Gloucester, MA during the week of July 16th, was reported on in detail by Vice Commodore Vernon Brady. The city of Gloucester is thrilled that our organization has chosen their harbor to hold this event and is building a week long celebration and schedule of events around our gathering. It was suggested by Rear Commodore Captain Phil LaFrance that any boats on their way to the event should plan to assemble in Mattapoisett harbor on or before July 15th. A passage through the canal in company early on the 16th would permit a timely arrival in Gloucester harbor. Phil also offered to help members arrange temporary mooring in Mattapoisett harbor.

Phil Smith, owner of BLUENOSE JR., spoke of the need for crew, and his request for help in that department resulted in Phil and Valerie LaFrance volunteering their telephone number and services as a "crewmember clearing house". Therefore, any boat owner or captain needing crew on or about the time of the Gloucester events, should call (508) 758-6789. Any members looking to crew, should call and speak to Valerie or Phil.

From all that was presented by Vern and the other members of the Board of Governors who attended the meeting in Gloucester this past fall to prepare for this event, the up-coming rendezvous

promises to be the biggest, and best event yet. The enthusiasm that was generated among the members during this meeting was evidenced by the large number of boats which were represented. The following is a list of those boats expected to participate:

SEBIM	LADY OF THE WIND
VOYAGER	PHRA LUANG
CHRISTMAS	BLUENOSE JR.
SAGAMORE	HEART'S DESIRE
ADVENTURER	EASTERN PASSAGE
MYA	SUZANDEE
THIRSTY MAJOR	SARAH ABBOT
MARY HARRIGAN	TALISMAN
MALABAR II	WHITE WING
SYMPHONI	GRAY

Monty Mosher, Vice Commodore of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association, indicated that he knew at least the following boats would be attending the rendezvous from Nova Scotia:

HEBRIDEE II	HARMONY
ADAIR	CONSTANCE
AVENGER	AIRVIE

The city of Gloucester now owns and is in process of restoring the schooner ADVENTURE. They have set up a restoration fund, and will be hosting several parties aboard the boat to show off the product of their labors thus far. An

OFFICERS

COMMODORE
Elaine Beckwith

VICE COMMODORE
Captain Philip LaFrance

REAR COMMODORE
Vernon Brady

SECRETARY
Captain Mark Faulstick

TREASURER
Captain George Moffett

NEWSLETTER

EDITOR & GRAPHICS
Jeanette Phillipps

excellent example of the fishing schooner for which Gloucester is known, she will be most enjoyable to visit. They do not expect to have her fully commissioned and sailing by the time of the rendezvous, however.

Vern Brady, as Race Committee Chairman, also presented a report on the various courses considered for the races to be held during this exciting rendezvous week.

The city of Gloucester is clearly going out of their way to make the boats, captains and crew of the attending Schooner Association feel welcome. While they will be providing dockage, breakfasts etc. for the week, they were suggesting a participation fee of only \$10.00 per person. When presented to those assembled at this meeting, it was motioned, seconded and voted unanimously to suggest to the organizing body of Gloucester, that they increase that fee to up to \$25.00 per person.

A moment of silence was observed by the assembly to honor the memory of the great Novi-schoonerman, David Stevens. His contribution to the traditions of sailing schooners will not be forgotten, and the boats he designed and built will live on.

The nominees for the ASA Annual Award, having been reviewed by the Board of Governors, were formally presented to be voted on by the membership in attendance. As stated at last year's meeting, this award is to be presented to the individual or organization who, in the opinion of the ASA Board of Governors, contributed outstanding efforts to the promotion and preservation of traditional sailing vessels, schooners and/or the American Schooner Association.

The nominees, by way of a short re-introduction from selected members were as follows:

The Museum of Yachting, Newport, in Memory of Tom Benson: by Brian Beckwith, who reminded all of the devotion and energy Tom had for the cause of traditional yachting vessels and their preservation.

Captain Armon Alsace, who went down with his command THE PRIDE OF BALTIMORE: by Captain George Mof-fett, a friend of Captain Alsace.

Captain Peter Phillipps, Past Commo-

dore of the ASA: by Commodore Elaine Beckwith, who spoke of Peter's extensive efforts to expand the horizon of the ASA, introducing it to sailers and eventual members in many foreign ports to which he has sailed his own schooner, VOYAGER. He has also introduced sailing to many members who were present, who went on to sail their own traditional vessels.

Voting was permitted on more than one nominee by each member. While it was agreed that this slate of nominees were all very deserving of the award, when the voting was complete, it was overwhelmingly in favor of honoring Peter Phillipps as the 1989 recipient of our recognition.

With no new nominees to the Board of Governors and all serving members accepting the request to continue to serve another year, the current Board of Governors was unanimously confirmed.

Recognition was given by voice and applause to Bob Fitzgerald for his excellent job of completing the re-build of the 45 foot John G. Alden designed schooner, TALISMAN.

Several other events and celebrations being held on the East Coast within sailing distance for many of the members were mentioned briefly by members who have previously attended them or are planning to attend this year's events. Among them are the Portsmouth, VA Seawall

Festival on June 2-4, and the St. Michael's Festival on August 5th and 6th; also on the Chesapeake. Anyone needing more information on these events should contact Mark Faulstick at (718) 622-3871.

Vern Brady presented a report on the dates of the traditional vessel races that are held each year, during August, September, October and early November. The dates and particulars are published separately here. Discussion was again undertaken regarding the conflicts that arise due to the Mystic Schooner Race being once again held very late in the season. What was once the premier event of the schooner sailing season, has become an event very few boats can attend. This view and comment was voiced most by Bill Barnum of SAGAMORE.

A motion was made, seconded and carried by voice vote, to renew membership in all three associations that we have maintained membership in during past years, namely the Nova Scotia Schooner Association, Mystic Seaport Museum and the South Street Seaport Museum.

A motion was made to adjourn for lunch and entertainment; all old, new and necessary business having been completed. The motion was seconded and carried unanimously at 12:15 PM.

Respectfully Submitted
Captain Mark Faulstick
Secretary, ASA

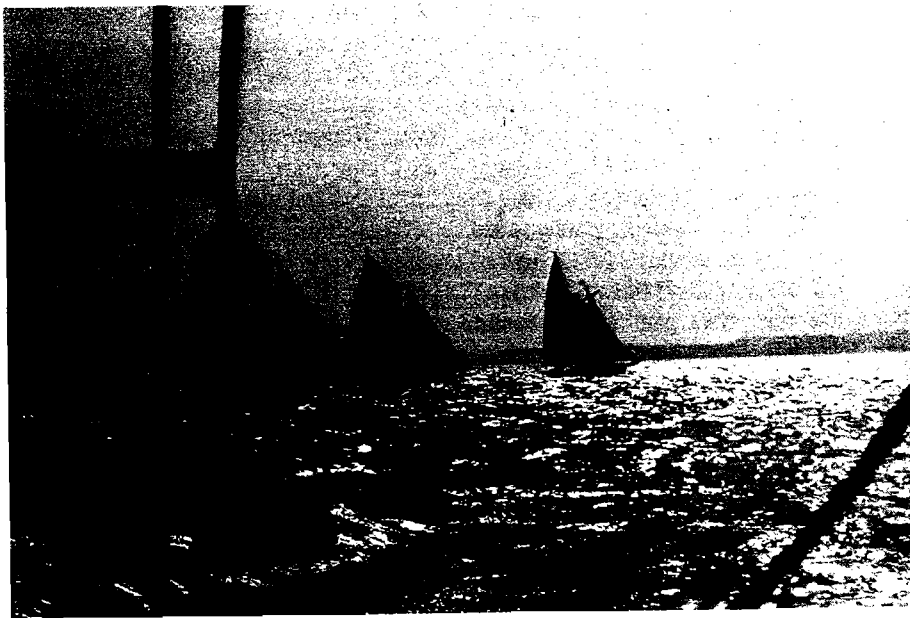
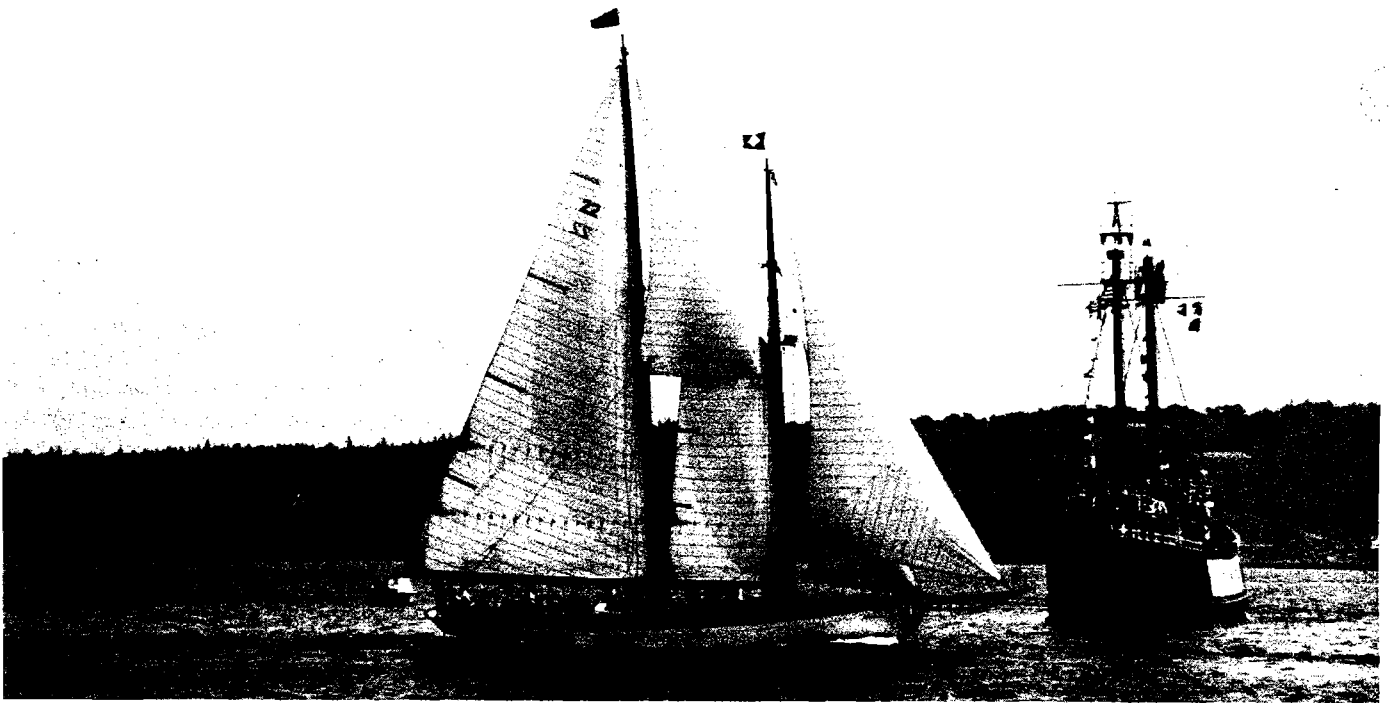


photo by Gina Webster



BRILLIANT: SUMMER 1988

This summer BRILLIANT was seen amongst Maine's rocky islands for the first time in fifty years. It was Walter Barnum, the original owner, who last avidly cruised BRILLIANT in these waters in 1938. Somehow, she knew the way because we averted sudden stops in those challenging tight spots.

Mystic Seaport was represented in numerous ports between Rockland and Winter Harbor throughout the month of July and early August. Our schooner also made her presence known in a couple of down east races. Twenty-five of Maine's windjammers gathered for their annual Great Schooner Race, a meeting of some quite considerable egos and big boats to match. BRILLIANT's teenage crew sailed her off her anchor to start with the rest of the fleet and showed off their five days of learning with slick sail changes and steady helmsmanship. Our kids were proud of their schooner and themselves as they sailed to a five mile lead, literally out of sight. Members of the race committee at the finish line radioed to ask if we really were in the race! As one veteran windjammer captain put it, "First time we've seen a schooner go to weather."

We ended our tour of Maine with an appearance at the Eggemoggin Reach Re-

Great Schooner Race finish

gatta, a spectacular gathering of over 100 traditional sailboats off WoodenBoat's headquarters in Brooklin. Along with the BRILLIANT, The American Schooner Association was well represented by CHRISTMAS, FORTUNE, HEART'S DESIRE, MALABAR II, NEITH and VOYAGER. In what proved to be the fourth and last clear day of our month in Maine and with a breeze of about 20 knots, our very excited teenage crew sailed to the lead of our own class of some fifty boats and then wondered at BRILLIANT's power as she charged through the lea of fifty smaller vessels of an earlier start, finishing first over the line and winning her class.

This spring, BRILLIANT became certified by the U.S. Coast Guard under a new set of regulations formulated for "Sailing School Vessels." Before this change, she had been inspected and certified as a passenger-carrying vessel under "Subchapter T", with her operating waters limited to lakes, bays and sounds. It has been possible to travel further offshore (Bermuda in '85 and Halifax in '86 and '87) only if we limited our complement to six fee-paying passengers and thus qualified under the Coast Guard category of uninspected vessel. This certificate

is important to BRILLIANT because it enables her to sail in offshore and ocean waters for the first time with a full crew. Of some significance is the fact that BRILLIANT's long record of safe operation made her a model for the naval architects who drafted the new stability and downflooding guidelines of the Sailing School Vessel Act.

Over the past three years, our safety equipment and survival gear have been upgraded to make specific ocean passages, as well as to anticipate the requirements of the new regulations. Extensive inclining tests for stability evaluation and elaborate calculations for downflooding characteristics were carried out on BRILLIANT last fall, submitted to the Coast Guard, reviewed in Washington, and finally passed to qualify for ocean certification. But these mathematical results only qualified us for further inspections which were to be made in the spring. BRILLIANT did pass the additional inspections of her hull, rig and equipment. She is now Coast Guard certified to go anywhere in the world, as indeed was the vision of Sparkman and Stephens when she was designed in 1931 for circumnavigation.

G.H. Moffett, J.
Captain of BRILLIANT

THE MOFFETT CUP RACE

At ten o'clock on Saturday morning, my mother, brothers (Ben and Aaron), my sister (Karin) and I, drove down to Owen Park in our gray Colt Vista. Today, we would all be sailing our boat in the annual George Moffett Cup Race.

Standing in the parking lot, was our good friend, Laura Hacker. She was waving her hands wildly over her head.

We found a good parking spot, it was probably not even three yards from the dock, and proceeded to carry our bags from the car. Then we sat down next to our bags. We would have used them as cushions to sit on, except that our lunch was in them. So, we sat down and waited. Finally, the sound of our small dinghy got louder and louder, and we saw our father slow down, as he neared the dock. We all crammed into the dinghy, including Laura, and started out to our boat.

We keep our boat on a mooring in the back of the harbor, near the breakwater. My family owns a 42' wooden gaff rig schooner called PHRA LUANG. PHRA LUANG is Thai, and means "Monk King".

While our family was in Asia, my father decided to build a boat. So, he built it and shipped it back to the United States. Our boat is four years old.

After that, we all climbed up on our boat, over the rail. Standing on the deck, was another friend of ours, Peter Phillipps. We were honored to have him aboard.

Peter lives in New York. He is an architect, but an expert sailor. He owns a wooden boat of his own, VOYAGER.

As we all settled down in the cockpit, my father started up the motor. We motored out of the harbor, maneuvering ourselves between the boats. I went down below to fetch the tie bag. A few minutes later, we sailed out of the harbor, the wind filling our sails.

Once out of the harbor, my mother started to nag me about wearing my hood (I was wearing a hooded sweatshirt). I had an awful cold at that time. Anyway, I was being terribly stubborn, and I refused to cooperate. Eventually, I gave in. As soon as this conflict ended, I realized we were nearing the starting line.

Up ahead of us loomed the committee boat. Then, there was a loud bang, and we were off! Around us, many other boats competed with each other for the lead. On our left, was CHRISTMAS, a very beautiful and fast boat, which has been in many races and competitions. On our right was LANA AND HARLEY, a large white schooner, that had just been launched this summer. Then, our sails filled, and the boat heeled over, dipping the rail in the water. We all shrieked in delight, as the salty water splashed against our legs which we were dangling over the side of the boat.

There was a good, strong, brisk southwest wind that day. The first mark was a tight competition, but we rounded it quickly, skimming along with the win-

ner-to-be, a 40' gaff sloop, LIBERTY, a Nat Benjamin design. Then we passed the second mark, and finally we passed the last mark, leaving the other boats in our wake. In about two hours, we had rounded all the buoys (marks), and up ahead was East Chop. We rounded East Chop pretty quickly, although we usually lose all our wind going around it. Then, all of a sudden, we were going past the finish line.

The air was filled with sounds of joy. The race had been a success. We came in sixth out of fifty boats. Usually, we don't make it in the top ten but, fortunately, with the winning advice of my Uncle Dennis and honored guest Peter Phillipps, we managed to make it in the top ten.

Lilian Robinson
Age 12

THE GOVERNOR'S CUP

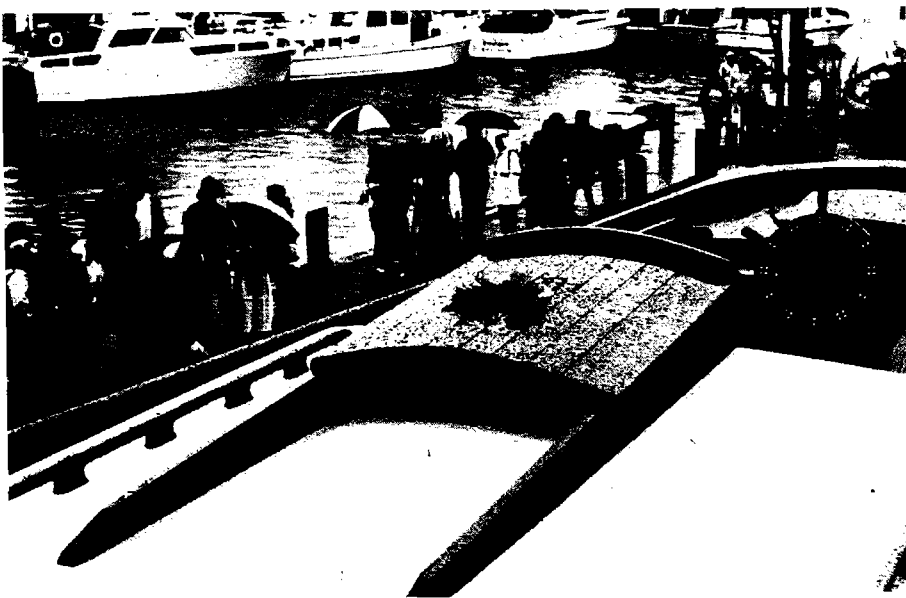
I recently had the unexpected pleasure of sailing/racing aboard TALISMAN, a recently reborn 43' Alden Schooner, owned and captained by Bob Fitzgerald of Connecticut.

After eight years of devoted slavery to a commendable cause, Bob has emerged not only with his sanity (always a relative term) but with a boat any professional yard would be hard pressed to equal.

The day was the Essex race where I jumped aboard in search of another boat which had already headed out to the start in Fishers Island Sound. Nice breeze, altogether a perfect day. When it became evident that my connection was going to be impossible, my companion and I were invited to be crew. What a stroke of luck! Having been told that the boat hadn't raced in over eight years and never by Bob, I was anxious about unforeseen problems with any of the myriad details that need to be adjusted or changed. I worried for nothing. TALISMAN performed flawlessly. Everything worked as smooth as one might expect of a boat with a recent crossing and the results of the race proved her impressive potential.

The sails fit like gloves, the varnish was so good it's scary and the grin on Bob's face throughout the day was heart-warming. A long-awaited personal triumph unfolded before my eyes. Thanks Bob for a wonderful time and congratulations on a fine job.

Paul Bradley



LANA & HARLEY launched at Vineyard Haven

Carolina Salguero

MEMBER SHIPS

WE'RE HERE

My father's first law of boatbuilding is "This is the last goddamn boat I'll ever build". To the people who know him their reply is, "so what is the next one going to be like?", for invariably, he breaks his own law.

In the spring of 1985, while in the middle of building a 15 foot open sailing/outboard boat, he suffered a mild heart attack. There were those who said that he just might abide by his law... foolish people. However, there are those who know him better, and when in late 1985 he asked me if we should build another boat (as he put it "while I'm still alive") it came as no great surprise.

Preliminary thoughts were towards a 32' schooner much like the STAR II (see *WoodenBoat* No. 69) which he designed and built in 1968. It was stated a schooner would be "too big, costly and involved this time". In the end we settled on a 26 or so foot gaff-rigged sloop suitable for cruising. As is typical, the new boat was based on the Noank smack model for a number of reasons:

1. It is a local type my father was well acquainted with and fond of.
2. It makes for easy and inexpensive construction (heavy scantlings are easier to deal with he says).
3. It is well suited for the area.
4. It is a way of keeping the old hull forms alive.

The summer of 1986 saw the arrival of a 25' 04" long oak keel in the backyard, and something immediately became apparent: for the sixth time Jack Wilbur's second law of boatbuilding came into application: "If the keel comes too long, lengthen the boat". The words "It was such a nice piece of wood that it would be a shame to cut it down" are famous last words in the Pearl Street "shipyard" (his backyard). Also apparent was that this 26 footer had suddenly grown about three and a half feet, before construction began. In short order the stem and transom were given more rake to bring the modest 26' sloop up to a monster of 31 1/2 feet. This may not seem too large, but in order to "do it right", the mast would be huge, to say nothing of the main boom and gaff. A sloop rig of this size would be difficult to single-hand and damn near im-

possible to reef down at sea in heavy weather. Since our old schooner STAR II was still living in the area, we took a field trip to measure her. The schooner rig worked quite well on her and it was established that a slightly larger version of it could be applied to the new hull: exit sloop, enter the schooner... and there was much rejoicing.

While the rig was still a sloop, there were those who said "she should be a schooner", so it was no great surprise that the reverse should happen and I should hear "she should be a sloop" as soon as the schooner rig was adopted. I am a strong supporter of the schooner rig. It allows for a flexibility rivaled only by the ketch, however, the ketch rig was not appropriate for this hull. The only problem with a schooner rig was the placement of the mainmast and engine, or more precisely, the reduction gear. Due to the fact that the boat has exposed deadwood (a skeg), the engine (a Perkins 4-107), is fairly well forward... as a result, the mast would step right on top of the reduction gear. A sturdy pedestal arrangement for the mainmast step has alleviated that problem.

She is planked with Massachusetts cedar on Rhode Island and Connecticut oak frames, and fastened with bronze screws. There are 1400 pounds of "hurricane lead" bolted to the bottom of her keel. Five inches deep, this lead adds considerably to her stiffness, and along with the oak fairing pieces, greatly increases her lateral plane. To explain the unusual vocabulary, hurricane lead is that which came from a wreck a friend salvaged after Hurricane Gloria.

A minor squabble broke out over the name. At first the name was to be WE'RE HERE, partly because of Kipling, but more so because of the real one built by the Burnhams in Essex in 1858. "Too trite", I was told. NOKOMIS and STAGHOUND were other options (STAGHOUND, the American Export Lines containership, was my father's last command). Both names ultimately gave in to WE'RE HERE, and so she was christened on 6 June, 1988 by my cousin, the late Captain Adrian K. Lane.

Her spruce spars were stepped in late June while I was at sea. Rigging was completed in July after I got home. Unfortunately, my inventory of sails is still

only 2/3 complete. However, the boat sails quite well under just four lowers, and will carry them in most breezes. She sails to windward surprisingly well considering her shallow draft (mandated by the depth of water on the "flats" where she is moored off Noank), but she prefers to reach (what schooner doesn't). With only a 29' waterline, she is only capable of so much speed. So far I've seen her do a shade over six knots down the backside of Fishers Island, and her drive to the finish line in the '88 Mystic Seaport Museum schooner race (once the breeze filled in), was worth last place and being becalmed. I am still in the process of getting to know her and finding out how to ask her to do the things she doesn't really want to. Although there are times when I think it would be nice to have her bigger, I don't think it would make her any better. She single-hands very well and aside from a single-part jib sheet which is earmarked for change, she is a treat to sail.

The somewhat spartan cabin arrangement will come under review and revision this winter. The plan is to cruise the New England coast next summer, for if there is anything grander than messing about in boats, it is being bound down east in a schooner.

As a sidenote, the WE'RE HERE (a.k.a. "Last goddamn boat Part V") is probably going to prove Jack Wilbur's first law of boatbuilding wrong as "Last goddamn boat VI" is already in the planning stage.

John Wilbur

We are sad to report that Essex sailmaker Tom Clark died on September 6, 1988 after a long fight with cancer. Tom Clark and Company has been one of the few sailmakers still producing traditional, hand sewn sails, and has canvased a fine collection of yachts including BRILLIANT, MAGIC VENTURE, MALABAR II and NEITH. The tradition will be carried on by Brian Kerrigan who worked for Clark for eight years. He has just purchased and renamed the company Thomas Clark Sailmakers, Inc.

JL

NEWPORT CLASSIC YACHT REGATTA

If you are looking to this report to fulfill your thirst for details of a thrilling sailing adventure... well then forget it. The race course was (as it has been for so long as I can remember) the same: clockwise around Connicut (Jamestown) Island, with the start at 1100 hrs. just off Fort Adams. The conditions, under sunny skies and seasonal temperatures, were light southwesterly winds and a flood (foul) tide. Yes, the tide turned just in time to be foul again on the west side, and yes again, the wind did die as it characteristically does so often in the early afternoon on such lazy, hazy summer days. Of course, it filled in again... for about an hour in the late afternoon, enabling two other schooners besides BRILLIANT to finish. They were ADVENTURER, 2nd and GALATEA, 3rd. For schooners, the race was for second place; and close it was. With several extended tacking duels on both windward legs, until GALATEA ventured farther to the east behind Rose Island on the last upwind leg. ADVENTURER stayed to the west along the eastern shore of Connicut Island and with the help of a favorable wind shift, finished in

time for the last round of cocktails at the Fort. I must confess, the foregoing was reported to me by my crew, as I was asleep in my cabin during the last half of the race.

FORTUNE, much to Don Glassie's consternation (and the other schooners relief) was forced to race as a "double-masted sloop" with the likes of FALCON who finished first in class and first in the fleet, and Phil and Valerie LaFrance's celebrated CHRISTMAS. Consequently, FORTUNE finished 6th overall, and 4th in the Class B "pointy boats" with whom she started; still an impressive performance, Don.

Only 7 schooners participated in the race, while there were a total of 106 classic vessels, the largest number in recent years. Other ASA member vessels, not yet mentioned, participated, including FISH HAWK, an Alden cutter owned by Fred Pratt a new member of the ASA this year. FISH HAWK finished 4th in Class A (large sloops other than 12 meters which raced in their own class) behind NEITH who finished 3rd. Ross Gannon's UNDINA finished 4th in Class C.

Noteworthy was the attendance of 27 Concordia yawls, which, of course, raced in their own (backward schooner) class. They were the "featured class" of this years CYR, and largely contributed to the aforementioned record breaking attendance. These too are beautiful boats to behold. My personal favorite being hull No. 63 named SUNDA and owned by George Brown, who sailed her up from Savannah, Georgia to participate in the rendezvous. Word has it that a total of 106 Concordias were built and all are still actively sailing to date.

Last but certainly not least, I must report that the 3 cocktail parties (complete with plenty of "adult beverages" including Schooner Beer and an endless supply of hors d'oeuvres), the after race dinner and 3 continental breakfasts were by far the most lavish and truly impressive shore-side displays of this or any other racing season! So, dear readers, if you are looking to just quench your thirst, and maybe have some fun drifting around on the water, then plan to attend the Newport Classic Yacht Regatta in 1989.

Captain Mark Faulstick

October 1st, was the day of the Mystic Seaport Annual Schooner Race and, as I steered VOYAGER, Pete and Jeanette Phillipps' schooner, down the Mystic River toward the starting line, I wondered if Captain Adrian Lane might be on one of the other boats. Adrian had been in poor health and I thought he might be standing on the waterfront to watch us as we went by.

Adrian was not aboard a schooner, nor did he see us pass by the shores of Noank. Sometime, during the time we were getting our race under way, Adrian slipped his cable and sailed off to Fiddler's Green, that place where there are no more watches to stand and life for a sailor is as he dreamed it could be on more than enough cold, wet, stormy night watches.

The old-time sailor would often say he had shipped aboard some vessel with this man or that, but when he said a man had been his "shipmate", it had a special connotation; it meant a person to trust and respect and one he would wish to sail with again. Adrian Lane was a man I was proud to call "shipmate".

There were times when we sailed in races, after I had taken over the BRILLIANT, and there were times when he sailed in other crafts. No matter where or when, he was a man to depend on.

Captain Biff Bowker

Captain Lane took BRILLIANT through her first difficult years as a training vessel when there was much anxiety about the feasibility of taking teenage neophytes to sea in a thoroughbred schooner. His expertise laid the foundation and enduring guidelines for a safe and successful program. Captain Lane once took me aside and looked me square in the eyes saying, "Remember one thing, Moffett: always give yourself two ways out." We shall miss his maritime erudition, his spicy humor and his warm heart. A biography is in advance stages of writing.

G.H. Moffett, Jr.
Captain of BRILLIANT

David Stevens: "Well Tom, you got yourself a schooner. Now you are going to have to cut your hair to follow the lines of your head."

Tom Gallant: "Why, David?"

David Stevens: "So you can feel the wind on the back of your neck."

David Stevens, 1907 to 1989 exerted a great power in the creation and preservation of schooners. His last schooner was planked, I believe decked over, and with a grandson it shall be completed this year. It seems there was always one on the boards or in construction during his lifetime, and when not deftly shaping a piece of wood, he was sailing the KATHY ANNE to numerous trophies or about the lovely harbors of Mahone Bay. A gentleman, wise in the ways of boats, we shall miss him.

Peter Phillipps

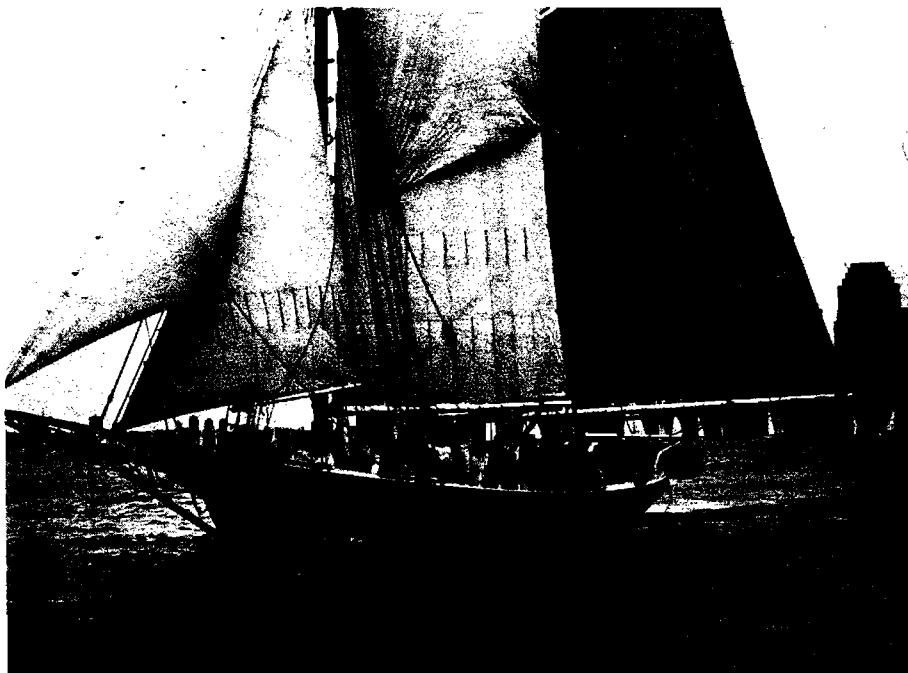
THE MAYOR'S CUP RACE

Saturday September 24th saw the South Street Seaport Museum host its second regatta under the new format which combines a race for classic yachts and traditional vessels with the Schooner Race for the Mayor's Trophy, now in its twenty-second year. With all of the development and commercialization of the South Street area, some of the long time participants might be excused for feeling a little out of place in such yuppie surroundings. But no fear. A frantic chinese-fire-drill docking episode with shaky piers, tugboat wakes, swirling currents and officious dockmasters soon makes one feel right at home again.

Seventeen schooners started in Class A with sixteen traditional vessels split into two groups: Class B for yawls and ketches, and Class C for sloops and cutters. The downwind, downtide start off the Battery with a decent northwest wind looked like it had the makings of a good race. The course was to a bouy off the Brooklyn shore, then across to a mark near Bayonne on the Jersey side, then up river past the Statue of Liberty to a turning mark and back downriver to the Battery.

It didn't quite work out that way. The first leg saw a surprising number of schooners stay well out in the middle of the river, so much so that many had to turn and run wing and wing for the first mark. Most of Class B stayed on a broad reach directly to the mark with many mizzen staysails on display. Just about the time this goggle of boats got to the mark, the wind lightened dramatically. About half the fleet was set below the mark by the 2 knot ebb current. Those lucky enough to crab around the mark, soon had their anchors down or else went quickly out to sea backwards. The next three or four hours were variously spent sleeping, lurching, sunbathing or chatting with the boat anchored next to you. When the wind would puff up a bit anchors would come up and some loss or gain would be recorded. VOYAGER had the record at six anchor drills until the exhausted crew refused to put the 75 pound kedge down again and she started her engine to avoid being stranded on the Jersey flats. A similar fate befell PETREL, the 70 foot yawl that was leading Class B.

It was truly a race for the tortoises



PIONEER

photo by Vern Brady

over the hares. Those with enough perseverance, endurance and cold beer to stick it out were rewarded by a light southerly sea breeze working up the river about four o'clock. As the stragglers rounded the second mark and reached up to the Lady of the Harbor, the Race Committee mercifully shortened the course for a finish at Liberty Island.

The schooner class saw PRINCE OLAF, a 34 foot Tancook Whaler, take first place and with it the Mayor's Trophy. In second was Art Collins' DEFILANCE, which had best elapsed time in Class A. The George Stadel designed gaff rigger, KOUKLA was third and ASA secretary Mark Faulstick's ADVENTURER was fourth.

Class B was a real nail-biter for the crew of the KATHLEEN MARY as most of the class failed to finish and the 40 foot yawl GOLDEN EYE couldn't save her time on the beautiful little 32 foot gaff ketch. Bob Pulsch's eyes were almost as large as the big silver bowl he took home to Port Monmouth, New Jersey. It was the best finish of the day by an ASA member.

Class C saw the only repeat winner from last year as Richard Lamorte's 40 foot sloop SKYLARK captured the Museum Cup for best corrected time among the non-schooners. They also won the

New York Yacht Club Trophy for fastest elapsed time.

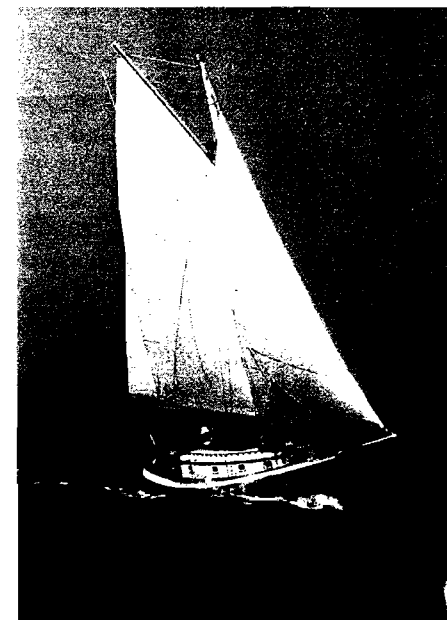
The awards presentation on the top floor of Pier 17 gave a spectacular overview of the Seaport, the rafted vessels and sunset on the river.

Overall it was a highly successful weekend and a well run race. Only the eternal docking situation leaves room for improvement.

Vern Brady

KATHLEEN MARY

Vern Brady



WHEN WHALES AND SCHOONERS TEACH

The moon is up, and the mid watch has the deck. The 47' research schooner SARAH ABBOT rolls in a regular arch as she slides off one wave then leans into another. A gentle night... and yet a note of distress holds off sleep.

The watch, two sixteen-year-olds, are chattering overhead on deck. "... and what if we hit a whale?", a boy voice strains.

"Totally harsh", responds a girl. "Hey, you're ten degrees off course."

"Massively untogether." The wheel creaks. The helmsman over-corrects, and the schooner rolls hard to starboard. A pile of text books slips off a berth and crashes on the cabin floor. Groans echo among the sleepers. "Untogether." The jargon describes this outfit perfectly. After almost a week at sea, we are still not a "crew"... just six students from Phillips-Andover's Summer Session program in oceanography, a scientist and a skipper bound off Provincetown, Ma, to study the social habits of humpback whales.

For days, as the captain, I have been worrying about how we will survive the teenage addictions to rock and roll, feeding frenzies, manic-depressive mood shifts, fashion and hygiene. What will it take to soften the barriers of self-absorption...?

Somebody shakes me awake; we have ship traffic. 0500 hours. Thick fog on deck. In the twilight the air seems to vibrate with a million iron filings. From somewhere up ahead comes the throb of a powerful diesel engine. Distance--perhaps two miles. The watch sounds the fog horn. I go to the navigator's station to check our position on a chart.

"Much louder now," calls the helmsman. "Off the port bow." Her voice cracks. We need more look outs. As I begin rousing all hands, the girl at the helm shouts, "Oh, my god!"

A shrill whir fills the air... then the sound of chain grinding over metal. The noise rolls over us. Before anyone can react, Bruce Springstein's rock battle cry "Born in the U.S.A." comes blasting from the vessel's tape deck.

"Malissa!", the people on deck scream in unison. "Freakin' music," mutters one of Malissa's peers. He leaps down the hatch. Over the twang of heavy metal

guitars he shouts, "You want to kill us?"

Springstein stops. You can hear the fog dripping off the sails. In a second Malissa and the boy appear on deck, clip their harnesses to a safety line and go silently to their "ship's emergency stations". Two people scan the water off each quadrant of the vessel.

The whir and clanking come again. Every person on watch points an arm to a place off the port beam. For a second the strength of the noise seems ready to press us into sea... then vanishes. Once, we hear someone shouting in Italian.

"Fisherman?", asks one of the watch.

"Hauling back his nets", guesses another.

We all agree: the trawler is barely moving, he is already behind us. But no one sighs. We smell the air, sweet and fishy; hear the gulls crying. Signs of whales feeding nearby, says the scientist.

For more than an hour the SARAH sails along the edge of the whales' favorite feeding bank. The scientist pours over her notes on the humpback colony. The students and I sail the schooner and watch for the lunging roll of dorsal fins through the waves. From time to time we raise our noses and sniff the air like hounds in the presence of bear. No one dozes or talks.

Close inspection of the deck shows Malissa, at the starboard waist of the vessel, peeling an orange with her thumb. As the rind comes off in a long spiral, I begin rehearsing a lecture on adolescent selfishness. But just as I reach my peroration, Malissa breaks the fuzzy ball into segments and throws them to her mates.

Spotting me poised in the hatchway, she throws the final section my way, leaving herself empty-handed. Feeling guilty, I try to throw it back to her, but she gestures that I MUST keep it. She points to the pouch of her sweatshirt: it is loaded with more oranges for the crew.

Another hour passes. The fog lifts some. The sky glows pink with refracted sun when a call comes back from the bow watch.

"Whale ho! Two o'clock off the starboard bow. She breeches!"

A half mile ahead a medium size humpback arcs through the air and crashes

into the sea on his back. An explosion of water and noise ruptures the morning like a depth charge.

No sooner have we turned to put our vessel in a good position to document "breeching behavior", than the port waist watch calls, "Pod at ten o'clock, coming right for us. One, two, three... six humpbacks!"

Forty-tonners surge toward our schooner in V-formation, heads cresting in unison, "steam" rising over the grey flanks as the dorsals arch, flukes stirring whirlpool "footprints" behind.

Fifty yards from the SARAH's hull, the whales sound. We see the flash of their long white flippers as they pull themselves under the boat, then surface just to windward and blow. The warm spray rains across the deck. As the whales move off to the south, a pair detach from the pod and circle back.

I steer the schooner into the wind to slow her speed and show the whales we are submissive to them. The crew sits absolutely still. All you can hear is the snuffled breathing of the humpbacks. They weave under and around SARAH ABBOT, nosing our dinghy and rubbing against the hull. The whales roll like porpoises in our bow wave, stand on their tails next to the cockpit and look us in the eye.

"What are they doing?", asks one boy, his voice quivering.

"It's a show dance", interprets somebody, "with us."

"Unbelievable", adds another.

"They're adolescents", says the scientist, as if that explains everything. Smiles of recognition cross a few faces.

"It won't last forever", comments one prophet. "Quick, bring all the cameras..."

As the scientist and her students begin documenting our dance with these whales, I snap a picture with my mind. We are a motley bunch. Cruddy ballcaps, bandanas and wool caps cover our heads. Hair kinks in wet ringlets or streaks in lines around faces. No cosmetics cover blotchy skin; no razor has cleared away the crabgrass of first beards. This is a crew only a mother--or a shipmate could love. I think I'll peel them an orange.

Randall Pepper

1989 SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR TRADITIONAL VESSELS

- 6/24-25 **Great Peconic Wooden Boat Festival**, Shelter Island Yacht Club, Dering Harbor, Shelter Is., NY
Contact: David Kiremidjian / Full Sea Inc.
(516) 765-1883 or (516) 765-4772
- 7/16 **Landing Regatta**, Newport, R.I. Contact: Don Glassie
(401) 849-3033
- 7/15-22 **International Schooner Rendezvous**, Gloucester, MA
Contact: Any ASA flag officer or Mike Costello
Cape Ann Chamber of Commerce (508) 283-1601
- 7/15 **ASA Vessels Rendezvous at Mattapoisett**
- 7/16 **Cruise/Race in company through Cape Cod Canal to Gloucester**
- 7/16-17 **Canadian and American Schooners arrive in Gloucester**
- 7/18 **Opening Reception for all participants**
- 7/19 **Fleet race towards Balsers Island**
- 7/20 **Match races off Eastern Point**
- 7/21 **Fleet races towards Thacher Island**
- 7/22 **Dory Races in Harbor
Parade of Sail through Gloucester Harbor
Award Ceremonies**
- 7/23 **Departure**
- 8/20 **Opera House Regatta**, Nantucket, MA
Contact: Chick Walsh (617) 228-2121
- 9/02 **Classic Yacht Regatta**, Newport, MA
Contact: Museum of Yachting (401) 847-1018
- 9/09-10 **Governor's Cup Regatta**, Essex, CT
Contact: Connecticut River Foundation (203) 767-8269
- 9/16 **Moffett Cup Race**, Vineyard Haven, MA
Contact: Gannon & Benjamin Marine Railway (508) 693-4658
- 9/23 **Mayor's Trophy Race**, New York, NY
Contact: South Street Seaport Museum (212) 669-9400
- 9/30 **Mystic Seaport Invitational Schooner Race**
Contact: Mystic Seaport Museum (203) 572-0711
- 11/25 **Turkey Day Regatta**, New Rochelle, NY Contact: N.Y.A.C.Y.C.

ASA 1ST ANNUAL LAND-SEA RENDEZVOUS

On July 30 the ASA held its first annual Land-Sea Rendezvous on the rolling lawns of the LaFrance childhood estate beside Mattapoisett harbor. Vessels attending included the schooners VOYAGER (NY), PHRA LUANG and MALABAR II (M.V.), the sloop UNDINA (M.V.), the folkboat SUZANDEE (NY), SYMFONI (CT) passing through on her way to Newfoundland, the prompt ADVENTURER (NY), home port cutters CHRISTMAS and BANTAM, the land-worthy Beckwith wagon, the Moffett mobile, the Addicott prairie schooner, and various local riff-raff.

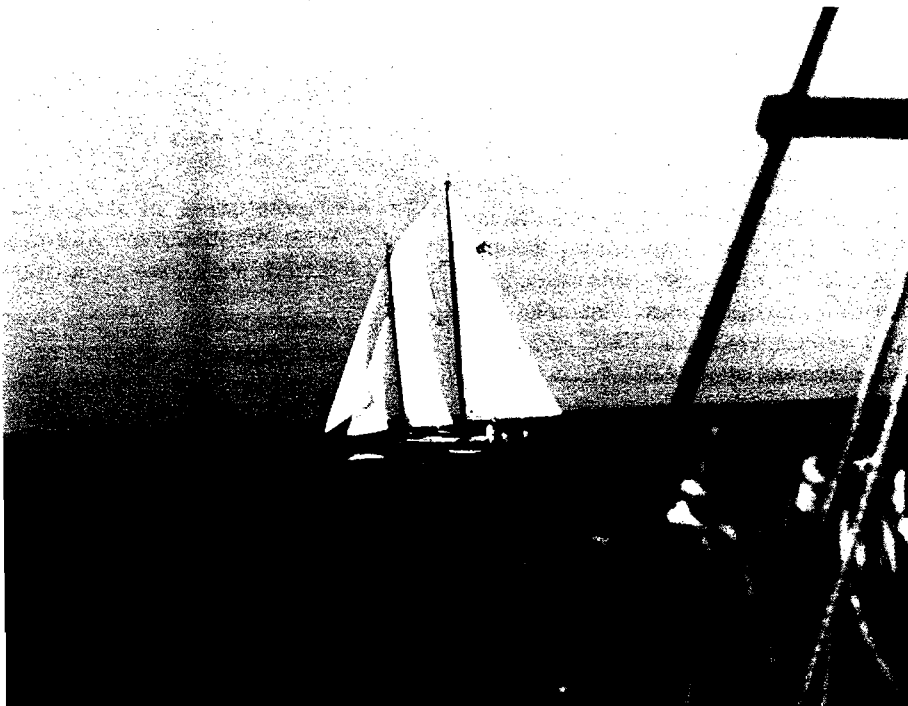
Festivities on July 30 included a traditional clam bake on the beach, a rough and tumble, man-woman-and-child, injury and tear-ridden football game, interboat visitations, and a quiet (?) gathering at the LaFrance household that night.

August 1st dawned blustery and damp, the ideal weather for the First Annual Mattapoisett-Martha's Vineyard Tag Team Sailing Race. The rules were simple: two teams of three boats apiece, each to sail one leg of the race. But what to send from one boat to the next as the tag?

We applaud our first annual tag team swimmers, Martina Windels in a brief bikini, representing Mattapoisett, Number One Son of Phra Luang, and The Girl from UNDINA who risked her life under the bow of MALABAR II. The swimmers' courage, speed and ability to clamor aboard made the vital boat-to-boat connections. The hotly disputed finish was acclaimed a tie between Mattapoisett (BANTAM, CHRISTMAS and VOYAGER) and Martha's Vineyard PHRA LUANG, UNDINA and MALABAR II), leaving intense competitive spirits focused on the Second Annual, to be held this summer.

Valerie La France

THE MYSTIC SEAPORT SCHOONER RACE



MYA

photo by Gina Webster

Captain Bowker at the helm of VOYAGER

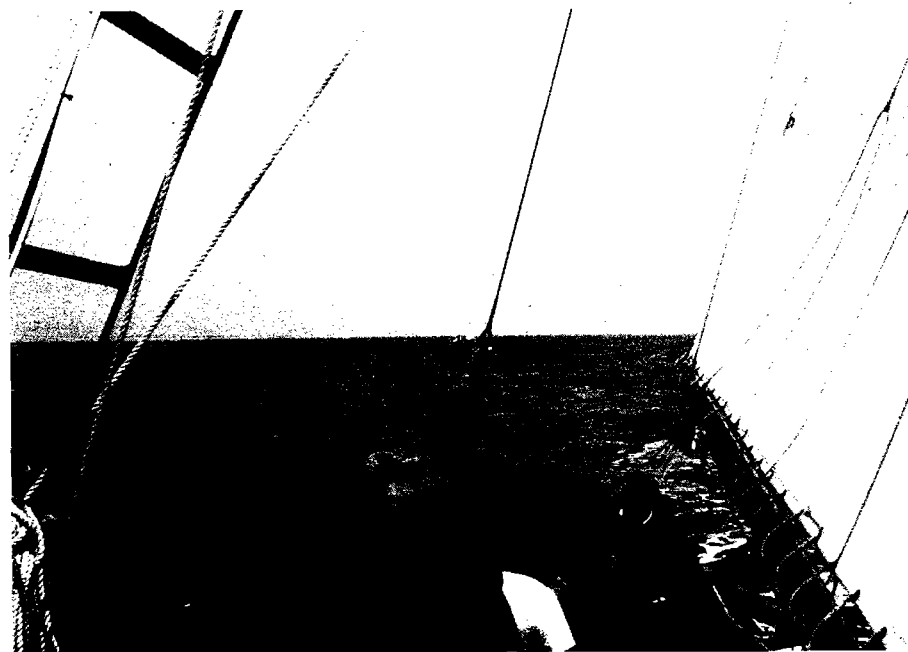


photo by Gina Webster

A fleet of fifteen schooners competed in the Mystic Seaport's 21st annual schooner race on October first, not a bad turnout since the date had been flipped last year with the Mayor's Cup in New York Harbor, throwing the natural geographic sequence of events out of order for many of those homeward bound.

Most of us in Class A have written off the possibility of even seeing FORTUNE on the windward leg except for BRILLIANT, who unfortunately started in the wrong class. The real treat was watching Ted Kennedy's MYA take off like a rocket, sporting a dark blue hull and new sails.

Reefs were shaken out as the brisk southwesterly eased for the downwind and final leg. VOYAGER really showed her colors as she steadily gained on MYA and FORTUNE, though jibing efficiently downwind could not maintain their lead over the "bat-winged" black schooner. My compliments to VOYAGER's very patient crew whose constant adjusting and tweeking of sheets and halyards on what we usually call the "lunch leg" along with the sensitive helmsmanship of guest Captain Biff Bowker kept her moving wing and wing and wing and wing in light and variable conditions, not to forget Pete, our navigator du jour, since one must also be pointed in the proper direction.

VOYAGER was unable to gain sufficiently on FORTUNE for the gun, but eventually achieved a thirty second lead over MYA. The BRILLIANT Trophy for the best corrected time in all classes went to VOYAGER as did the Soundings Award for first gaff. MYA was second in Class A and FORTUNE, carrying a 10% performance handicap from last year, was third. In Class B, DEFIANCE was first to finish as well as first on corrected time, followed by TALISMAN and SAG-AMORE. EASTERN PASSAGE was first in Class C, with EQUINOX close behind. GOLDEN GOOSE, though first to finish in class was third on corrected time.

JP

DOG WATCH

Henry and Anne Hoch have announced that their schooner HERANDIS is well and now with them in Maryland. Their 180 feet of dockage at Leed's Creek has lots of room for ASA visitors. Their boats can stay there too.

Sarah Morgan of the schooner BARBARA JANE, Ibiza, Spain is still crewing aboard the 174 foot steel three-masted topsail schooner JESSICA. She left last November for Australia, taking the old clipper ship route around the Cape of Good Hope down into the Roaring Forties. The voyage is expected to take about two months.

Congratulations are in order to Paul and Monique Bradley who are now living in France with their new baby Daniel Patrick. VOYAGER already has a bunkette under construction in anticipation of their return.

Congratulations are also in order to new member Beverly Brown who sailed her recently acquired 26 foot Danish Folkboat SUZANDEE from Mattapoisett to Snug Cove in New Rochelle...no engine, just her 13 year old son, Max. Not far behind was another Folkboat, TØSEN, owned and skippered by your editor...no engine, no Max.

The Nat Benjamin design schooner LANA & HARLEY was launched last August from the Gannon & Benjamin yard in Vineyard Haven. The white hulled schooner (soon to become black), was tough competition under working lowers at Nantucket's Opera Cup Race.

ASA polo/sports shirts are available at \$15.00. White with the green ASA logo on the left front, they come in the usual sizes.

ASA burgees are available for \$25.00

International Schooner Rendezvous Gloucester 1989 T-Shirts will be available for \$10.00



**American Schooner
Association**

P.O. BOX 484
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355