



# WING & WING

Volume XXI, Number 2 • Summer 1993

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**The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association**

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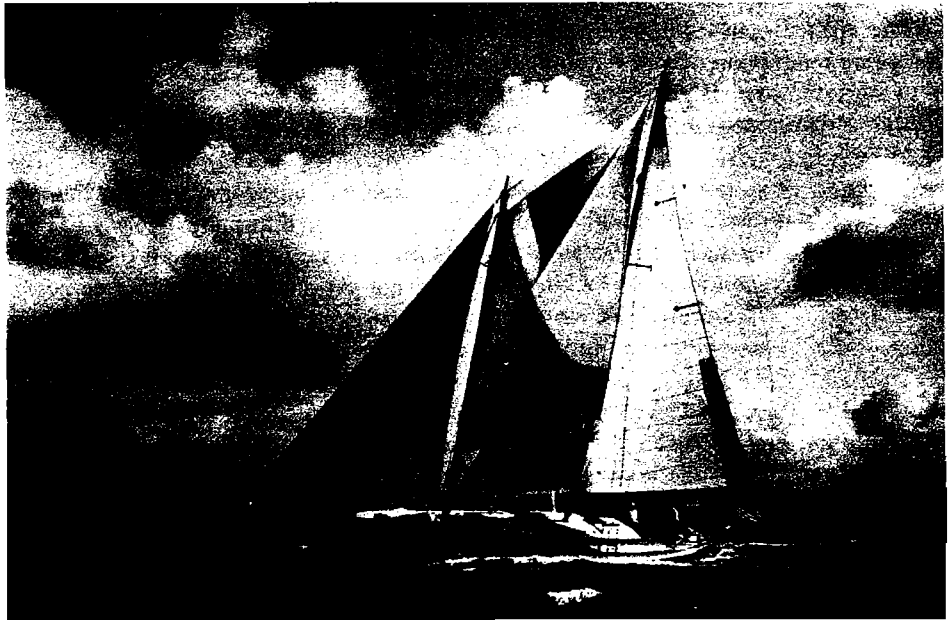
## ARCTURUS

There is nothing quite as satisfying as finding something that had been lost. Finding something that you didn't even realize was lost is especially pleasing. Such is the case with the missing Alden schooner.

Some months ago an ad was spotted in a British yachting magazine for a schooner. "General Patton's Boat," the headline boasted. At once curious and a little skeptical, we wrote for more information. Indeed the boat had been owned by Patton, and in addition, the boat turned out to be one of the American-built Alden 390s--the one *not* mentioned in Carrick and Henderson's Bible of Alden-designed yachts, *John G. Alden and His Yacht Designs*.

As those who are up on the history of Alden may already know, nine boats were built according to the plans for the 390. Six were built in the U.S. and three were built abroad. TAR BABY (originally WHO II) was built first and has appeared in past issues of *Wing & Wing*. Next came another prominent boat in our organization, VOYAGER (originally TYRONE), followed by ROGUE (who was later known as VENTURER). ZAIDA II and Alden's own ABENAKI also receive their due in Carrick and Henderson's book, but there is no mention of ARCTURUS, the "missing" 390.

ARCTURUS was built in 1930 for Phillip G. Woodward of New York, and registered in New Bedford, Massachusetts. Unlike the majority of the 390s, which were built by C. A. Morse and Son at Thomaston, Maine, ARCTURUS is listed in *Lloyd's Register of American Yachts* as having been built by Harvey Gamage of



*Photo of ARCTURUS by Ivor Wilkins and Debra Lex, provided by Orams Marine.*

South Bristol, Maine. McClellan was the sailmaker, and the boat originally carried 30 sails, with a sail area of 1349 feet.

Her first owner only kept her until 1935, when she was sold to Mrs. George Patton and brought to Hawaii. General Patton and his wife did not keep her long either--only until 1938, when they commissioned another Alden schooner, WHEN AND IF.

ARCTURUS was then sold to Barney Morris on the West Coast, and although he kept her only four years she stayed in that area until the 70s, switching owners frequently. Sometime during that decade the boat returned to Hawaii, where she fell on hard times. In an article for the French magazine *Mer & Bateaux* (Feb./March 1993), Ivor Wilkins explains that while in

Hawaii, ARCTURUS was first held by the U.S. Coast Guard. Then she became tied up in a bankruptcy suit, before being left to rot near a vacant lot.

She was rescued in 1984 by Lance Foreman, who found her just as she was about to be bulldozed to make room for a land development. Foreman sailed the boat single-handed to New Zealand, where she arrived, badly leaking, in Auckland. Unfortunately, after rescuing ARCTURUS, Foreman could not afford her repairs and had to give her up to auction.

Ivor Wilkins reports on the auction: "Local insurance adjuster, Don Armitage, drifted down to the sale out of idle curiosity, but when the bidding started at \$NZ 1,000 (about \$US 500), his interest quick- (Continued on page 3.)

## MINUTES: BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING, Saturday, June 26, 1993

The meeting came to order at approximately 2:00pm aboard the schooner MALIBAR II in Newport Harbor, at the WoodenBoat Show. In attendance were Commodore Jim Lobdell, Past Commodore Mark Faulstick, Nannette Woodcock, Vice Commodore Fred Sterner, MaryAnn McQuillan, George Moffett, Rear Commodore Bob Pulsch, and Secretary Roberta Pulsch.

Outgoing Commodore Mark Faulstick presented the new (well, recycled) Commodore Jim Lobdell with a well-traveled and well-worn Commodore's flag.

The first discussion concerned the upcoming rendezvous this summer, which is to start at Block Island. Boat arrivals would be on Saturday or Sunday (August 28-29), with a cookout on Sunday night. Hot dogs, hamburgers, and beer will be supplied by the ASA, and attending boats will supply one pot-luck dish (salad, slaw, beans, etc.). George Moffett is looking for a location for the cookout. There may be a minimal charge of five or ten dollars per boat for this. On Monday, August 30 we could sail to Tarpaulin Cove, and various other points, ending up in Newport by Thursday. At present the boats that have said they would join the rendezvous are: ADVENTURER, MALIBAR II, PAGAN MOON, PHRA LUANG, KATHLEEN MARY, LETTIE G. HOWARD, BRILLIANT, and SAGAMORE, but we are hoping the list will grow.

MaryAnn McQuillan will coordinate the rendezvous. It was decided she would mail a special flyer to the membership regarding this event (and which you all should have received by the time *Wing & Wing* goes to press). It was noted that not enough people had signed up to sail on SHENANDOAH during the rendezvous, and therefore those who did will receive a refund.

A decision was made to order more of the new ASA shirts, burgees, banners and officer flags, as they have been selling well.

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During the meeting we were able to attract two new members from the group of WoodenBoat Show attendees who stopped by to admire MALIBAR II while the meeting was in progress. They are: Bruce MacNeil of Lincoln, MA, and Doug Hazlitt of Hector, NY. Both joined us for the remainder of the meeting and to sample homemade beer made by Old Brewmaster and Vice Commodore Fred Sterner.

The beer was fine and the meeting productive, after which we toured the WoodenBoat Show (see article, column 3).

Respectfully submitted,  
Roberta Pulsch

### JUST A REMINDER...

Fred Murphy would like to thank all members who dutifully completed and returned their schooner information forms to him. He would like to remind all of you who have not yet done so, to please do so. (If you just can't seem to locate your form, call Fred for a new one.)

Included in this issue of *Wing & Wing* is a questionnaire Fred Murphy and Phil Smith have put together in order to better assess what form the membership directory should take. Please take a few minutes to complete the questionnaire and return it to either Phil or Fred.

#### OFFICERS

COMMODORE  
**Jim Lobdell**

VICE COMMODORE  
**Fred Sterner**

REAR COMMODORE  
**Bob Pulsch**

SECRETARY  
**Roberta Pulsch**

TREASURER  
**Jim Mairs**

NEWSLETTER  
**Gina Webster**

## WOODENBOAT SHOW '93

Our first glimpse of the Show was at about 8:30am on June 26, as we buzzed in Newport Harbor in a 20-knot breeze with all sails set aboard the schooner ADVENTURER. We passed LETTIE G. HOWARD, who looked magnificent dockside at the Show. (We also passed another notable vessel--not wooden, but impressive nonetheless--Dennis Connor's WINSTON.) We came about, picked up a mooring, and sat down to a fantastic breakfast of juice, fresh fruit, and "Spash" with eggs (recipe upon request), cooked by Fred Sterner and MaryAnn McQuillan.

We proceeded to the WoodenBoat Show, which had a large, enthusiastic crowd. Our first stop was the LETTIE G. HOWARD, where we were treated to a below-deck tour. I was impressed with the fact that they have cotton sails and all-manila line; I hope that the crew wears gloves because I doubt that their hands are as tough as the original crews' hands were.

The show itself was very informative and interesting. There were a number of small and large boats exhibited in as well as out of the water. There was an exhibit featuring a portable sawmill, a display of fancy knot work for fenders, an oar manufacturer was showing his wares, and there was even a representative from a company that sells boat knees. (I took a raffle ticket for a pair of knees for my next vessel but I did not win... Instead I received a letter thanking me for stopping by their exhibit and a price list.) We also stopped at the Benford Design Group table, which is really a Table of Dreams. I am very impressed with their designs.

At the show I met Hance of Master Shipwrights from our NJ area, and he mentioned that the hardware displays so impressed him, that he felt as though he were admiring a jewelry-store display.

I rate this show as being the best by far on the East Coast.

Robert Pulsch

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*Wing & Wing* is published three times a year by and for the members of the American Schooner Association. Address all correspondence to the editor at: 145 East 16th Street, 20A, New York, NY 10003.

## VINEYARD VESSELS

At the time of this writing, July is in full swing here on Martha's Vineyard. Boats (and tourists too) are everywhere. Unfortunately this correspondent is landlocked on board ISHMAEL, squaring her deck away after her hull has recently been reframed and replanked above the waterline by Jeff Robinson (PHRA LUANG). All is going quite well but there is much more to do.

Today I went down to the harbor and saw Peter and Jeanette Phillipps (VOYAGER). They were on-island for the wedding of Peter's son. They had left VOYAGER in the Caribbean after two weeks with Jim and Ginny Lobdell (MALABAR II) on board. Pete and Jeanette looked great--tan and lean--and they plan on heading west through the Panama Canal next spring as they continue their 'round the world voyage.

Rick Hamilton has been chartering his schooner GOOD FORTUNE in Edgartown this summer. She looks real good in a harbor so sadly missing older wooden boats. GOOD FORTUNE shares her chartering with Gannon and Benjamin's LANA AND HARLEY, who is sporting some added ballast, which is rumored to be helping her performance.

While on the topic of G & B: it is hard to be at the yard without noticing WHEN AND IF, who belongs to Jim Mairs and Gina Webster, in partnership with Nat Benjamin and Ross Gannon. Although work had slowed for a bit, almost all the planking and interior are complete. There still remains a lot of work to be done around the sternpost. The yard is doing a beautiful job and there is a rumored launch date of next spring.

PHRA LUANG is out sailing every weekend and any day during the week there is a good breeze (although when Jeff goes sailing that means he isn't working on ISHMAEL). Jeff showed me his pictures of the building of PHRA LUANG in Thailand. It was interesting to see all the unusual woods that were used and the primitive conditions under which he was working.

Lastly, our Commodore, Jim Lobdell, after cruising in the Caribbean on VOYAGER, is heading for Maine. I think MALABAR could go to Maine and back again all by herself by now, and I sure wish that we were also headed in that direction since it has been a long time since ISHMAEL was Down East... I'm sure, though, that Jim will be back for the rendezvous.

Fred Murphy

## STARBOARD TACK

Anyone sailing along the Maine coast, especially in the Penobscot Bay area, surely has sighted some of the many and varied schooners in that region. Just which boat that may or may not be looming out of the fog has been the center of conversation aboard boats I've been on while in the area (unless it is VICTORY CHIMES we have spotted, who is dead easy to i.d. with those three masts).

Virginia Thorndyke will settle any and all arguments with her handy and concise volume: *Windjammer Watching on the Coast of Maine*. (Did you know that, for instance, MERCANTILE and GRACE BAILEY both have green hulls, but the former has tan sails, while the latter's are white?) This useful little guide makes it easy to identify some forty vessels, and provides a short history, photo, and specifications for each. In addition to Maine-based boats, Thorndyke also includes frequent visitors to the area.

Also included are a recent history of schooner activity in Maine, a section on schooner design, information on the Windjammer cruises that operate in the area, as well as helpful diagrams and definitions (making the book user-friendly for neophyte schooner enthusiasts, yet detailed enough for those pedantically debating whether BOWDOIN or AMERICAN EAGLE has the larger sail area).

This is a terrific little book and a must-have-on-board while cruising in Maine waters. Only \$13.95 for 126 packed pages (softcover), and available from Down East Books, P.O. Box 679, Camden, ME 04843.

"There is nothing--absolutely nothing--half so much worth doing as simply messing around in boats... or with boats... in or out of 'em, it doesn't matter."

Kenneth Grahame  
*The Wind in the Willows*

(ARCTURUS: Cont. from page 1.)

ened and he started participating in the action. 'Another guy was standing next to me,' recalls Armitage, 'It quickly became obvious we were bidding against each other. When the price got to \$NZ 6,000, he turned to me and said: "Let's cut this out and go into it together."

'I didn't know him from a bar of soap,' says Armitage. 'But I thought: "What the hell--Why not?"' The two joined forces, but the bidding continued to climb and reached \$NZ 12,000 before Armitage and his new-found partner, Blair Buxford, became the owners."

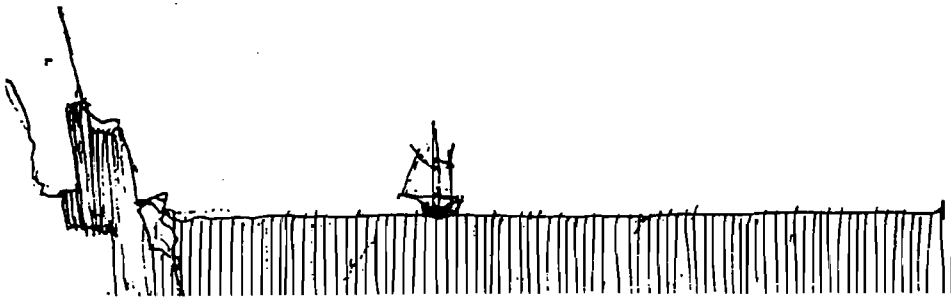
An article in the July 4, 1992 issue of the *New Zealand Herald* reports that when the new owners pulled ARCTURUS from the water to assess just how much work needed to be done, they found that although her timbers were mostly sound, all of her iron fastenings were corroded, to the point that the boat was literally falling

apart. The boat sat for nearly a half a year while the owners decided how best to approach the enormous task which lay ahead of them.

And as often happens in cases like these, the original (and overly optimistic) estimates of time and money (three to six months and \$NZ 30,000) were hopelessly inadequate. Buxford was unable to continue with the project and so Armitage recruited his two brothers. Tim Armitage became a financial partner, and Geoff Armitage (who had apprenticed with a boatbuilder in Auckland) became project manager. The rebuild began in early 1990 and was to take two years and over 15,000 hours of labor.

Ivor Wilkins writes of the rebuild: "The first task was to strip away old and suspect planking. Armitage says the original Oregon pine was not too badly rotten, but had been fastened and refastened so many  
(Continued on page 7.)

## FROM THE LOG OF VOYAGER, No. 2



*Madeira. All drawings by Peter Phillipps.*

It was in the fall of 1952 that Charlie Ormsby and I took title to Alden hull #390B, VOYAGER. I was listed as Master, a somewhat pretentious handle as I had never skippered a vessel longer than BASTARD, the sixteen-foot sloop which Charlie and I had rebuilt over a three-year period during our graduate study at Yale. Now the owners of VOYAGER, we quickly learned we were slaves to a project that would teach us more about materials, construction methods, patience, and nature, than our collective years spent sitting on drafting stools. For both of us, and subsequently our families, it became a way of life rather than a weekend activity. Our partnership was a symbiotic one, and we both felt the loss when, after eight years, the Ormsbys moved upstate. But it was to the relief of Charlie's wife, who had grown somewhat fearful of our involvement with boats over the years. She had witnessed several near-disasters while Charlie and I developed our nautical skills. As we sailed engineless in New York Harbor and Long Island Sound, and bumped our way into anchorages, she would insist he retire rather than leave his sons fatherless in their formative years.

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It has now been thirty years since I acquired VOYAGER, and although we have not "discovered" any continents, or small islands even, no reefs or shoals bear our name either. Always a Captain Block, Hudson, or Champlain, preceded us, also in a wooden sailing vessel, but without engines or charts, other than the ones they created as they explored. We had enough trouble using those charts, together with a lead line and a beer can, which when dropped from the bow and timed the fifty

feet to VOYAGER's stern can gauge speed by way of a formula I have since forgotten.

The age of discovery was over, but for us, just returning to port after a long weekend was as rewarding as an initial landfall must have been in the fifteenth century.

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Picking up the lighthouse on the south coast of Flores, Azores, in October 1992, was as moving as it had been the two earlier times we had landed there. Each island promises new discoveries, new acquaintances, a fresh perspective on cultural and architectural traditions.

The first sight of land was only a delicate change of color on the vast horizon, rising slowly, disappearing beneath the swells, then reappearing as a more intense hue, more sharply defined. Once in close we could see the volcanic cone which formed the promontory. Ancient lava trails now transport water to the sea. Initially the scale was difficult to measure, but as we glided into the shadow of the rocks, VOYAGER herself provided a point of reference. The 4000- to 6000-foot rock escarpments reduced idle conversation on board to silence.

When we were snug in the harbor, there was a sense of accomplishment, as well as relief from twenty-four-hour vigils which lasted over a period of weeks, testing both our endurance and the vessel's strength. The fishermen greeted us with open understanding of the discipline and the depravation that accompanies blue-water voyaging. Some of them, and their fathers before, fished the Grand Banks and adjacent waters in vessels like VOYAGER. The older men spoke about long-lining from dories, their eyes awash with

the brine that covers their small crafts. The younger men, though content with the reliability of an engine, know something has been lost through modernization.

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The Azores were discovered by Portuguese sailors and named after the goshawk, a type of seabird (*azor* in Portuguese). This archipelago of nine islands rises above the mid-Atlantic Ridge, halfway between Newfoundland and the Iberian Peninsula. The Vikings, Arabs, and Celts may have stopped by these islands before the Portuguese, but Western history credits Prince Henry of Portugal for having laid the groundwork for the islands' exploration and colonization.

During the mid-fifteenth century, Captain Joao Goncalves Zarco landed at what is now Madeira, and was made Lord Proprietor. Around 1430, sheep were brought over to provide food for passing ships. Ten years later Captain Goncalo Velho Cabral began colonizing the islands. Captain Zarco's second son began developing Sao Miguel, and by the end of the century wheat was being harvested.

The Azores now have a population of about 250,000, although it is decreasing due to emigration. Most people live in rural villages and on farms, and work in much the same manner as the people did in the sixteenth century: as farmers and fishermen. Handicrafts still flourish, and women often assemble in groups to embroider, weave, and make clothing. On Pico we visited a museum/workshop where women and young girls busied their hands with crafts that were centuries old.

Some of the windmills on the islands are still used to grind wheat and local pottery can be found. Although the volcanic soil is rich and could support fruit and vegetable crops, most of the fields are used for dairy cows. Thus the islanders must rely on the mainland for food. However, near Ponta Delgado (which with a population of 20,000 is the largest city) and Sao Miguel (the capital), the farmers do grow a substantial amount of produce, rather than using the fields to graze dairy cows. Besides growing the fruit and

etables we are familiar with, the local farmers grow bananas, pineapples, passionfruit, as well as some we had never seen before.

The people of the Azores are industrious, as their immaculate, neat, little towns and manicured fields suggest. There is no refuse to be seen, even in the larger towns.

The Gulf Stream and local winds contribute to an average temperature of 73 degrees (F) in the summer, dropping to 55 degrees in the winter. Abundant rain provides an almost tropical profusion of lush plants, from a dense groundcover, to cedar and eucalyptus groves, as well as Japanese conifers, hydrangeas, and azaleas.

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Our first stop was Horta, Faial, with a population of 7,000. The waterfront bustles with an active fishing fleet and a queue of container ships and international sailing vessels. Nonetheless Horta remains much as it was when it was first settled in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, certainly more noisy than it was four hundred years ago, due to automobiles and motorcycles, but the water and air have stayed crystal-clear.

One-hundred-and-fifty miles south and east of Horta, Ponta Delgado's waterfront sports a handful of mid-rise structures:

hotels, and a few modern office and shopping complexes sandwiched between neat rows of two- to four-storied buildings. These buildings line winding streets and are interspersed with hundreds of well-designed small shops with carefully displayed merchandise. The air and water quality here is surpassed only by that in the polar regions, whose whales and seals do little to upset the fragile ecology. Thus, Ponta Delgado, with three times the population of Horta has managed to find a balance between its waste-handling systems and nature.

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It took us four days to sail the 600 miles between the Azores and Madeira. We arrived on Christmas Day, and were met by some 300,000 colored lights intensely clustered in the downtown area and spreading in strands up the mountainside. The cliffs surrounding Madeira are unique in their height and steepness. They rise sharply from the ocean floor to 6000 feet, and make thirty-six miles of the coast unapproachable.

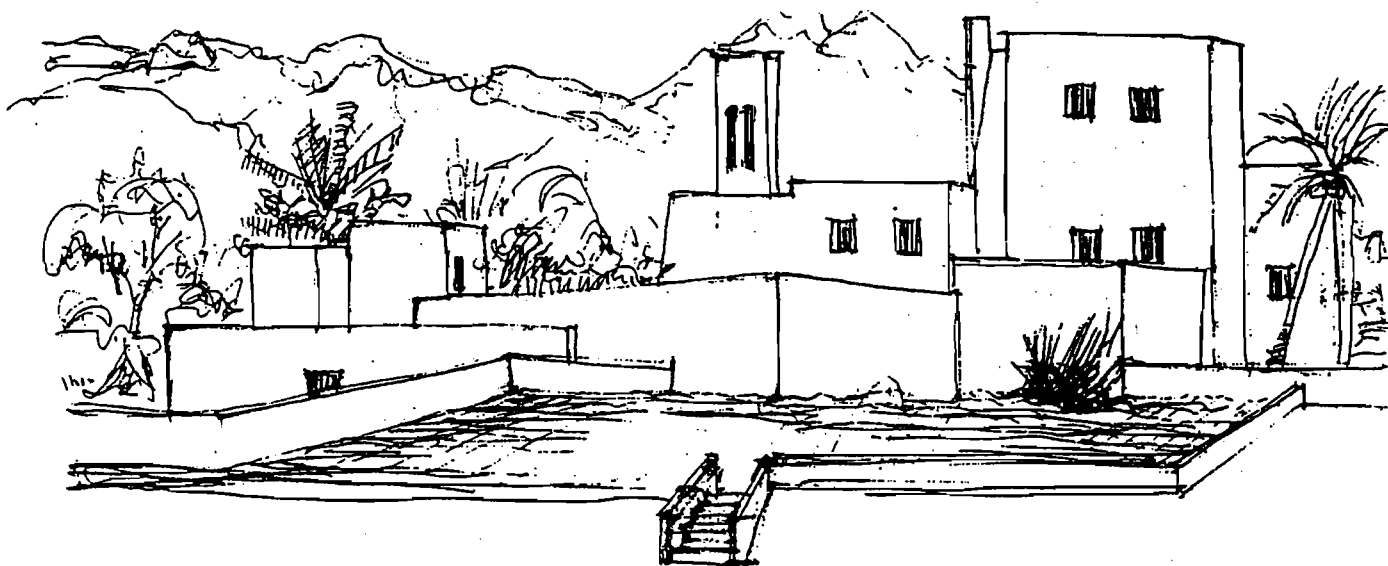
Numerous waterfalls cascade down the worn rockfaces, but not before a brilliant and complicated water-control system ("levadas") of troughs, pipes, and tunnels harnesses the force of the water. This grav-

ity-aided watering system carries the heavy rains on the north side of the island to the dryer south side, where it irrigates a complex system of terraced gardens. The 1300 miles of *levadas* and sixty miles of tunnels were begun in the fifteenth century, as were an involved set of laws governing the use of this vital fluid.

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On our first visit, in 1975, there was a much gentler flow of automobiles and pedestrians than we found on this trip. In 1976 Portugal granted regional autonomy to both Madeira and the Azores. A regional Assembly has been installed, consisting of local, elected officials with the right to develop their islands. Some 15,000 roads, with more under construction, jam the ravines, and the cliffs are dotted with garish hotels. The population has swelled to almost 300,000, making Madeira the most densely populated of any Western European country. The harbor reeks of raw sewage and the usually fastidious Portuguese cannot stay ahead of the plastic bags and other refuse in their streams, streets, and gardens. The beauty of the natural setting overrides this more recent problem of garbage (possibly exacerbated by the Christmas holiday) and one can only hope there will be a solution before

*Kzar, near Ouarzazate, Maroc.*



this floating garden becomes a garbage dump.

On a brighter note, the three of us attended two concerts by the local philharmonic orchestra, as well as dozens of street dances by rural folk wearing traditional costumes and playing old instruments, (evocative of a harvest celebration or wine-making ceremony, much like a painting by Breugal). We had never been part of such an energetic Christmas celebration, which helped to offset some of the sadness we all felt in being so far from home and family.

From Funchal, with its population of 150,000, it was 500 miles to Casablanca, and its population of 2,500,000. Once clear of the uninhabited islands east of Madeira we set our course at 085 degrees, compensating for a northerly current. Once again we were able to hold our rhumb as we had from Mattapoisett to Africa. We sailed close by the island of Porto Santo, where Columbus spent a few months before departing on his great journey. The harbor looked most inviting, and had we not already cleared customs and had the breeze

*Kasbah Ait Ourir.*

been less favorable we would have anchored to look around.

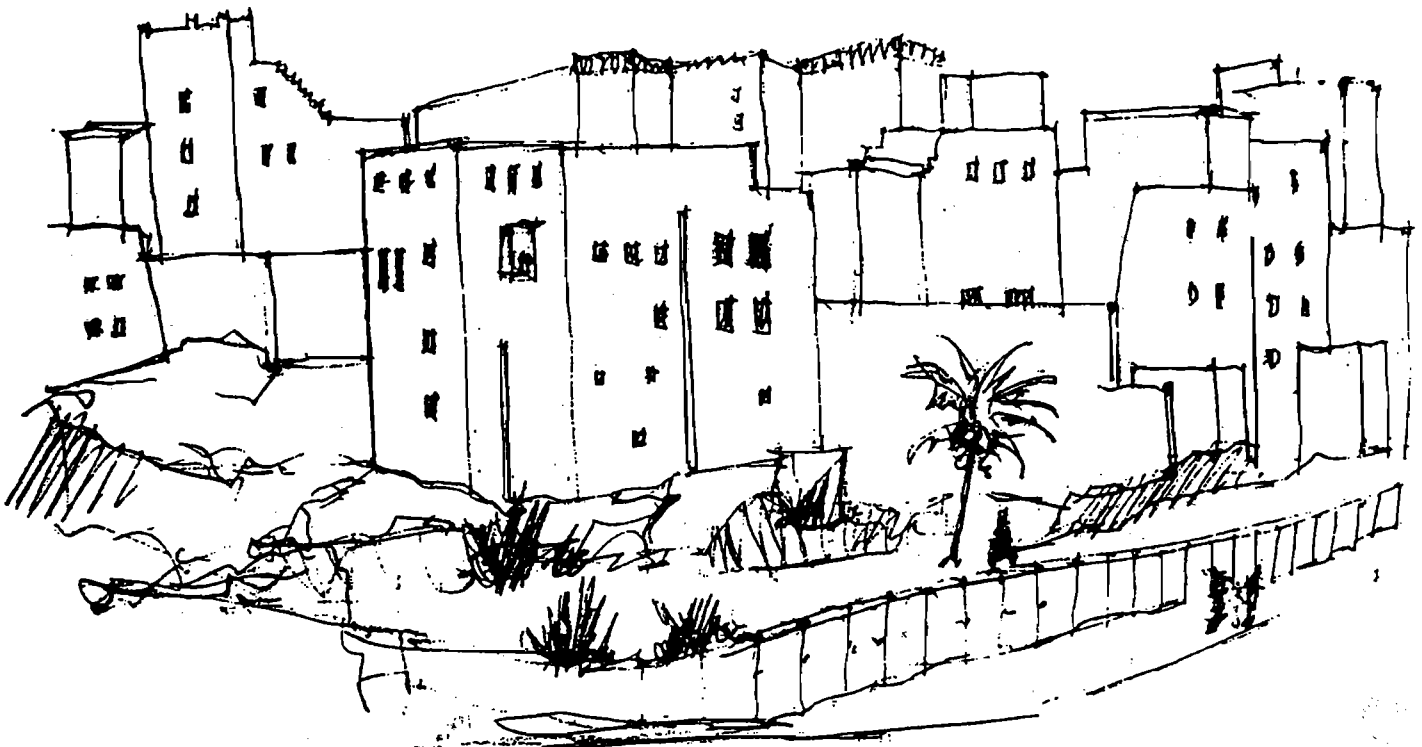
We were within 100 miles of the coast of Africa when the barometer rose and the wind died, due to our proximity to such a large land mass. We could feel and smell the stale heat of the desert. (It reminded me of the pungent odor of a New York brownstone during renovation: a hundred years of dust and history set loose.) At twenty miles offshore the air lost its clarity, and man's presence in the form of styrene coffee cups, tins, and sheets of plastic, bobbed on the surface of the water. As the bottom quickly rose from 4000 meters to 500 feet, the color too changed from an opaque, dark blue, to a light, more iridescent hue, but there was still no sign of land. Even at five miles outside El Hank there was no land in sight, although a dank odor was discernible and there was even more flotsam.

It was not until we were under two miles from land that Andrew reported a large freighter anchored to port and Jeanette saw two others, dead ahead, at rest in the haze. The early morning had a

yellow cast to it, as the sun desperately tried to penetrate the dust particles trapped in the smogosphere.

Our course took us to the end of a jetty, inboard of which there was an enormous mosque, 300 meters high (much more elegant and elaborate than a lighthouse, as had been our initial thought). Now in protected waters, we furled sail to the wail of the morning prayer. Hundreds of dock workers had ceased activity, laid down their personal carpets, knelt to the east, and chanted in unison. One moment their heads were all lowered and their arms outstretched, as if to kiss the ground, then, all sat upright, revealing a variety of headgear: pointy hoods, knitted cotton skull caps, conical wool caps that covered the ears, and a few blood-red fezes.

The prayers ended and the motors on the nearby large cranes belched into activity. Monster machines with containers cradled beneath crawled along the wharf and conveyors rattled, moving wooden crates into cavernous holds. A hose, three feet in diameter, shot wheat below the decks of a large ship and sprayed chaff and dust



everywhere else. Opposite this chaos lay neat rows of grey destroyers, troops carriers, and patrol boats, all rafted according to size.

Further in, the port narrowed and shoaled. Dozens of 100-foot-long wooden and steel fishing boats lay in random order next to decaying wood docks. Upon seeing our ensign, the crew of these boats shouted: "Welcome! Welcome to Morocco!"

The excitement of so much activity almost overshadowed the stench of the sewer we had just entered. Garbage was piled everywhere: on docks, in the water, on the decks, as well as below the decks of unused boats. The arrival from a pure and orderly existence at sea to such a squalid environment, was quite a shock.

Although Casablanca is strongly affected by its large population (as all the garbage would indicate), Morocco *is* more exotic, culturally and architecturally, than any country we have visited.

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As we had been approaching the low African coast, I had been surprised to see Charlie Ormsby at his old haunt, aloft on the starboard spreaders of the fore. He was wearing his old, drooping engineer boots, pants half-stuffed in, and a worn leather jacket. Within sight of land, he turned to me and smiled. When next I looked up, he was gone. I will miss you, my friend. Farewell!

Peter Phillipps

(ARCTURUS: Cont. from page 3.)

times, it was hard to tell what was what."

Armitage wanted to return ARCTURUS as much as possible to her original specifications, so he obtained copies of her original plans through the Alden offices in Boston.

According to the *Herald* article, "The accommodation has been restored to its original layout, with the master cabin aft. This has a double berth and a pilot berth and is adjacent to the head compartment.

"The saloon has two settee berths, a permanent table, and the navigation station to starboard. The galley runs the full width of the boat, with numerous storage compartments. To port there is a 110-volt microwave oven, a four-burner gas stove with an oven and a stainless steel bench and sink. To starboard are the refrigerator and freezer chest, both lined with stainless steel. The forecabin has a large double V-berth, with storage under, a hanging locker and a dresser."

Armitage was able to overhaul and keep many of the original fittings, "including the Edson steering system, with its angled mahogany wheel, the Merriman main halyard winch and sheet winches, and the general's mahogany gun case which has not yet been restored to its home at the base of the mainmast.

"The original rigging screws, which were numerous and substantial were used as patterns for new ones made from machined bronze instead of iron. The

masts have their original Oregon cores, but have been squared off and new layers of Oregon laminated on," the *Herald* reported.

Wilkins explains, "Most of Alden's original drawings had gaff rigs, although provision was included for marconi-type sail plans as well--which is the pattern on ARCTURUS. The rig has been extensively researched and recreated by Paul Leppington, an expert on traditional boats." All the standing rigging is now 7 x 7 stainless steel, and the boat now carries 1600 square feet of sail.

ARCTURUS was launched in 1992, and is currently for sale. Inquiries can be made to Geoff Stone of Orams Marine, Auckland, New Zealand, fax: (09) 309-8010; or to Sue Grant of Berthon International, Hampshire, England, fax: (0590) 679-811.

(Ed. note: Many thanks to Sue Grant and Geoff Stone for providing photos and information for this article.)

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**ARCTURUS specifications:**

L.O.A. --- 67'

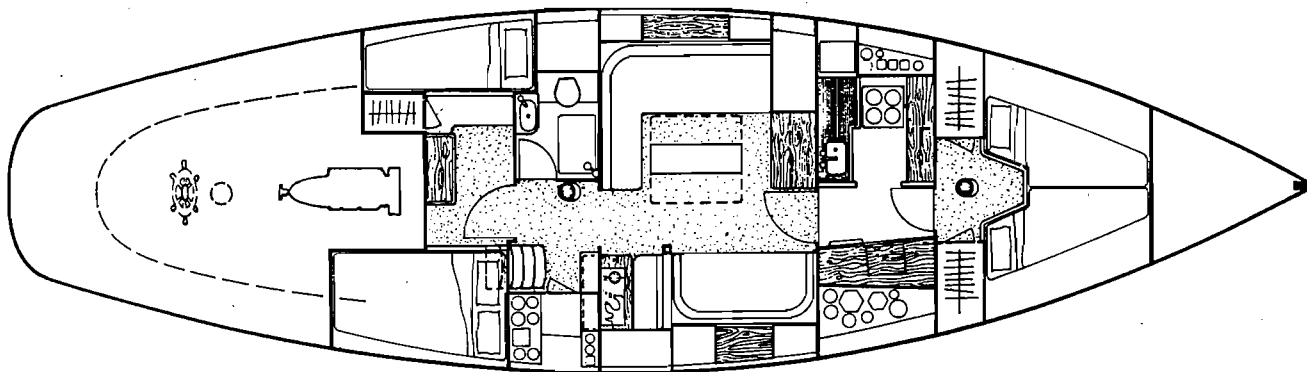
L.O.D. --- 53'

BEAM --- 14'3"

DRAFT --- 7'6"

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*The interior layout of ARCTURUS.*



## DOGWATCH

The more's the pity... Back in May, the three-masted schooner ADIX attempted to break the trans-Atlantic record for a single-hulled vessel, which has long been held by the schooner ATLANTIC. Beset by headwinds and no wind, ADIX's attempt was aborted only a few days into the voyage. ADIX is the former JESSICA, last seen in this area during OpSail '86. Since then, she underwent a massive rebuild that added 10' or so to her length and a rerigging that, sad to say, eliminated the squaresails on her foremast. Apparently the vessel was somewhat unwieldy in handling. Anyhow, ATLANTIC's hallowed record yet stands.

BRILLIANT Does It Again Dept.: *Soundings* reports that Off-Soundings Series competitors this spring were treated to the sight that schooner sailors have enjoyed for lo these many years--that is, BRILLIANT's rapidly disappearing transom. Seems that Captain George Moffett not only beat all the pointy boats on the "dash from Watch Hill to Block Island," but also came within seconds of beating the committee boat to the finish line as well. *Soundings* also quotes George as

thinking that he'd misread the race instructions. Sure, *Soundings*, George does that a lot. It also seems that Mystic Seaport's directors have taken DOGWATCH's advice and lightened up concerning BRILLIANT's racing schedule.

A press release from our friends at the Cape Ann Chamber of Commerce announces the participation of LETTIE G. HOWARD in its annual Labor Day Mayor's Race. The LETTIE G. is returning to Essex, Massachusetts, where she was built, and will stop by Gloucester to join the race fleet. Mike Costello seems to have found the secret to attracting the big schooners. This year's fleet includes ROSEWAY (also built in Essex, and the last pilot schooner active in that capacity in the U.S.), SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS, AMERICAN EAGLE, ERNESTINA, HARVEY GAMAGE, and BILL OF RIGHTS, in addition to LETTIE G. HOWARD, and, of course, ADVENTURE, Gloucester's own Grand Banks fishing schooner. Nice going Mike!

Views of the Cruise: Jackets and ties at a schooner cruise party? Granted it's Newport, and it's an "awards" dinner, but

gimme a break! Whatsamatter with the green ASA polo shirts? Next thing you know they'll be giving an award for best-dressed at the awards dinner. My nomination is Bobby Pulsch, as long as he wears his polkadot hat.

Sam Hoyt

Governor's Cup, Essex, CT  
September 17-19

Mayor's Cup, New York, NY  
September 25

Race Rock Regatta, Noank, CT  
October 2

The Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner  
Race Baltimore, MD to Norfolk, VA  
October 13-17

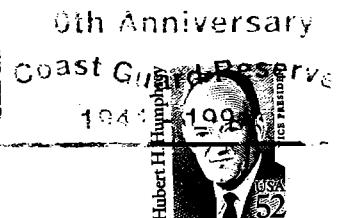
San Diego Wooden Boat Show,  
San Diego, CA  
October 15-17



American Schooner  
Association

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