



WING & WING

Volume XX, Number 2 • Summer 1992

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

SO FONG

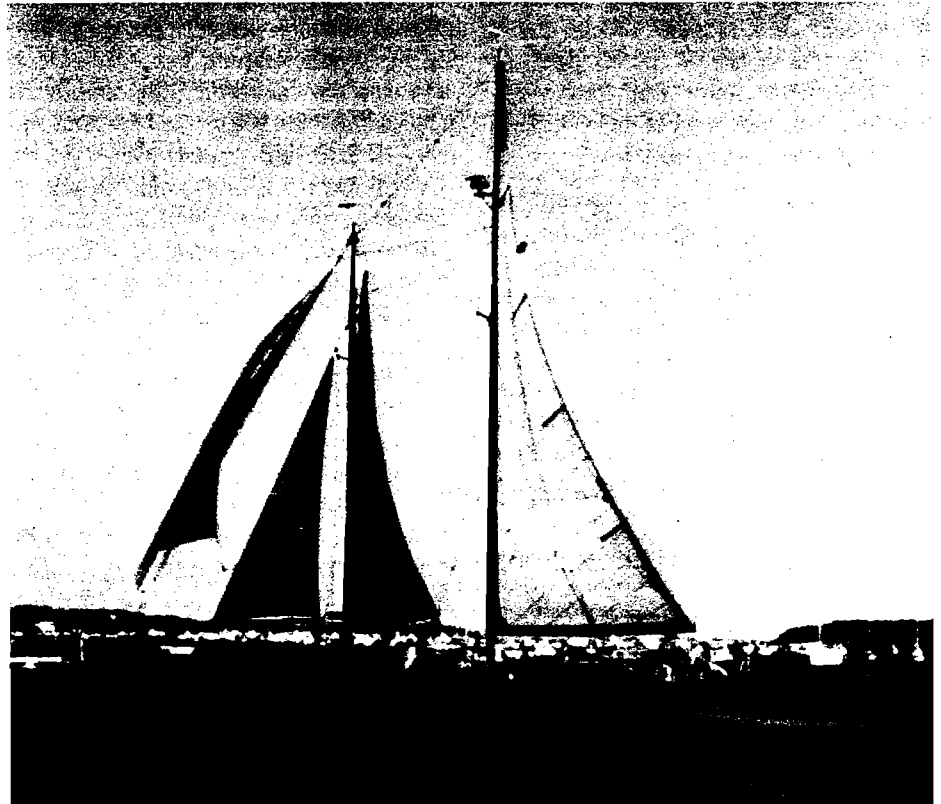
(The following excerpt is from a letter to Ginny Jones from David Matzenik.)

Asking me to recall the details of the Sparkman and Stevens schooner SO FONG is similar to asking me about my Tancook Whaler... Have you got a moment? Because, in all my career of professional sailing (and it ain't over yet folks) there is no ship I remember with more affection, even though I was only aboard her briefly—Spring, Summer, and Autumn of 1973.

It was a magic time, especially for a lad who grew up on the tales of the Clipper Ships and rakish schooners. SO FONG was my introduction to New England and America. I see now the shape of Block Island looming through the fog and mist. We sailed her up from Bermuda without an engine and had been through a bit of a blow in which the skipper allowed me, a humble deckhand, to take the helm during the rounding-up maneuver to dump the mainsail, a big sea running. We got through the Race and it blew 40 knots southwesterly for 36 hours. Tack on tack down the Sound, and when we took our tow off at Stamford they ran us up on the mud on a falling tide! ("Aw, gee, Captain. We didn't think she drew 10 feet!" What did they think we were—a scow?)

The refit at Stamford was about six weeks. We put in a new engine—I think it was a Volvo—up front in the galley with a long shaft like AMERICA and PURITAN. Not a bad set-up. I can't clearly remember the prop, but like 90% of the old-timers I have sailed in, it would have been offset.

People sometimes grimace when I say my introduction to the US was Stamford, CT, but I had a great time. Apart from tearing SO FONG apart and putting her



SO FONG in Edgartown. Photo provided by Ginny Jones.

back together again there were weekends when I visited new friends at Manhasset Bay and visited New York. I got to sail the best of fiberglass boats, the SHIELD; I saw the painting of the ATLANTIC under storm canvas, while rowdies sang around the piano at the Mamaroneck Yacht Club. One such weekend was spent on a farm in Sturbridge where they had real sugar maples. Now this may all seem blase to you Yankees, but for a lad from the not-so-interesting suburbs of Sydney, it fascinated, and all was absorbed and distilled for future reference.

One of the wonderful things about SO FONG was her owners, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Becton, who had a fabulous house

on the point at Blue Hill, Maine, where SO FONG had a mooring. It was Mrs. Becton's hope that the schooner would spend her summers there—and if anyone loved a schooner, it was Mrs. B. As a girl in 1938, she had seen SO FONG at anchor in Puerto Rico and swam out and around her and wanted her then and there. Years later Hank and Jean Becton bought her and had a couple of good years with the boat. I must add that Jean Becton was born to it, as her father had a schooner that the family summered on.

I hope I'm getting this all right, as it is a few years ago now. In 1980 I had the great good fortune to be cruising on the
(Cont. page 4.)

MINUTES

The ASA Board of Governors met at Jim Lobdell's home in Vineyard Haven, on April 26. Board of Governors and other members present were: Jim and Ginny Lobdell, Mark Faulstick, Peter and Jeanette Phillipps, Fred Sterner, Roberta and Bob Pulsch, Tom Grew, and MaryAnne McQuillan.

Topics under discussion were:

1. Insurance for Big Apple to Beantown Race. ASA is a member of US Sailing and insurance would be applied for through them. Peter Phillipps would handle this as well as obtain Coast Guard approval permit for the race.
2. Award trophy to be presented to Mystic Seaport on September 12th (this year being the twentieth anniversary of ASA) at the Mystic race. Members decided that the trophy would be a half model. Peter Phillipps would investigate this and take care of ordering it. Each Board of Governor member decided to post \$100.00 to cover the cost of the half model. Note: This money would cover their dues for the next four years.
3. T-shirts: It was decided to order t-shirts to commemorate the Big Apple to Beantown Race. Fred Sterner had brought a sample graphic design and all present agreed to order them. Tom Grew of Ayuthia Charters, Vineyard Haven, generously donated \$500.00 to help pay for the shirts.
4. It was also decided to have handouts printed for members to leave on other schooners in the hope of increasing membership. Fred Sterner would take care of this.
5. Spring mailers were sent to all members and others interested in sailing, to notify them of upcoming events.

The meeting was adjourned and all attended a prelaunching party for Mark Faulstick's ADVENTURER at Gannon and Benjamin Yard.

Respectfully submitted
Roberta Pulsch

Wing & Wing is typeset and printed by Impressive Impressions, 200 Muthig Road, Hurleyville, NY 12747.

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMODORE

Since it is summer and the Commodore is wearing a suit while seated behind a desk in a non-air-conditioned warehouse, shackled to a computer terminal and trying desperately to remember how to spell "Schooner ADVENTURER," he will keep this short.

The most significant event of the season for our organization is the upcoming Mystic Schooner Race, September 12-13 at the Mystic Seaport. Not only is it, as always, an enjoyable opportunity to gather, this year is also the 25th Anniversary of both our organizations. At the Awards Dinner after the race we will be presenting the American Schooner Association Award to the Mystic Seaport Museum. A plaque, featuring a half-model of MALABAR II and the names of all the previous recipients, will be awarded, thus establishing the award's permanent and public place of display at the Museum. Let's all try to be there: The Seaport appears to be thriving, and is, after all, the ASA's home port.

So far this season many of our member boats have opted for, or in some cases were forced to stay, in quiet bays and harbors, away from all the excitement of the Quintecentennial activities. Or so it seemed by the attendance of only a few of our member boats at the major celebrations held in New York and Boston. Each of us, of course, has our reasons and circumstances for missing the July events.

The ADVENTURESS, for example, an indescribable one-off design, double-masted sloop set sail on March 6th from Martha's Vineyard, bound for New York. Due to a newly developed compass deviate, known as GPS, she arrived in Capetown, South Africa on July 11th. She had just undergone, and barely survived, major surgery. Perhaps the yard left a few too many tools in the bilge near the binnacle. The crew, mostly green (seasick and inexperienced), registered surprise at the length of the voyage to New York. It appears, however, that none have yet realized that they are not *in* New York.

The owners of ADVENTURETTE (not to be confused with the fore-mentioned vessel) report that they were boarded, held captive and robbed at gun-

point of every last dime, in a harbor on an island deceptively far from New York. Actually, they report, it's merely that the natives seem to act like they are far from New York. When interviewed, on condition of anonymity, many confess that they would be much happier selling handguns to drug dealers in Washington Heights, where on every street corner can be heard the native call of both islands near and far: "eet's juss' beesness, mahh."

We are still compiling the results of the member boats' efforts to arrive in New York or Boston for the Celebrations, so please send in your ship's logs, or reports, edited, fabricated, or otherwise. We need to hear from you.

Many of you have been asking about the boat. In short, she popped all her planks on a beam reach in 10 knots off the south shore of LaLa Land. It seems the yard forgot to put the fastenings behind the bungs. You just can't get good help anymore.

I hope you've all had great sailing so far, and look forward to seeing all of you in Mystic on the 12th.

— Captain Mark Faulstick

Wing & Wing is published by and for the members of the American Schooner Association. Address correspondence to the editor: Gina Webster, 145 East 16th St., 20A, New York, New York 10003.

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RANTING AND RAVING ACROSS THE BORDER

(The following appeared in a spring issue of SCOON, the Nova Scotia Schooner Association newsletter).

The tendons controlling my writing hand are taut. The pen drags across my check book, the nib digging into the smooth surface, ink spattering, forming pools, these to rivulets, wandering aimlessly, as out of control as HEBRIDEE II in a mild breeze on Mahone Bay. Aye... dues time once again for the NSSA, and this year it becomes more painful than last with the unpleasant news headlined in SCOON.

There was time, somewhere between the first and second rendezvous when it seemed this great nation: benevolent friend to poorer nations, protector of Third World powers, a country held in great esteem by Iraq, North Vietnam, North Korea, Panama, and the many poorer countries with whom we have fought... and your somewhat undisciplined Maritime Province, dispenser of dead fish to terrorist capitals, dry rot capital of the world... would embrace one another and sail our schooners in tandem to the edge of the earth or 41.6 nautical miles east of Newfoundland, whichever comes first.

It is not that we were not aware of your clandestine ways, that beneath your overbearing kindness and gentle nature, there brooded a smoking gun. We Yanks (there may well be a scant three billion who perceive us as insensitive clods) could, in fact, sense the glee with which you received the news that AMERICA II, whose charter precluded her sale outside the US, now flies a Spanish ensign on her transom. We no longer have a schooner representing those traditions we held so dear.

In Nova Scotia the only conversation in restaurants, government buildings, beer halls, is of Captain Angus Walters and of his exploits aboard BLUENOSE. The great schooner is now a legend. Dimes daily remind one of its existence and BLUENOSE II, no longer with its central air-conditioning system, continues to ply your shores. And yet, whilst we have nothing, you contemplate BLUENOSE III!

During our cruise "up east" (last summer) we were pleasantly surprised to find the Moshers on the wharf on the island of St. Pierre. Monty told us some of the highlights of your race week, and of the patronization of this great and noble nation, beloved by the planet (perhaps I covered this sufficiently earlier) and of the Rhinelanders whose CONSTANCE won a race. Our conversations with Carole Anne and Monty were most genial and warm, picking up on news since Gloucester as a continuation of the same sentence. We parted with bear hugs and kisses and I found myself almost moved to tears until I saw reflected in Carole Anne's eyes the elliptical transom bearing the name "AMERICA" in arching gold letters and "Colon, Spain." Other than an anatomical organ, I don't know where Colon is.

En route to and from Newfoundland we were graciously hosted by 'Lissa and Tom Gallant. The former is always charming but Captain Tom looked a bit like his tired, old engine. Their goelette, TOOTHLESS, may have to be confined to calmer estuaries, the tidal pools of inland waters. At least as a superb balladeer and raconteur of hyperbolic sea stories, his future as a wharf rat is not in jeopardy.

We were all delighted that almost-a-schooner ADARE was more than printed word and actually floating. We have also heard rumors that Ralph had payed all seams with chopped liver, a family recipe of Julie's. It will be interesting to observe its effect on marine life, more specifically the new torpedo marine borer that was developed by NASA for cold water, samples of which we carried to the Maritimes last summer. My cheque enclosed... provided there are no more BLUENOSE III nonsensical mutterings.

— Peter Phillipps

There are those who when confronted with Captain Phillipps's lambent prose, are thrown into paroxysms of confusion sometimes accompanied by a feeling of dizziness. This is due to a little-known psychological disorder (little-known, but controversial; it caused the tiff between Freud and Jung) called transference of weirdness, or, "Weirdo Transferro." The disorder occurs when a relatively sane individual is confronted with another relatively sane individual who is in fact as loopy as the guy that names all those

towns in Newfoundland. (You know the ones... Fogo, Dildo, Come-by-Chance... I mean, really!) The reason Captain Phillipps's madness is so difficult to recognize, and therefore prone to causing Weirdo Transferro, is he himself does not know what it is that makes him so crazy. Therefore he persists in presenting himself as a sane individual. Since I have managed, through endless research and observation to discover the source of this poor soul's dementia, I have, after much thought and thorough consultation with the experts in Vienna, decided to take pen in hand, if only to save my fellow NSSA brothers and sisters from this dread condition.

After you have read Captain Phillipps's epistle, ask yourself one simple question: "Did one word of that make sense to me?" If it did, you have contracted the first stage of Weirdo Transferro, and should probably have a drink and call Ed Murphy. After you've talked to Ed, have another drink. Then consider this: The source of Captain Phillipps's madness, and for that matter the madness of the entire ASA is viscosity. Over the years, the Americans have so polluted their bays and sounds that the water down there is six times more viscous than it is up here. This has some strange affects: Boats go slower, but they also leak slower. People who can't swim, can. You can skip round rocks. What we call "cutting the devil's throat," they call "thumping grandma's pillow." Now they're all right if they stay down there, but when they sail North, as Captain Phillipps is wont to do, the consequences can be devastating. Halfway across the Gulf of Maine, their boats start going fast. (Well, faster.) They are overjoyed. They have visions of outsailing the Bluenosers. As if this weren't shock enough to their fragile systems, their boats start leaking like the White House Press Secretary. They are manic, caught in a spiral of grief and joy the likes of which only an American can understand. Quite simply the poor buggers wig out. One minute they think they're Ben Pine, the next, Saddam Hussein.

But, forewarned is forearmed. As long as one is aware of the problem, Weirdo Transferro is not a serious threat. The best tactic is rum and a raised eyebrow whenever in the presence of one of those high-viscosity sailors from south of here. (Cont. page 9.)

(SO FONG: Cont. from page 1.)
 coast of Maine in PURITAN and dropped in to Blue Hill Bay just off the house. Mrs. Becton rowed out and around us and as she came up alongside I hailed her. I don't think she expected to have anyone aboard who knew her! PURITAN's owner was very gracious and invited the Bectons out sailing the following day. Before me now I have a photo of Mrs. Becton at the wheel, every inch a sailor, one hand on a windward spoke and one eye aloft! I'm not sure where the Bectons are now, but when they sold SO FONG, I'm pretty sure they kept the launch, which was better off on a mooring than cluttering up the decks and being used as a locker, full of buckets and fenders. By God the launch looked good alongside though, when the awnings were stretched tight and the anchor ball at the forestay.

In the summer and autumn we were based in Newport and what with the schooner races and trips out to the Vineyard and Nantucket, I saw many fine yachts and first saw SHENANDOAH.

I pass on a few photographs to you. They show SO FONG sailing in light airs into Edgartown harbor where AMERICA was lying alongside the town dock. It was the first time I saw her. Two years later I was Mate. In one picture you will see a figure in a Boston Whaler coming by. It is Richard Griffiths. BRANDARIS was at her berth and it was the day I met Richard. Oh, the hangovers that were to follow! Forgive me if I digress but those were magic days. In a photo album I see a youth whose hair is bleached by too much salt water and sun; his only possessions beyond his seabag are the knife and

spike on his hip and his WWII sextant. Who could want for more? A berth in a fine schooner and the love of a beautiful girl who lived in Newport. It doesn't get any better.

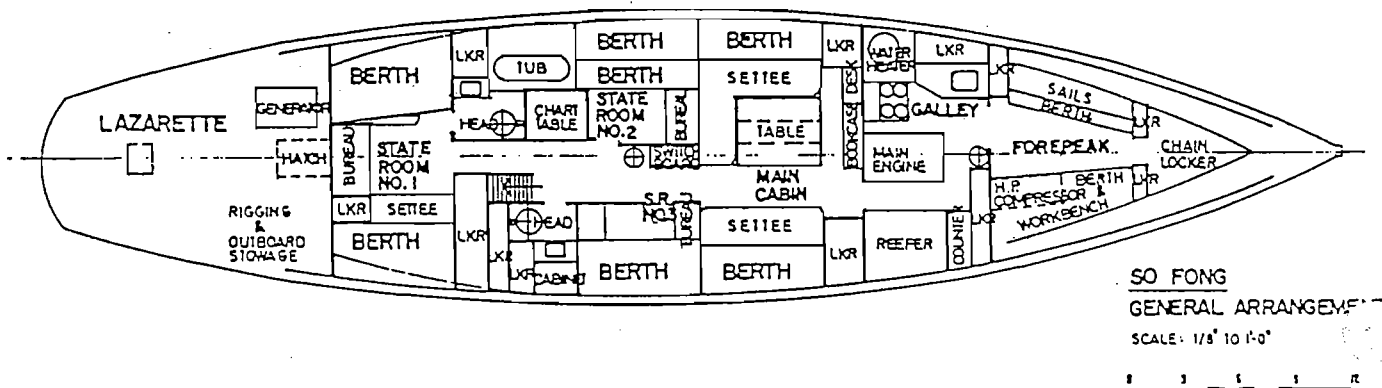
SO FONG was launched by the Ah King Slipway Co. in 1937 at Hong Kong. Her frames were of an oriental wood called *yakkai* and her planks were teak; quite heavy scantlings throughout with bronze or copper rivets in the European method. As my experience is in vessels by Fife, Campers, Phillips, Robertson, S&S, Alden, and sundry other builders and designers, I feel competent to say that no European or American Builder ever turned out a finer piece of work. Her masts and spars may have been built in the US, as they did not differ in any way from those of her American contemporaries. All the blocks—and there were over 80—were of lignum vitae with bronze straps, except for the main and foresheet blocks which had iron straps. This was usually done for strength, not cost. These blocks were all made by Merriman and must have been shipped out to Hong Kong when she was being built. Her chainplates, hawsepipes, and other deck fittings were all of bronze which, under Mrs. B's tasteful orders, had been stripped of the Dado-brown and allowed to go green. Everything else was kept "traditional"—gleaming brightwork, oil and varnish. Spun Dacron three-strand rope gave the right appearance. No braid anywhere. Her topsides, which never showed a seam (thank you Ah King and your boys) were not dark blue: it was a color we mixed ourselves, SO FONG Blue, which is 6 parts ENDEAVOR Blue and 1 part black.

The mate, who only joined her for that summer, had been on WHEN AND IF, so we did a lot of comparing. The two schooners were in company briefly Manchester, but I did not get a chance to go aboard the other. The doghouse on WHEN AND IF looks original, but I should point out that SO FONG's is a late alteration and while it has been very neatly executed, it is obvious to the experienced eye.

Her deck layout from forward was: bowsprit heel; windlass; fo'c'stle sliding hatch; deck locker; foremast; galley skylight; saloon skylight; mainmast; accommodation sliding hatch to starboard, and I think there was a small skylight to port over the No. 2 cabin, but I'm a bit foggy on that. Aft of this area and separated by a short space of deck was a raised cabin trunk of about 8 inches in height which ran aft into the cockpit. This gave plenty of head room in the owner's cabin and it had a small skylight in its center.

The doghouse was by definition separate from the accommodation and totally open on its after side. It was positioned partially over this after-cabin trunk which had a hatch in it leading to the lazaretto and steering gear. The gear, I seem to remember, was built by Edson. The wheel was mounted at a raked angle to form a right-angle with the rudder post at the after side of the cockpit. This means that the helmsman stands to one side using one arm to pull the spokes across the top and one arm to push spokes down at the side: a powerful arrangement in a heavy sea. Immediately aft was the sheet and bits and gallows.

The doghouse was a godsend when pi-



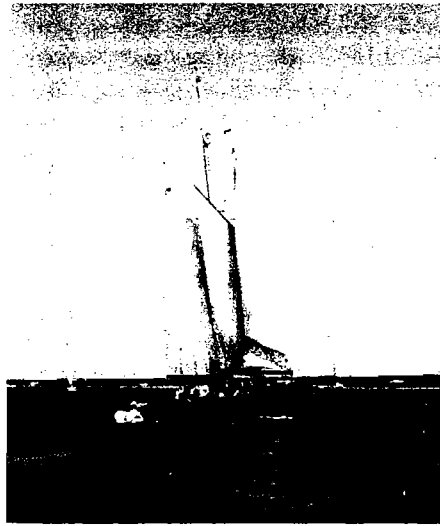
SO FONG's accommodation.

loting and the radar display was right where you needed it. Below, the layout can be imagined: Walking forward from the cockpit one went down the hatch and arrived at the bottom of the ladder in a passageway which led aft to the owners' cabin or forward to the saloon. Standing at the bottom of the ladder you were opposite the head and shower. A little forward a door opened to port into No. 2 cabin which was a very cozy double. To starboard was a *very, very* small captain's cabin, but at least she had one. The passage then opened into the saloon.

To return to the owners' cabin: I'm pretty sure there was a head and shower adjoining it privately, which was separated from the other by a bulkhead.

SO FONG was not at all European from my point of view. She was at once very American and very Oriental. Her panels were of camphor wood, the frames of which were teak. The swinging saloon table had carvings on the supports which depicted the phoenix battling the dragon. A small fireplace in the forward bulkhead was surrounded by tiles which were painted with Chinese characters. Settees ran down either side with very comfortable pilot berths above. The galley door was to starboard of center and the engine was right there with a solid box built over it. The top was working counter space for the cook and it seemed to work pretty well. One passed around this and through the door on the port side into one of the smallest fo'c'stles that four people were ever expected to share since Mr. Wilburforce's agitations in Parliament. It was a good thing that Peter and Marsha slept in the doghouse. The inside of same had a large cushion which made an acceptable double bed and strong curtains to keep the weather out.

I return once again to the owners' cabin: it was really lovely. The berths were about 1 1/2 size, about all you really need to be practical in a cruising yacht. All those oriental woods glowed with oil and varnish, and facing aft one looked into a mirror over a central bureau which had four large drawers for clothing, etc. The handles of these drawers were large, raised carvings of sailing junks and dragons which were hollowed from underneath to allow a hand-hold. I think there was a full-length hanging locker at the forward end of the starboard berth, and there were



SO FONG in the Vineyard.
Photo provided by Ginny Jones.

little settee lockers running fore and aft by both the berths. None of the oriental stuff overpowered the American schooner feel of her. How the original owner came to know of this Hong Kong yard would be very interesting. On completion she sailed for the US via the East Indies, Suez, Mediterranean, Caribbean, and it was when she was at Puerto Rico that Mrs. Becton first saw her.

This cruise was the subject of a magazine article at the time. I think it was "Rudder" and I believe I read it in your library at Mystic. One thing I do remember is that the author described Ah King in the American vernacular of the day as: "One swell Chinaman."

As the photographs show, she had pole masts, being gaff-rigged on both. Her conversion to Marconi on the main required only the addition of a track and a bronze Merriman wire-stowing winch. This could easily have been reversed if desired. The brass chafing-plate had been left in place. Some of her details were a little chunky which gave her a very handsome appearance. How I loved her. She had a romantic and friendly air about her which you could almost touch.

In the Autumn of 1973 we returned with SO FONG to Stamford to fit out for a winter cruise in the West Indies. The mate had left and I now had the job. I was delighted, but shortly we received orders to lay her up for sale. We fitted her old covers and I went aloft and wrapped her spars in tar paper in an effort to keep some of the winter out.

We left her there and went our separate ways. I never saw her again. Although nineteen years have passed since those wonderful days, I still remember her friendly personality. I suppose I should add something of her sailing qualities: Being 71' x 16' x 10' she was a fairly full-bodied cruising yacht, very comfortable in a sea-way. She was, like all Stevens boats, sweet to steer. Enough said.

— David T. Matzenik

AFTERWORD:

In 1986 SO FONG was lost to the Vietnamese government. Her owner, William Mathers, who used her in his underwater salvage and diving business, was sailing from Singapore to Hong Kong. Sixty kilometers off the southwest coast of Vietnam they were approached by what looked like a fishing boat, but which turned out to be militia. SO FONG was boarded, the crew's passports confiscated, and they were extensively questioned.

They were never told exactly why they were detained; SO FONG's high-tech diving and navigation equipment apparently provoked suspicion (as did Mather's hearing aid, which was ripped apart). There was also a drawing of a Dutch submarine on board, a gift from a Dutch Maritime Museum for whom Mathers had done some diving work, which was misconstrued as further "evidence" against the schooner's crew.

After several months of detention, SO FONG's two French crew members (and their children) were fined and released. Another four months passed before the Australian on board was also fined and freed.

Mathers was moved back on board SO FONG while the Vietnamese continued their investigation, never finding anything, never explaining the supposed charges against him. He was told that he would be released if he consented to become a spy—an offer Mathers firmly declined. After efforts by the US State Department, the Secretary General of the United Nations, Javier Perez de Cuellar, and diplomats from various other countries, Mathers was finally released nine months after his capture. He was fined, and SO FONG was confiscated.

Word has it SO FONG may soon be auctioned off by the Vietnamese government.

FROM THE LOG OF TOTEM: BIG APPLE TO BEANTOWN SCHOONER RACE

Due to the nature of this race (based on the honor system since the vessels lost sight of each other 3 hours into the race), I can only report facts as recorded in my log and as others later relayed them to me.

In preparation for both the coming charter season and the race, TOTEM was hauled in June. I stripped her bottom, keel, rudder and topsides, and faired and re-finished her cold-moulded hull with three coats of Awlgrip and a performance-type bottom paint that required hand wetsanding and burnishing with bronze wool after application. (Whew! My arms still ache!)

I was keen to race, and word of the race and my need for crew spread like wildfire: one scribbled note in the laundry room at a nearby marine complex brought 45 applicants in 18 hours! There seemed to be no shortage of sailors who wanted to participate on board TOTEM in the Great Schooner Race. Final crew: Navigator Ed Schickler (licensed skipper, Navy navigator, schooner LOTUS associate), John Sanchez (small boat racer), Dave Johnson (professional shipwright), Max Wessels (a skilled sailor and chef by profession),

Fred Robinson (schoonerman from BRILLIANT while under the command of Captain Biff Bowker), and myself. It should be noted that Ed kept a meticulous written and photographic record of the 450-mile adventure and due to his passion for accuracy and detail, the log was updated every 10–15 minutes. Max also took pictures and videotaped the start, life aboard, marine life (whales, sharks, and two types of dolphin), rounding navigational marks, and our eventual landfall in Boston.

Two months before the race it was reported that there would be approximately fourteen entrants and three weeks before the race, the number dropped to nine. In the early afternoon of July 5, representatives from just four participants, KATHLEEN MARY, MALABAR II, TOTEM, and VOYAGER, met on board Peter Phillip's VOYAGER at the New York Sanitation Pier 92.

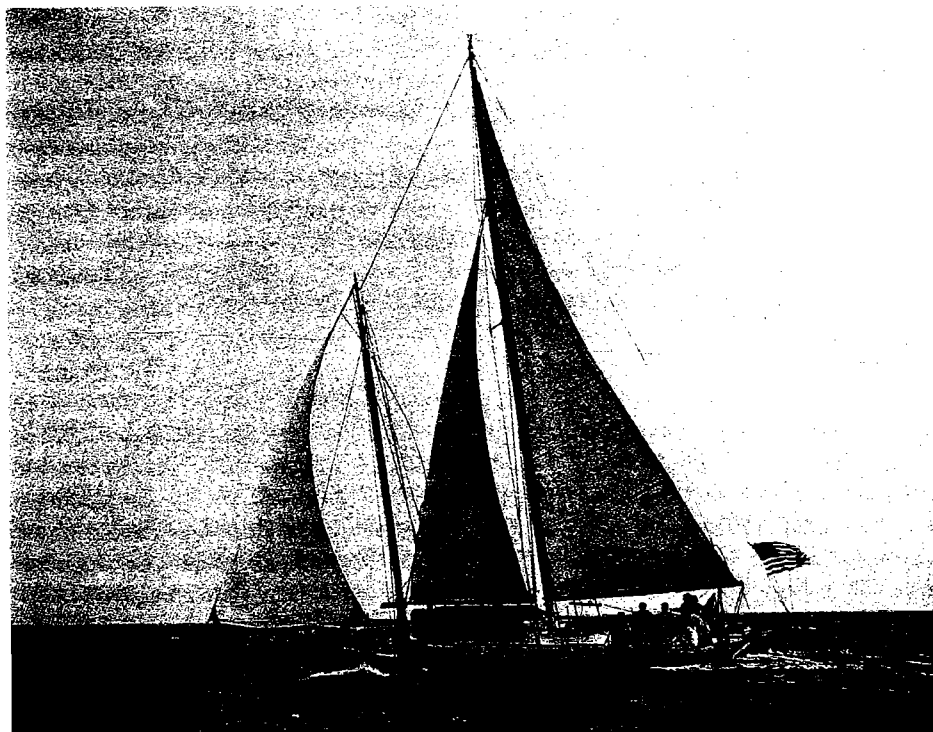
It was decided that the race would consist of three marks: To start, we would line up as best we could at Ambrose Tower in lower NY harbor, then race nonstop around Cape Cod, leaving the Nantucket Shoals offshore radiobeacon "Monster Buoy" to port, and finish abeam Minot's Ledge Light. We were to record our own time. In the extremely unlikely event of imminent danger, we could use

our engines momentarily—this was the understanding I and my crew had upon leaving the meeting.

All of us left our berths shortly before 1440 hours. Within a mile or so of the starting mark, VOYAGER started raising her lower sails at 1859 hours. The race started at Lat 40° 28' 56" N, Lon 73° 51' 79" W. Our course was 103 deg. mag. and we had plenty of wind for a nice schooner reach. Just before Pete raised his sails, I made the mistake of allowing my youngest crew member (who was unfamiliar with the running rigging of a stay-sail schooner) to rig jacklines for a safety harness that he felt compelled to wear. Unfortunately I was paying attention to other things when he did this, and you can imagine my dismay when it came time to raise the jib, which became hopelessly fouled in his jacklines. Yours truly "volunteered" to go with him out by the bowsprit for a 5-minute sea bath to untangle lines. (Having booked a novice charter group aboard for the first few days of OpSail meant I hadn't slept in four days, so perhaps I needed a wakeup for the race start. At the time I was not amused although I'm sure my competition cracked a smile or two—"Lookit those idiots on TOTEM! Why doesn't someone show them how to raise a sail?")

VOYAGER looked great (I even took time to shoot a picture as she accelerated away from us), and MALABAR II followed gracefully behind her. We finally got our "ship" together and followed suit, with KATHLEEN MARY just a few boatlengths behind. Not the greatest start, but a start anyway. And like many starts there was a certain amount of confusion. I remember saying to my crew: "When is the start?... Is this the start?... What happened to the line idea?... Look where KATHLEEN MARY is!... Well, I guess we've started." TOTEM's start could best be described as organized chaos, with John Sanchez apologizing to me as I shivered from my sea bath replying: "da... da... da... don't worry about it, it's brrr for... go... go... gotten... John."

July 5 at 1913 hours Ambrose left abeam with an estimated range of one mile. After setting all our lower sails and some last minute tuning, TOTEM passed MALABAR II at exactly 2100. Judged by VOYAGER's lights we estimate her position to be 3/4 to 1 mile ahead and



TOTEM.

slightly to port of us.

2200 hours KATHLEEN MARY radios and drops out of the race due to crew's acute seasickness, leaving three of us to sail outside to Boston.

July 6 at 0115 we change course (100 deg. mag.) to clear a tug with a tow that was bearing down on us and radio back to MALABAR to inform of its presence.

0415 Lightning squall. Container vessel off port quarter changes course to 125 degrees and runs parallel 'til 0445. Fog lifts at daylight.

0600 Radio check with MALABAR II.

0700 We have covered 85 miles from start and are due south of Montauk Point.

1450 Many dolphins swimming, diving, and playing around us. Beautiful!

1630 Radio check. No contact. Clearing, hazy sun.

1845 Sharks off port 100 yards! Where is Marlin Perkins (host of tv show "Wild Kingdom") when you need him! We are approximately 50 miles south of Block Island.

July 7 at 0400 we sight many fishing vessels and are now south of Martha's Vineyard.

0615 Attempted radio contact with MALABAR II. No contact.

0830 Pass Nantucket to port but no sight. Fogbank rolling in.

1030 In irons and sliding sideways. 190 miles made good.

1204 Whales are sighted and they start gently nudging our hull. We start cracking jokes about Marlin Perkins, "Wild Kingdom," and his assistant Jim, who actually did the dangerous encounters with the animals. (Marlin says: "Now folks, watch Jim handle that wild, man-eating beast... at any moment Jim could easily become its next meal... Ohh... nice job, Jim.") We are still in irons.

1303 Sharks 50 yards to port.

1525 Another whale sighting.

1700 Abeam Nantucket Radiobeacon 13.5 miles to port.

1831 In shipping lanes.

2100 Winds shifting constantly.

July 8 at 0155 Red distress flares off port beam! We call any vessel in vicinity for inquiry on C16 and intercept communications between F/V Pegasus and US Coast Guard Aircraft (aircraft is responding to a separate false EPIRB problem). We report seeing flares to Coast Guard aircraft and they investigate the position



Fred Robinson on TOTEM.

Photo by Ed Schickler.

we give them. At the same time we also tell the Coast Guard about the schooner race, its participants, and report the non-emergency situation that we have lost radio contact with the others. Perhaps in their search for the vessel that launched the flares, the aircraft can sight one of our competitors??? I thought that since they were in the vicinity anyway, we might as well get the biggest bang out of the Coast Guard Search and Rescue buck. Of course, checking up on racing information such as my competitors positions never entered the picture... honest!

Coast Guard radios us at 0745 and we tell them that contact with other race participants still has not been made. The young voice on the radio seemed anxious for a chance to play "jet jockey" and we did little to discourage him. They send up a small jet to continue searching for vessel in distress and look for MALABAR II and VOYAGER. We give the young fly-boys our position and fifteen minutes later they surprise buzz us low from behind and break the sound barrier. Fred Robinson almost fell off the helm! Never a dull moment.

1035 Oil slick is spotted on water that corresponds to the bearing taken when flares first seen.

1050-1640 Shifty light winds, a few whales, and many dolphins.

1740 Passed Nantucket Light Buoy to port. TOTEM has been steering on her own for the last 10 miles.

2305 No radio and poor electronics. Batteries are way undercharged. Start portable generator to charge batteries.

July 9 Leaving shoals at 0331. Winds shifting erratically. Still charging batteries.

0409 Batteries charged. Wind is freshening rapidly. Speed 8.2 kts over the

ground.

0550 Off the Cape. Dipped rail under. We are flying. Speed over ground, a hard-to-believe 12.7 kts. Holy Ship! What a feeling to semi-plane in a vessel such as TOTEM. Winds and seas building rapidly: 35-40 kts!

0610 Dropped fisherman with 3 crew assisting. Intense moments as sail is lowered and crewman lifted.

0645 Winds steady 40-45 kts. Dropped main. Seas building.

0715 We are in a gale with winds reaching Force 8. Later in Boston we will see first-hand two modern vessels that lost their rigs (in one case, both sticks) in this weather. TOTEM is steering herself (with helmsmen and crew at the ready) under jib and staysail. Speed is 8.7 kts. I am quietly concerned for everyone's safety, and thankful to John Alden and associates for TOTEM is truly a wonderful and comfortable "sea boat." I have the impression that she can probably take a lot more than I can.

It is this moment that justifies the dreams of a twelve-year-old catboat-sailing boy, and the 7000 hours of careful research/rebuilding he later performed on his dream-come-reality. I remember during TOTEM's reconstruction that my first priorities were strength and safety. My experience as a wooden shipwright and professional marine surveyor dictated common sense on the one hand, but on the other hand were various conservationists who felt it inappropriate to deviate from history. When the tough decision came to "deviate" and cold mould TOTEM (after an entire replacement of all structural and mechanical components), I felt in my heart that if John Alden were alive today, he would have stressed the superior strength and safety inherent in this type of construction. TOTEM, after all, was not reborn as a museum piece, but for her original purpose: a sturdy vessel in which one could take friends and loved ones offshore to race and cruise, knowing that every effort was made to ensure their safety and the safety of the boat. Other than pressure water and electronics, TOTEM's basic feel and specifications remain unchanged. (I obtained her original plans from the Alden office and she is in many ways more "original" than when I found her.) I feel she has been preserved for at least another 70 plus years of

service. Although some may disagree with my decisions, I feel my commitment to TOTEM will allow others, some day in the far future, to have the good luck of enjoying her. But I digress...

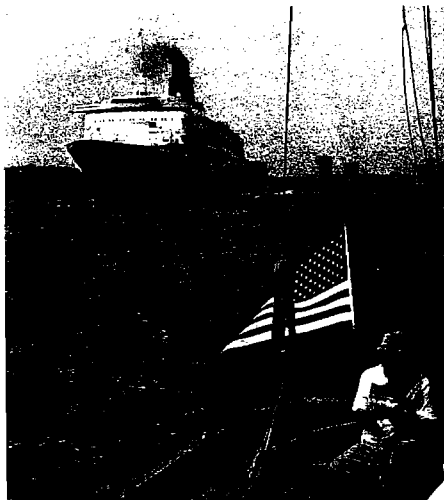
1740 Landfall! Provincetown to port and continue through Stellwagen Bank whalewatching.

On the early morning of July 10 at 0358, TOTEM passed the finish line at Minots Ledge. We proceeded under sail to Boston's inner harbor, dropped sail and motored up the Mystic River to our designated anchorage at the Schraft Center. Crew (with the exception of Max Wessels who left on Tuesday) departed over the weekend.

KATHLEEN MARY and her gracious crew arrived at Boston via the "inside route." By the way, did anyone ever tell you folks you put the schooner rig in backwards? Only kidding... Thank you for allowing me on your fine vessel—which I understand you built—and the beginning of a new friendship. Your help and insight is appreciated.

It is my understanding that MALABAR II arrived at approximately 2200 hours on the evening of July 8. It was reported that she used her motor for approximately 3.5 hours to get around Nantucket Shoals. In the beginning of the race I enjoyed the short time that we sailed together, but I wasn't sorry to part from you, Skipper. Seriously, Jim, thank you so much for your camaraderie and the hot cup of coffee. Hope to see you and MALABAR II soon.

VOYAGER arrived at approximately midnight, 2 hours after MALABAR II. Peter Phillipps reported a fine trip and mentioned the abundant sea life he and his crew sighted. It is no secret that VOYAGER and TOTEM have been friendly rivals for well over 20 years, and although VOYAGER has an approximate 7-foot waterline advantage and is gaff rigged (the better rig for a good old schooner reach), TOTEM and I will try to continue giving her our transom on windward work. Of course Peter has made this more difficult, since I understand we will have to proceed to China to race with him. Some people will do anything to avoid a good show-down. Pete, I want you to know that when you come back, TOTEM and I will be waiting for you. The Great Schooner Race was mostly a reach, and in this case,



*VOYAGER being overtaken.
Photo by Jim Mairs.*

everything else being equal, looking at your transom for a change, was offset by the fact that if TOTEM is to be passed, it is nice to know that such a beautiful vessel was doing the passing. Fair winds on your wonderful journey.

Boston and her people were wonderful to TOTEM. We met many friends from around the world, partied 'til the wee hours with the Russian Maxi sailors, were treated like celebrities by the Cottage Park Yacht Club, and became the subject of two television interviews. TOTEM, my two loyal seapuppies—Mr. Cosmo and Blondie—and I took our time and cruised back to homeport over the following month, enjoying one of the best adventures ever.

As of this writing the results and circumstances regarding the results of the race have been presented to the race committee for review. According to Peter Phillipps, results, awards, and trophies will be presented at Mystic Seaport, at the awards for the Mystic Schooner Race. TOTEM and I hope to see you there.

It has been six weeks since the completion of the premiere event of the 1992 season and what had been intended to be THE major long-distance ocean race of the American Schooner Association. I thought that with the passing of time the following would be easier to write. It is not.

Those of you that were there will re-

member last year's Mayor's Cup awards' ceremonies when this race was first announced. Everyone in the crowd seemed highly enthusiastic at the time and (if enthusiasm is a real barometer) participation in this event seemed a sure bet. Four boats participated.

Based on my observations and the comments of other senior members of our association, it seems unfortunate that the membership is not as active as it once was. Participation in this race, or the lack of, is a prime example of this. To keep this organization going, all of us will have to do better as participants and stop making excuses. We are losing some of our key members and will need to find "new" blood to take the next watch.

I overheard one of the skippers who was supposed to participate in the race telling an acquaintance that he "heard the race was cancelled, otherwise he surely would have gone." (He was immediately corrected.) I hope the ASA doesn't become an organization with the only semi-active outing being a day race and a free week's dockage at Mystic Seaport.

The class C tallships that participated in NY and Boston were promised a few things, as well as places to dock, that were quickly taken away at the last minute. Many of these vessels are schooners and 90 percent don't belong to the ASA. There is strength in numbers and perhaps if we were more organized as a group, we would get treated with the same privileges as the class B and A vessels. These vessels actually need much less in the way of help because of the extensive crews and liaison officers that are already on board. (A class A tallship captain told me this, as did a liaison officer with Sail Boston.)

As a membership we could also qualify for discounts in certain areas of marine supplies and insurance.

There are many advantages to being a member of an *active* organization and I believe we should educate ourselves as well as others to the value of joining and maintaining a membership in the ASA.

As a new member of this organization, the last thing I want or need to do is step on other members' toes, however, I truly feel that if these things are not said and addressed the organization will suffer. Is the lack of participation in the Great Schooner Race a symptom of a greater problem?

— Jerry Masters

STARBOARD TACK

Almost everyone is familiar with the adage about the two phases of seasickness: In Phase I you're afraid you might die, and in Phase II, you're afraid you *won't* die. I spend more time than I'd like moving in and out, and finally through, both phases, and (as Kermit pointed out: it's not easy being green.)

I've tried most of the over-the-counter remedies (Bonine, Dramamine, etc.). When taken 30 minutes before leaving the dock, I get sleepy as well as sick—the net result being a slower reaction time to the rail. I've also tried ear patches. They sometimes work, but leave me with a terrible case of cotton mouth. And quite frankly, just the idea of chemicals leeching through my skin into my central nervous system make me slightly nauseated.

I've tried the astronaut's cure: 25mg of Phenergen and 25mg of Ephedrine (the Phenergen is the anti-nausea drug, the Ephedrine is an upper to counteract the drowsiness caused by the Phenergen). These too sometimes work for me, and the extra Ephedrine can always be used on the midnight watch. My mother-in-law gave me a set of "Sea Bands." These are wrist bands, which when correctly positioned press a little plastic knob into the appropriate accupressure point and *voila*: a strong stomach with no drugs. Supposedly the trick is positioning the bands correctly, something I haven't managed to do. (Although I still get seasick, the tightness in my lower back seems to have subsided.) Making sure the bands stay in place when putting on foul weather gear is a further complication.

Despite what some macho types have insisted, seasickness is not all in the mind. That's a bit like saying the flu is all the patient's fault. Moreover, there are much more enjoyable ways to lose 5 pounds.

On a recent trip on VOYAGER, I was comforted to hear Jeanette Phillipps (one of the strongest sailors I know) explain that she often feels queasy the first few days offshore when she hasn't been sailing for a while. Her solution to avoiding seasickness is to stay on deck as much as possible, even to the point of finishing dressing and putting on foul weather gear up on deck; also, hog the helm and let somebody else cook.

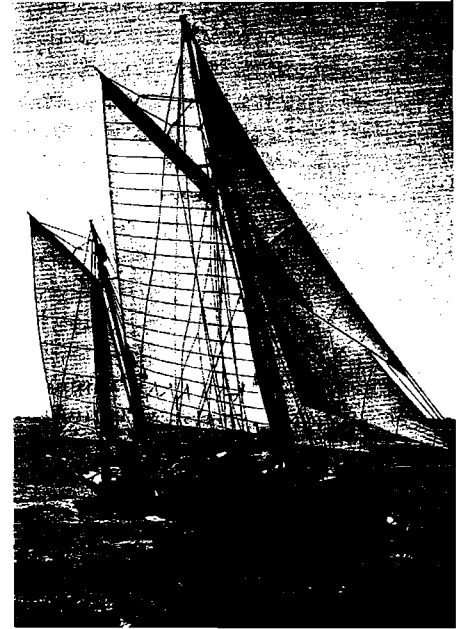
Non-sailing friends of mine are always incredulous that someone as prone to *mal-de-mer* as I am, spends as much time as I do on the water. ("I can't believe you let Jim talk you into owning a boat...") But seasickness usually *does* go away after a few days. It's often on watch one balmy night, on a beam reach, wind 10–15 knots, with a zillion stars above, that I notice I'm feeling better. My watch mate and I will eat 3 rows of saltines that night and by morning I'll work my way through 20 oz. of canned peaches.

There's nothing quite like arriving somewhere by boat. It is one of the nicest ways to travel and is what I remember about sailing, rather than the time spent groaning below. Also, Jim has assured me that **WHEN AND IF** will have such a friendly motion, that seasickness will no longer be an issue.

(RANTING: Cont. from page 3.)

As for Captain Phillipps, I have high hopes for a complete cure. All he has to do is sail to Nova Scotia, stop the leaks and never return to the land of thick water. Then he can be sure that his triumphs, however meager, are real and not just another smart bomb flying down the smokestack of his tortured psyche.

—Tom Gallant

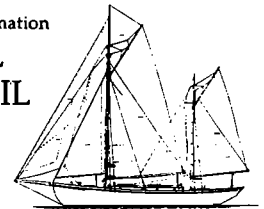


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NYC OpSail. Photo by Sam Ragan.

SEA SCOUTS

For boys and girls aged fourteen to twenty, sea scouting is a division of the Boy Scouts of America and known today as Sea Explorers. Groups are referred to as "ships," and divided into Port and Starboard crews. These crews are in competition with each other and graduate through the various ranks of Apprentice, Ordinary, Able, and Quartermaster (this last rank being equal to that of Eagle Scout).

The Sea Scouts of Southport, CT, have trained many young men and women since they were established in 1928. Unfortunately you only have the kids for two or three years before they go off to college. Several have gone to Kings Point Maritime College; one young man is now in charge of all outside docks and boats, another is a First Mate aboard the Love Boat in the Pacific.

Most units have their own boat (often donated as tax write-offs!). These vessels have been given to a Council Headquarters, who in turn assigns them to a "ship" within that council. The boat's upkeep and expenses are up to the "ship," so much time is spent concocting ways to raise money.

My "ship" cuts and sells firewood. Last year's warm winter has hurt us, so we were given permission by our sponsoring church to sell potted flowers on Easter Sunday. We also bag leaves for \$1.00/bag in the fall and rake lawns in the spring. It is not easy for seven boys and girls to earn the necessary seventeen hundred dollars per year for insurance money. It takes a certain kind of kid—and believe me, the girls work harder than the boys. Unfortunately there are setbacks sometimes.

Two years ago the Scouts were returning from Block Island by the way of the Race to Long Island Sound. They were a mile or two off, under sail and towing their dingy on a 20-foot line. Coming out of the race was a 40-foot flying-bridge motor cruiser, with nobody on the bridge. It kept making a long curve to port, towards the Scouts. The Scouts beared off; they hollered; shouted; blew horns; all to no avail. The oncoming vessel crushed their dingy. Only then did the woman in the cockpit call to her husband below.

The Scouts received one thousand dollars for a new dingy, but had to spend it the next year on their insurance. So this



*The Southport, CT, Sea Scouts on their Hinckley yawl.
Photo provided by John Addicott.*

year with the help of a few others, I am building a new dory.

The trip to Operation Sail in New York was a success for the five Scout ships from Connecticut. They docked at the Garbage Pier and their crews went ashore and explored the city. In Boston, however, they arrived after a long trip (with no wind) to find that the port was closed and they couldn't get into the parade. Also, the taxi service was so bad that the crews never got ashore.

On the way back to Southport, the Scouts were stopped and boarded by the Coast Guard for an hour at the north end of the Cape Cod Canal. Once underway again they journeyed through Wood's Hole Chanel over to Vineyard Haven. Ashore, the Scouts were given a tour of Gannon and Benjamin's yard and the Sail Loft, where they left an order for a new sail for their Swampscott Sailing Dory (being built). A retreat to the Black Dog was enjoyed by all.

On the way back to Connecticut the Scouts did get a two-hour sail, but much of the time was spent using the diesel engine (which after twenty-two years is pretty tired). The Scouts arrived home on a Saturday evening at 5pm. From reports by parents waiting on the dock, *their* view of the Tall Ships (on TV) was much better than the Scouts'.

— John Addicott

CANADIANA

My spies stationed in Nova Scotia report that the NSSA is thinking about joining the Cruising Club of America in Baddek/Bras D'Or next year, to celebrate the Cruising Club's 75th Anniversary. Any ASA boats interested in cruising up that way? Dates and details to follow...

According to a report in a recent issue of *Maclean's*, plans to build BLUENOSE III, which were initiated last fall, may have to be scrapped. The BLUENOSE II, a replica of the original BLUENOSE which was lost in 1946 after encountering a reef off Haiti, is not in great shape. Only \$17,000 of the estimated \$8 million necessary to replace her has been raised. All money collected so far has come from Lunenburg.

Guy de Puyjalon has recently added new sails (by Andrew Soper in Kingston, Ontario), and new rope-stopped wooden blocks (by Arthur Dauphinee in Lunenburg) to TRADITION II. He's participating in the Kingston Annual Boat Show as well as cruising Lake Ontario and the Thousand Islands this summer.

LETTERS

Dear Ms. Webster,

I write to tell you of the book I am working on about the Maine schooners, scheduled to come out in June of 1993 (Down East Books).

The work, tentatively titled "A Field Guide to the Schooners in Maine," centers on the BOWDOIN and the fifteen vessels in the Camden/Rockport/Rockland windjammer fleet. I hope to make it possible for anyone who happens to see one out on the Bay to easily identify each of the sixteen vessels, and I have written a section about the history of each. As a fleet, they cover an extraordinary range of backgrounds, and in fact, act as a living maritime museum. Also covered in the Field Guide, although much more briefly, are some thirty or thirty-five other schooners which often, if not regularly, sail here. Unfortunately, these are limited to those schooners which have some public or quasipublic accessibility.

I had hoped to include information on and pictures of several of the wonderful private yachts which frequent our coast, but space forced me to eliminate those. I had to draw the line somewhere.

It has been a tremendously fun project to work on, since everyone involved in these vessels is so enthusiastic about them.

Virginia Thorndike
Lincolnton, ME

Dear Sir,

Under separate cover I am sending you a copy of my recent book, *AMBERJACK: The Story of a Boat and Her Family*, published by Windflower Press. You will recognize the name for she was a 42-foot Alden Malabar schooner, gaff-rigged, and a frequent participant in schooner races during the 25 years that I had her. I became Vice-Commodore of the American Schooner Association during the last year before I sold her, which was 1975.

The book is about experiences that we had while cruising, people whom we encountered on board and ashore, and races in Mystic, Vineyard Haven, and Gloucester. Having won the elimination races in

Gloucester three times, we raced the Canadian champions twice in Lunenburg and once in Gloucester. We lost the International Races each time, for they were boat for boat, but we had the satisfaction of beating the entire fleet, including the cup defenders, in a handicap race.

The book is available at the Mystic Seaport Bookstore, or from the publisher at: Box 113, Westport Point, MA 02791 (send \$25.00, plus \$2.50 postage and handling.)

— Edward Yeomans

(This description of their new schooner is excerpted from a letter to Jim Mairs from Lynne and Greg Sager, in Victoria, BC.)

...PASSING CLOUD, designed by Bill Roue (BLUENOSE designer) is more than we expected—fast and able. Built by a West Coast fisherman, she carries 10 tons of fuel: 7000-mile range under power at 10 knots, and sails just as fast. Her deckhouse has a galley and steering position with a nice eating area. The midship area was never finished, so now this winter we put in more staterooms, saloon, fireplace, etc.

When I visited Mystic in November I challenged George Moffett and BRILLIANT to a race around Fisher's Island... Now we extend the challenge to WHEN AND IF!

(Ed. note: Sagers also mentioned plans to visit New York and Mystic on their way to Europe in 1992.)

Dear Gina,

...We are celebrating Canada Day by launching our ADARE and are looking forward to some good sailing in the next couple of months. If all goes as planned we would like to be in Mystic in September as crew on SYBIM (the "Novie" tokens).

...We will be having our annual meeting in November and would welcome you or any ASA members. There is always a spare room at the Trigley's.

Julie Trigley
NSSA



*PASSING CLOUD off San Francisco.
Photo provided by the Sagers.*

FOR SALE

John Addicott mentioned that he's got a 20'3" x 7'8" x 3'4" Atkin cutter for sale. Like brand new. Perfect for a young couple.

Those of you wondering how to get your hands on those gorgeous "Big Apple to Beantown Schooner Race" t-shirts need wonder no more. There are still a few left on board VOYAGER and MALABAR, or contact Roberta Pulsch. \$12.00 will get you an extra large and you'll look as spiffy as the rest of us. But act fast or you might miss out.

I've received a phone call from a bar in Boston. It seems a Captain Morgan banner went missing from their establishment in early July. If found please return via W & W.

DOGWATCH

While the Big Apple to Beantown Schooner Race didn't attract quantity, the quality was certainly there. Eyewitness accounts have VOYAGER airborne early in the race: TOTEM failing to call home; MALABAR II in imminent peril for all of three hours; and KATHLEEN MARY positively green with envy at all of the above. Despite that, a good time was had by all. Now, who won what?

An acquaintance of your intrepid reporter also sailed to Boston, but on the (Soviet, Unified, Russian—make that Ukrainian) barque TOVARISCH. Experience was wonderful but the food (constant soup and potato[es]), despite the well-chronicled Yankee largesse to the eastern European vessels, was forgettable.

With all the hoopla about Columbus' 500th, let's not forget PAGAN MOON's 60th. To celebrate, Fred Sterner replaced 15 frames on the starboard side and galley, but still managed to make it to Boston for the festivities.

And off Sandy Hook, one can occasionally glimpse an extremely fast gaffrigger which bears a striking similarity to FORTUNE. It's an even earlier Crowninshield design named HERON, whose owner Fred Folscher is one of ASA's newest members.

QPRT. No, it's not someone's call sign, but the newest tax dodge for yacht owners, dreamed up by a well-known accounting firm with offices worldwide. If you want to avoid sales tax, crew income tax (right on!), transfer, capital gains, gift, inheritance, death, value added, property or corporation taxes, all you have to do is register your vessel as a Qualified Personal Residence Trust in the convenient Cayman Islands. Just a few know of this, but don't all of you call at once.

Off the Beaten Track events this summer include the Annual Oyster Festival of the Norwalk (CT) Seaport Association, September 11-13, which will offer "significantly different" river events (obviously the new thing in water sports). You can take the plunge by contacting the Seaport at (203) 838-9444.

How the time flies. The Gloucester Schooner Festival is already up to its eighth running. Sponsored by the Cape Ann Chamber of Commerce, it features fisherman-type races with big boats. This year, in addition to Gloucester's own ADVENTURE, they are expecting, SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS, AMERICAN EAGLE, PILOT, ERNESTINA, HARVEY GAMAGE, BILL OF RIGHTS, NEW WAY, BOWDOIN, and EDNA. There are races scheduled for smaller class vessels as well. Now, if they'd just schedule the event for some time other than Labor Day Weekend, to avoid the conflict with the Classic Yacht Regatta.

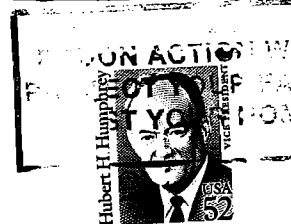
Long Island Sound sailors should be seeing more of Schooner Inc.'s new QUINNIPIACK, now fitted out with new spars from Mystic Seaport. Deadeyes and lanyards, as well as crossrees, give her a more traditional appearance. Someone should sign this vessel up as she would make a great addition to the fleet.

Keep those cards and letters coming, folks!

— Sam Hoyt



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