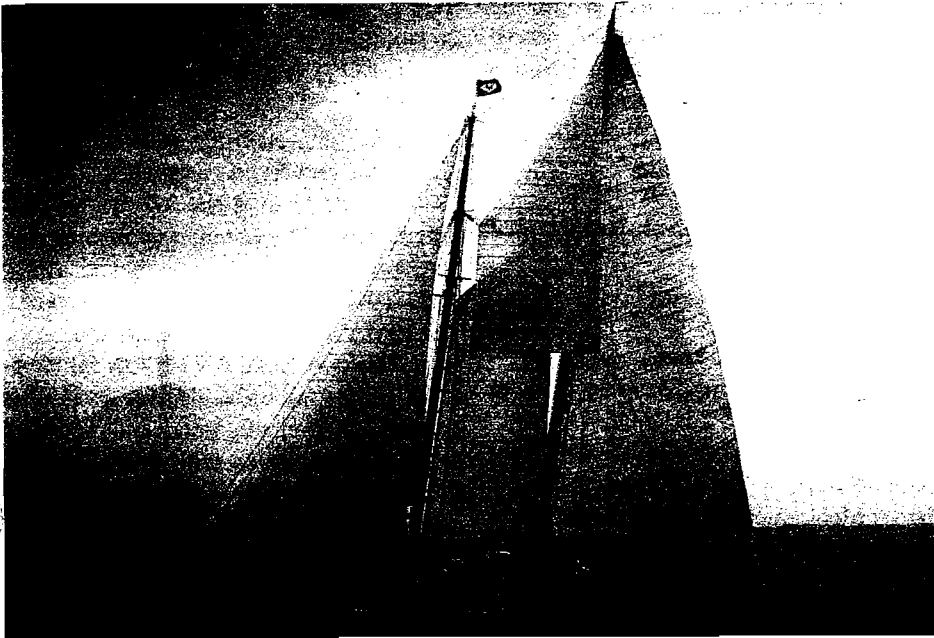




WING & WING

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The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association



BRILLIANT. Photo by Jim Mairs.

SPARKMAN & STEPHENS' SCHOONER DESIGNS

Renowned for their elegant and fast boats, Sparkman & Stephens designed a number of schooners, but only three were actually built. SO FONG, built in 1937, was profiled in the Summer '92 issue of *W & W*.

SANTANA, (55'2" by 12'6" by 7'11") was built in 1935 by Wilmington Boat Works in California, for W. L. Stewart, Jr., who sailed her until 1940 when he commissioned a large yawl from the Stephens brothers. SANTANA herself was converted to a yawl in 1941. Shortly after, she was bought by Humphrey Bogart, who kept her until his death in 1957. SANTANA stayed on the West Coast, changing rig twice more: first, in the sixties, to a cutter, then back to a yawl in 1971. She was still in California during the 80s, but there is no information as to

her recent whereabouts.

The third schooner, BRILLIANT, is well-known to most ASA members. She is profiled in the soon-to-be-published book *The Best of the Best: Sparkman & Stephens Designs* by Francis S. Kinney and Russell Bourne. The following is excerpted from their text.

The Distinctive Stephens Brothers

Olin J. Stephens II and Roderick Stephens Jr. have been called the best "seamen and designers of all time," two skills and two bothers unbreakably linked. That was their practice for five full decades (1929-1979). Now that their design firm is being carried on by a new generation of seamen and designers, the accomplishments and breakthroughs of the brothers stand forth as all

the more fundamental and remarkable, both to the firm and to the development of marine design.

The family commitment to sailing began in the early 1920's when Olin and Rod taught themselves how to sail amid the sandflats of Barnstable Bay, Massachusetts. Their boats were a series of balky daysailers and small cruisers. But the groundings, the late arrivals, and the discomforts, simply made the boys dream more actively of what might float better and sail faster.

Olin's dreams took the shape of doodles and sketches, filling a number of notebooks during his time at Scarsdale High School, NY. For Rod, captain of the high school football team, the dreams were more physical. As soon as he could persuade the family that the move was career-related, he left Cornell to work at Nevins Boatyard at City Island, NY.

Olin, in the meantime, had returned home from MIT to recover from an attack of jaundice. After his health improved, he felt disinclined to toe the line along with his would-be-engineer classmates. During an MIT interview he had seen the half-model of a hull designed by one of his professors, and he had recognized (out loud) that the boat lacked punch. He knew he could do better.

Olin therefore went to work as a draftsman, first at Henry J. Gielow's office (where the sailboat department was run by the super helmsman Sherman Hoyt), then for the renowned yacht designer, Philip Rhodes. Roderick Stephens, Sr., in the meantime, believing in the boys' talents and their dedication, engineered a partnership with the successful yacht broker, Drake Sparkman. Thus was Sparkman & *(Continued on page 10.)*

CRUISE-IN-COMPANY From the log of Pagan Moon

8/29

0600 Left mooring. Light air. Thought we would fish at Brown's ledge on the way to Block Island.

0730 Breeze picking up. Broad reach.

0910 Caught ten-pound blue trolling under sail.

1400 On hook in Great Salt Pond.

1600 Got together on shore with sailors from SEBIM, ADVENTURER, EASTERN PASSAGE, MALABAR II, TALISMAN, COMPASS ROSE, WINTERWOOD, ROSALAND ST. IVES, and BRILLIANT. Had hotdogs, hamburgers, littlenecks, an occasional beer, and a few stories.

8/30

0800 Breakfast at the Oar House.

0945 Left Block Island for Tarpaulin Cove. Light air, some motor-sailing.

1550 Caught another blue at Brown's Ledge.

1900 On hook at Tarpaulin Cove. Sun going down and full moon rising. SHENANDOAH, MALABAR II, CORWITH CRAMER, BLUENOSE JR., ADVENTURER, SEBIM, and GOOD FORTUNE all there.

2100 Strange howling at moon coming from the direction of SEBIM; found out it was coyotes on the island, not Vern.

8/31

0800 Everyone concerned about Hurricane Emily and a big front. Forecast from Chatham, MA to Watch Hill, RI as follows:

Today: Winds SW 15-20, seas three to six feet; Tonight: Winds SW 15-25, seas four to eight feet; Tomorrow: Winds NE 20-30, seas six to twelve feet.

Discussion that Hadley Harbor would be OK for tonight and we could make a run for the Hurricane Barrier in New Bedford the next morning.

1115 Decided to go through Quick's Hole and get into Buzzards Bay.

1300 Quick's Hole radio report that New Bedford would close the gate at 0700 tomorrow. Larger schooners headed towards New Bedford and PAGAN MOON and BLUENOSE JR. started for Westport to grab PM mooring (Hurricane-Bob tested). MALABAR II and SHENAN-

DOAH went to their moorings in Vineyard Haven.

1500 Went around Sow and Pigs because of more favorable wind and currents. The swells were building up.

1730 PAGAN MOON sailed through the tricky entrance to Westport Harbor with BLUENOSE JR. right behind. We looked around just in time to see BLUENOSE JR. catch a wave and come surfing down it, with Phil steering hard so he wouldn't broach or hit the rocks. He got it pretty straight and did OK on the next one too, and finally got around the corner into the calm water. And to think that some people live in Westport for years without getting a nickname; Phil wasn't there two minutes before he became known as "Surfer Phil."

1800 Rafted on the mooring.

9/1

Bodysurfing on Horseneck Beach; nice swells.

9/2

0915 Left Westport.

1300 Wind SSW at 10 knots.

1600 Newport Harbor. Went to dock at Fort Adams.

1820 Party at Harbor Court, Newport home of the NY Yacht Club. Mike and Marion McKensie are getting SERENDIPITY; Surfer Phil won a miniature imported engraving of his schooner; everything just right at the party.

9/3

0700 Schooners in the harbor include TALISMAN, GEORGE GREY, WINTERWOOD, EASTERN PASSAGE, MALABAR II, ADVENTURER, BLUENOSE JR., COMPASS ROSE, ROSALIND, FORTUNE, and PAGAN MOON.

0800 Skippers' pre-race meeting. Schooners are supposed to fly a G flag indicating their class. (PAGAN MOON didn't have one so we got an okay to fly a g-string.)

1100 TALISMAN crossed the starting line first, on port tack. ADVENTURER at starboard end with PAGAN MOON right behind, and the wind dying. WINTERWOOD and BLUENOSE JR. ahead of GEORGE GREY.

1200 TALISMAN and ADVENTURER got around the first mark (Beavertail); most of fleet still trying to get there (SHAMROCK and AMERICAN EAGLE were backing up towards Beavertail, nose

to nose with ENDEAVOR). Finally a 15-knot NE wind came up out of nowhere and everybody went a few fast miles. WINTERWOOD and PAGAN MOON having another epic battle. The wind and none of the schooners finished before 1700. TALISMAN finished about 1710, and ADVENTURER about 10 minutes later. ADVENTURER set a record with four aboard with Captain's licenses. The rest of us were out of sight, but BLUENOSE JR. was sitting about 3rd on handicap.

2000 All the schooners got a prize because we tied for first.

2100 Party: Dark and Stormies.

9/5

0900 Flea market. Got a nice drill; never needs to be recharged.

1500 Parade around the harbor; we followed SEA FOX. Thought something was squeaking until I finally saw the macaw.

1700-1900 Cocktail party and awards. TALISMAN got a restoration award.

2000-? Party on PAGAN MOON for twenty or thirty people. More Dark and Stormies, homemade beer, and Tom and Liz made littlenecks with garlic and oil, and pasta. Almost tipped over in less than one knot of wind (both crew schooner).

9/6

1000 Headed for our home ports or Mystic.

Fred Sterner

OFFICERS

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Jim Lobdell

VICE COMMODORE
Fred Sterner

REAR COMMODORE
Bob Pulsch

SECRETARY
Roberta Pulsch

TREASURER
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NEWSLETTER
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NOVI NEWS

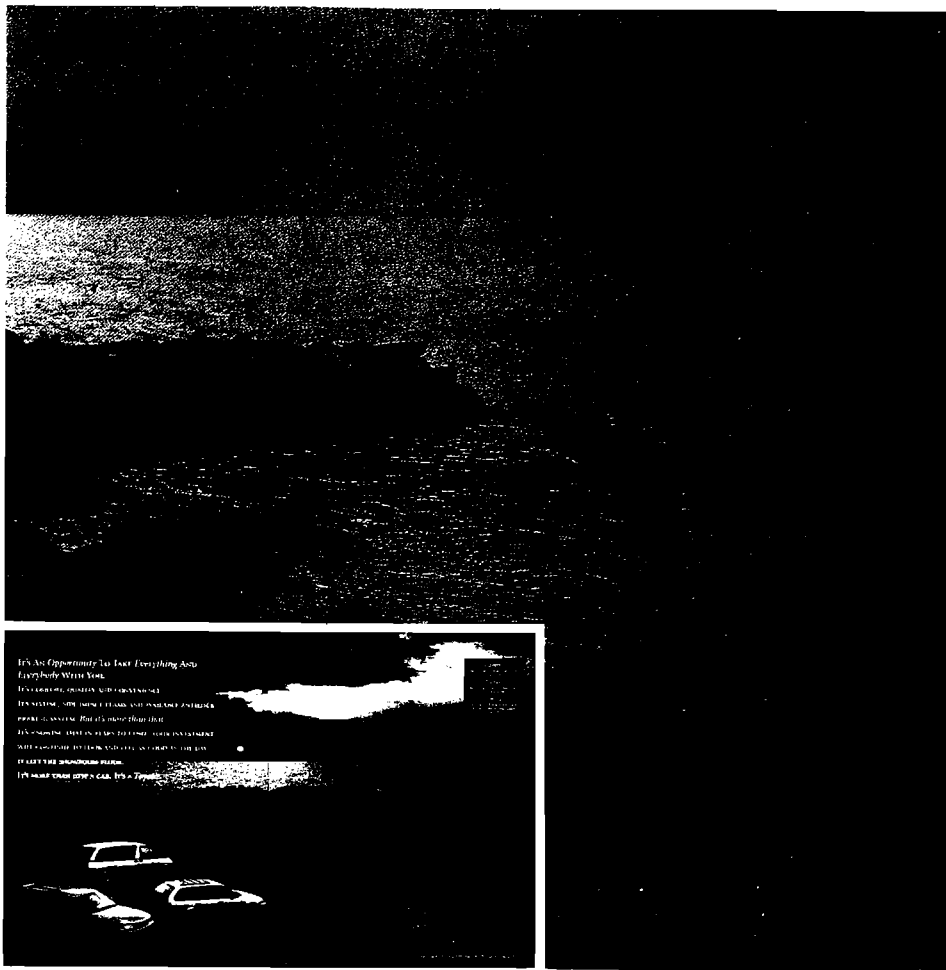
In spite of a year-long effort to organize a multi-schooner NSSA cruise to the Bras d'Or Lakes this past summer, only two of us were able to assemble a crew and find the time.

CONSTANCE, and Lorne Leahy's AMASONIA slipped our moorings at Stonehurst/Heckman's Island on July 5 and headed east. The first night was spent at Rogue's Roost, and the second and third nights off Wolfe's Island (near Ship's Harbor) and at the wharf below Liscomb Lodge. The winds were generally light or very light during this part of the trip, so we had to run our engines much of the time, but we did encounter a number of whales and porpoises.

The night of July 8 we were both secured to the wall at the entry to St. Peter's Canal. We passed through the canal and entered the lakes on the morning of the 9th, enjoying a beautiful day sailing and exploring the islands in the western arm of Bras d'Or Lake. That night was spent at the Dundee Marina. The next day we swam off the beach below Marble Mountain. CONSTANCE moved on through the Barra Strait to Maskell's Harbor, while AMASONIA spent several more days in that first lake before moving up to Baddeck.

The following day CONSTANCE made the short run to Baddeck for a major restocking, laundering, showering, refuelling, and a crew shuffle. July 12 we moved on to Cape Smokey and Ingonish Harbor, from which we jumped off to Port-aux-Basques and the south coast of Newfoundland. The Newfoundland weather was lousy for the most part. Despite the fog, rain, and little wind (typical Newfie weather) we encountered no navigational or other difficulties moving along that beautiful coast. Nights were spent at anchor, or in some cases tied fore and aft to trees, in Harbor Le Cou (off Bay Le Moine), Galleyboy Harbor (in La Poile Bay), Burgeo, Grey River, and Deadman's Cove (in La Hune Bay).

On the 20th we spent several unforgettable hours ashore at Wild Cove, which is at the entry to Aviron Bay. The white sand beach and turquoise water there seemed totally out of place, more typical of the



The folks at Toyota seem to believe that schooners can help sell automobiles. A recent ad campaign that features Tom Gallant's AVENGER has been running in Maclean's, a Canadian weekly news magazine. Nice photo Tom, but AVENGER looks mighty close to those rocks!

Caribbean. That afternoon we sailed to Isle Miquelon and Isle St. Pierre (the two French-owned islands off the coast of Newfoundland). We then crossed the Cabot Strait, this time going to Sydney for a crew shuffle, and returned to Lunenburg, visiting Cape Breton's reconstructed French fortress at Louisbourg *en route*. We were back on our mooring on July 28, which was just in time to head for the La Have River and the NSSA's annual schooner race week.

A dozen boats participated in the races, with WILLIAM A. MOIR (the largest in the fleet) and CALINOVA (the smallest in the fleet) carting away most of the trophies. (An interesting note: Doug Himmelman, the skipper of CALINOVA during the race week, spent the month of September at the helm of BLUENOSE.)

Preliminary plans call for the 1994

races to be sailed out of the Lunenburg Yacht Club during the week of July 25. Any ASA boats in the area would, as always, be welcome to race and to join the various activities which will be a part of that week.

Fred Rhinelander

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From the log of VOYAGER, No. 3: Morocco & Venezuela

Although the passage of time tends to blur the names of people and places, the images and events of Morocco remain clear even as we are a continent away and it is nearly a year later. Had it not been for the incarceration of our crew member, Alex Forbes, in a military prison in Rabat, we would have devoted considerably more time to that country. Our plan had been to follow the wind clockwise around the Atlantic, wintering in Morocco, then continuing south to the Cape Verdes, the Caribbean Islands, and on to South America, but we ended up travelling to the Cape Verdes sooner than we had originally planned.

In January friends flew over from America to meet us in Casablanca, and we planned a ten-day drive inland, with stops at Meknes, the Roman ruins at Volubilis, Fez, Erfoud, Ouarzazate, and Marrekech. The rainy season had ended and drought had ruined many crops. However, the day we left for Rabat, the rain fell heavily.

Heading north, the coastal terrain sits just above sea level. Scruffy growth and stone walls divide the land into hundred-acre fields, which seem too arid to farm. A few cows, sheep, and goats dot the landscape. Shepherds in first-century costumes stand motionless with their tall staffs as the twentieth century roars by.

To the east, the land rises slowly into foothills along the horizon. The fields flow endlessly. For hundred of yards off the road there are only plow tracks, which are finally broken by a lush low growth of young wheat off in the distance. Not a stone, tree, or small bush blemishes the clean sweep of these fields. We went for miles past these furrows of russet-red clay and neat rows of planting.

As the hills become steeper, the rocks appear, neatly arranged along gorges, where they define streams, and further along, there are patches of stones left where the land is too steep to plow. As the hills become more mountainous, the velvet fields begin to look more like rock gardens, and the amount of arable land decreases noticeably. There are not many

houses along this approach to the Middle Atlas Mountains. The few that exist have been softened, in color and shape, by centuries of sun and wind.

But the landscape changes quickly in this part of the world. On a single day, our driver, Bazide, drove us across a mountain pass, with heavy snow resisting the sweep of the windshield wipers. Mgoun, white-capped at 13,343 feet sat to windward. Then only a few hours later we descended into a desert plateau with cacti and sage.

The desert is vast and lonely, yet calm and captivating, rather like the sea. We could sit for hours, mesmerized by the desert's subtle beauty. Often we saw several large tents and an attached corral off in the distance.

The road that runs south of the High Atlas Mountains, from Er Rachidia to Ouarzazate, passes through a desert valley which is intersected by mountain streams, and where we found fortified desert towns called *Kzurs*. Jeanette and I were initially stunned, then excited, by these Cubist constructions. We insisted our driver stop at each oasis (pronounced "oh wa zee") so we could photograph and explore.

The buildings are built out of clay bricks made from the desert soil and are dominated by four- and five-storied towers, connected by walls which range in length from fifty to one hundred feet. Each wall is three or more feet thick. There are no openings in the walls to provide a sense of scale. The fortresses are the same color as the desert itself and loom large. These adobe citadels are believed to have been built by sheiks in the thirteenth century, in order to house and protect their families, servants, soldiers, and followers. Gardens still cling to the terraces along the river bed and today various family groups live in the forts.

One enters the complex through a gate, strategically located in a tower, then a right-angled-turn is made through another gate and into a courtyard large enough for a hundred soldiers to dismount and tether their horses. More towers appear within. Those openings which face onto the chieftain's apartments are decorated. The rooms are large, with high ceilings and painted overhead beams. The circulation is by way of open courts, with one room adjacent each side of a main room, possi-

bly for each of four wives.

The approach to the Kzur alt Ben Haddou was from the desert, across a shallow but wide river bed, through a cluster of square towers, and ascending into the intimate courtyards by way of narrow, twisting streets. Two young Berbers and a mule met us at an upper courtyard. The Berbers were wearing long brown robes, just covering their leather sandals, and carefully wrapped turbans. They invited us to follow them up a narrow adobe stairway and into a large kitchen. There was a large *tagine* and other clay pots cooking on open fires, the smoke from which rose some forty feet upwards to a partially roofed-over hole. In effect, we were in a large chimney, with some natural light overhead and crackling fires below.

Of all the cities we visited, Fez stands out as having the largest *medina* in the country. The modern parts of the city are pleasant enough with broad boulevards and tree-lined plazas, active with vendors and musicians, and many shops. But they have a far less interesting architecture than the older part of town. Equally unpleasant was the noise, confusion, and stench that the automobile forces on all cities.

We devoted most of our time and energy to exploring Old Fez, on the right bank of the river. Surrounded by the high walls of a medieval fortress, this part of the city is a labyrinth of white rooftops, the Boujeloud Gate, and El Qaraouiyyin Mosque. There is a confusing jumble of tall palms, green domes, dyers' vats, and hundreds of shops displaying glassware, lamps, shoes, carpets, leather goods, olives, dates, and vegetables arranged in geometric patterns. All this is accessible by way of crowded, claustrophobic pedestrian streets in which Jeanette and I, our hands locked, and Mohammed, our eight-year-old guide, were carried like flotsam in a stream of Arabs and cargo-laden mules.

Some of the streets are shaded by pieces of canvas, the more narrow passages are open to the sky, and the large markets have a system of louvers over branches and palm leaves. It is like theater: visually stimulating, curious, magic, and somewhat frightening. A full day in the *casbah* was quite enough for two Yorkers.

As exciting as our inland excursion was, we were both looking forward to our return to VOYAGER and our life aboard. I missed the gentle movement of our bunk, the sway of the kerosene lanterns, and the smell of varnish, pine tar, and linseed oil.

As we prepared for departure, three events told us that all was not well: the police took our passports at the port gate; I was told to report to the Prefecture de Police the next morning; and there was a note aboard to the effect that Andrew was out horseback riding on the beach and that Alex was in jail.

Alex had arrived February 3 and at customs he was arrested and whisked to jail in Casablanca. There were no details and none would arrive until our return to VOYAGER on February 8. My breathing quickened at the thought of a twenty-three-year-old from Maine and California, with a long blonde ponytail, being thrown into a large cell with a few hundred convicts. I called the American Consulate, arranged for an interpreter, and an appointment was made for the next morning.

Mr. Choukry, Chief of Detectives, sat behind a large desk, in a small office, last painted in 1939 when Peter Lorre was questioned about missing transit papers. Mr. Choukry's eyes were so deeply set that only dark shadows appeared at either side of a long, angular nose. After so many years of police work there was no emotion in his voice. Without once looking at me, he asked a series of perfunctory questions in French. Although I understood, I waited for Mustafa to translate. After several hours of the same questions, rephrased and upsidedown, and polite answers, I asked to be told why my crew had been detained and when he was to be released.

Apparently, Alex Forbes had entered Morocco with two weapons, both of which had been cleared by both countries and properly tagged prior to departure in New York. At Casa International Airport there were three forms of police checkpoints and Alex clearing one, declared the weapons to the wrong authorities, who began to point fingers at one another for sloppy police work. Working for Airport Customs must be boring, and when an American terrorist in Rambo attire, uttering: "Yo!" came along, the authorities panicked. Admittedly the armament was a bit heavy (an M-14

semi-automatic rifle with a telescope, and a 45 Magnum with 700 rounds of ammunition).

The American Consulate, the Embassy, and I were led to believe that the situation would soon iron itself out, and Alex would be released, and possibly be asked to leave the country, for which we began provision-

ing and fueling VOYAGER. Prying Andrew from his horse and French ladyfriend was going to be more difficult.

The military was now handling the case and Alex was transferred to a prison in Rabat (coincidentally not too far away from Malcolm Forbes' villa, where all the world congregated to celebrate his seventi-



eth birthday a few years ago). There was to be a hearing within a few days, and we waited nervously with quick-release dock lines, and charged batteries.

When travelling, our policy in any port is to offend no one, maintain a low profile, respect another's traditions, and make friends with guards, fishermen, and local merchants. So it caught us quite by surprise to discover that all the above personnel, plus the dentist and a mortician, were aware of our involvement with some form of smuggling. Apparently, Andrew's friend, a pretty, young Parisian street vendor, had exuberantly discussed the little she knew with the waterfront populace in Casa and Mohammedia.

Alex's hearing was upgraded that day to a trial and he was sentenced to five years. In his cell were some forty international prisoners, whose dealings in cocaine and murder only brought one-year sentences.

We called Jim Lobdell for advice. He had introduced us to Alex, and knew Alex's father from sailing in Maine. Also, Jim was able to be woken up each morning at 0500 for telephone calls.

Senator Ted Kennedy, who I have

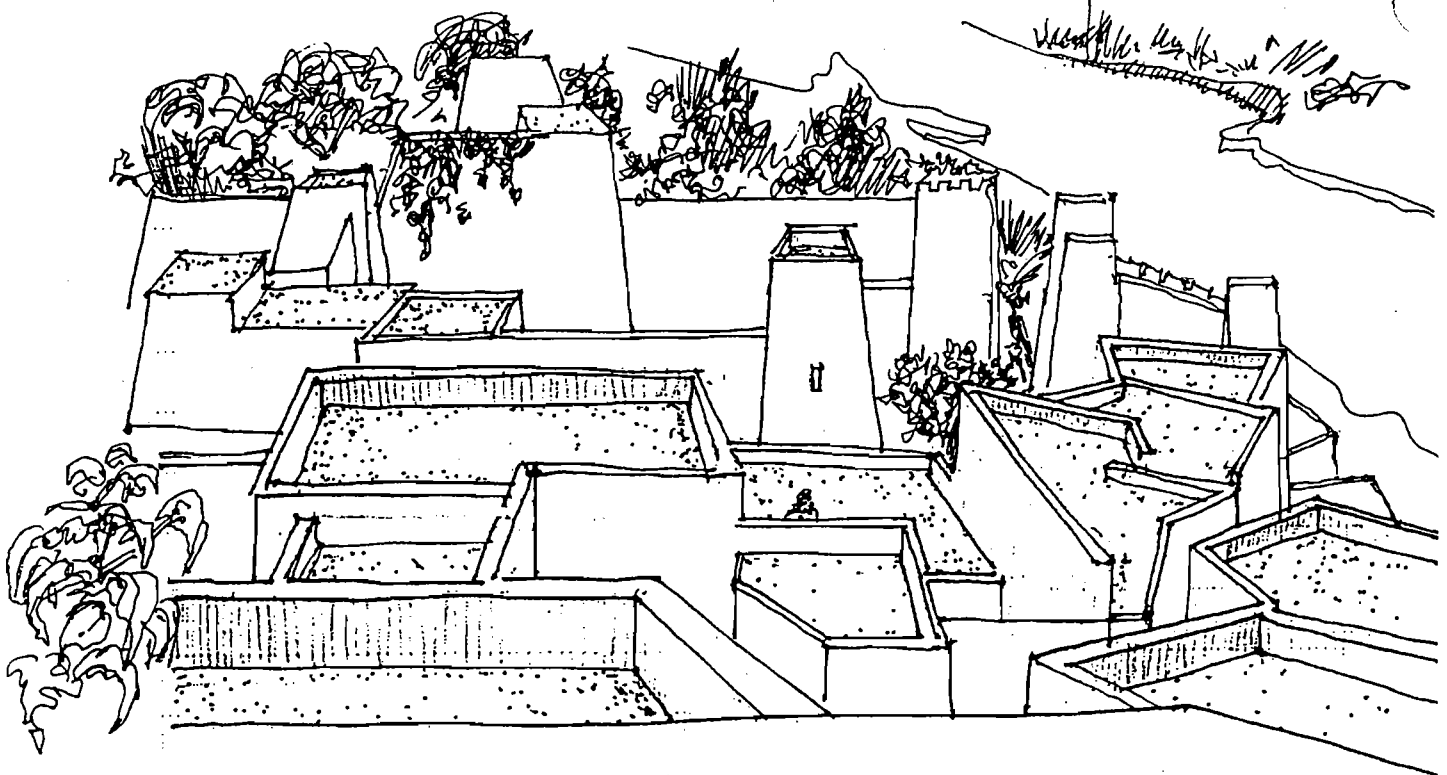
always respected as a politician, as a yachtsman with a 52-foot wooden schooner, and as a concerned and caring individual, was also of enormous assistance. Within hours of his notification of our difficulties, letters were sent to the U.S. State Department and the Moroccan Embassy, expressing outrage and demanding Alex's release. Because of the five-hour time difference there were only a few hours on that Friday afternoon after our initial conversation with Peter Forbes (Alex's father), for any transactions to occur stateside. It seemed that a pardon from the King of Morocco was necessary for Alex's release. According to Peter Forbes, Senator Kennedy was able to handle Alex's case, in between Senate hearings and his own son's engagement.

Jeanette and I took the train to Rabat on the Friday afternoon, spoke with our dormant Embassy, met Alex's lively lawyer, Abdellafis, and miraculously got into the prison to visit with Alex. With the lawyer's car illegally parked and the police running after us, we charged past a queue of a hundred women buried beneath hooded robes and carrying baskets of food for their imprisoned loved-ones. A twenty-six-

foot-high steel door opened onto a dark anteroom, through which was a large open courtyard with prisoners walking in single-file. The light was harsh on the concrete walls. We walked into a dark tower and four flights of stairs to the warden's office, which overlooked the central courtyard. Alex was there. The three of us hugged: Jeanette was crying and whispering encouragement, I was offering hope and asking for patience, and Alex was muttering "power and money," all at once.

Alex was released late Saturday night and was aboard Sunday. VOYAGER raised sail in the harbor early Monday morning, sailing due west until we were far enough offshore to turn to the south for Lanzarote, Canaries. The wind was north-west, twenty knots. We eased the sheets and felt VOYAGER accelerate and settle in to her usual gentle motion, with wind off the quarter. Alex strapped on his mountain-climbing harness and sat contentedly on the forespreaders, some forty feet above the froth under the bow.

We are now in the small port of Cumina, Venezuela, where it is rumored that one



Drawing above and page 5 by Peter Phillipps.

can retain young men for sanding and varnishing at \$8.00 per day and diesel costs only \$0.09 a gallon. Jeanette insists we do our own varnishing, but I will investigate fuel in this petrol-rich country.

Our first stops approaching Venezuela had been at Isla Margarita and Isla Los Testigos, two islands off the north coast of the mainland. The latter island is sparsely settled, mostly by fishermen, and features a mountainous sand dune which leads to an empty white sand beach one mile long.

Once on the mainland, Mochima was the first port that we stopped at. The only inhabited area in this national park is a two-restaurant village at the end of a four-mile deep bay, with a handful of finger anchorages to either side. We picked the only bay with another sailboat at anchor. It was French and shaped like a 50's Citroen. It had a reverse sheer and two naked shapes sleeping on deck, lulled by the sounds of a pulsating generator (so necessary for chilled wine). We anchored in the only area shallow enough. It was close by the other boat, but luckily upwind. As the sun set, the tree-frog symphony began. Scruffy trees lined the shore, closing us off to the main channel, and ran up and over gentle hills to the mountains in the distance. The couple on board the portable generator had not heard us nor seen us sail in, and were understandably upset by our intrusion, diving below in an effort to cover up their less-tanned parts.

The next morning, after a windless night, the water was like a solid sheet of glass, making the prospect of diving in rather scary. I winced in midair, anticipating the cold. The water here is cooler than in the windward chain, and a bit more bracing.

We motored, at low rpms, for a few hours in and out of caves, and around islands, trying not to upset egrets, parrots, ibis, and pelicans. Near the village we spotted a wooden schooner, white and well-cared for, and about sixty or so feet. Her transom read MARY HORRIGAN. We exchanged greetings, having first met the owners in the YMCA swimming pool in Gloucester at the second ASA/Novi rendezvous in 1989.

A few days later, in Cumina, a young, quite handsome Frenchman stopped by to ask if we were the sister ship to TAR

BABY. He had purchased GOLDEN EAGLE from Carl Sherman and sailed her to Nice for reframing. The boat is now called WINDJAMMER and looks quite elegant. We said that we would try to meet up with them at Islas Los Roches.

We've had a number of friends visiting. Walter Page was on board in Antigua for the Classic Yacht Regatta, where he helmed us to two third-place finishes in the schooner class. Walter sails on MALABAR X with Lee Prior and was on his way back to Virginia from Venezuela, via Antigua. Even without a foul bottom we could not keep up with LORD JIM, a 72-foot Alden staysail schooner, but as all three races were a reach in thirty knots, the schooners, some eight or nine, performed well against a fleet of forty-seven, with LORD JIM taking fleet honors. Walter had no up-beat reports of MALABAR X's recovery from storm damage several years ago.

We spent a memorable two weeks with Jim and Ginny Lobdell, who met us in St. Lucia. We sailed south to St. Vincent, Bequia, Tobago Key, Union Island, and Grenada. We sailed hard and when on land, trekked up volcanic mountains, walked through rain forests to waterfalls, explored forts, small villages and large cities. We rented cars on those

islands with roads, visited a Caribe Indian reservation, botanical gardens, and so exhausted ourselves ashore that it was almost a relief to watch land disappear behind the main boom. From Grenada we sailed back to St. Lucia, and all four of us flew to the Vineyard for our younger son's wedding.

Once back from the U.S., we spent a week in Caracas, which we found to be an exciting city with many well-installed art museums, parks, plazas, and exuberant architecture. This was a turn-on, even after our recent few days in New York City.

We plan to be in Venezuela for a while, and are anticipating the arrival of Paul, Monique, and Daniel Bradley.

Peter Phillipps
Jeanette Phillipps

*I must down to the seas again,
to the lonely sea and sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star
to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's
song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and
a grey dawn breaking.*

—John Masefield
"Sea Fever," 1902

NAVIGATION SHOW AT SOUTH STREET SEAPORT

The art of navigation has come a long way in the past 200 years. Before the age of compasses, charts, sextants, and octants, seafarers depended upon good weather, prayers, and the experience of the captain to complete their voyage safely. It was with the Age of Enlightenment in the late-17th and 18th centuries, that many of the techniques and instruments used today began to be developed and perfected.

Navigation: Taking the Risk Out of Seafaring deals with various aspects of the world of navigation. Navigational instruments from the 19th and 20th centuries are presented with brief histories and explanations of their use. The exhibition also discusses the use and development of lightships, lighthouses, lifesaving equipment, and harbor pilots, which are used in conjunction with navigation skills in order to complete a successful voyage.

Photographs from South Street Seaport Museum's travelling exhibition, *To the Lighthouse: Photographs by Susan Brown*, will also be on view. The show runs until January 9, 1994.

The museum is also presenting *Twelve Ties to Tradition: Model Making in New York City*, an exhibition which explores the many inspirations behind ship and boat model building. The exhibition consists of over 400 objects, including 60 ship models made by twelve New York City area model builders, and their tools, source materials, and personal mementos. Photo murals of each of the model builders, by noted documentary photographer Harvey Wang, will also be on view. The exhibition will be up through March 6, 1994.

For more information on these exhibitions or other museum activities, call 212-669-9400.

FIGUREHEADS & OTHER WHIMSICAL CARVINGS

Superstitious seafaring people have always sought good luck. Ever since the first vessels were built, sailors trying to ensure safe passage have attempted to pacify mysterious and unpredictable gods with offerings or symbols of faith.

The ship's figurehead, a typical example of this tradition, can take many forms, and over the centuries many motifs and symbols have been used for figureheads, including lions, human figures, horses (some with two heads), serpents, doves, geese, as well as imaginary figures such as unicorns, griffins, dragons, and even a Cimbrian bull. One Spanish ship, *ELEFANTERN*, built in 1741, had an elephant wearing a crown for its figurehead. Another popular figure, presented in a variety of forms and poses, was the eagle, symbol of graceful flight and speed.

Early viking ships proudly displayed serpents and other deities to ward off evil

Oliver Southwood and his telescope, before final painting. He was designed by Larry Mahan and carved by Susan White. Photo provided by author.



omens of the deep, while a common figurehead for the American colonial ships was the lion, following the practice of the English ships.

But by the middle of the eighteenth century, stylized carvings came into fashion, and a variety of subjects became acceptable material for figureheads. A New England vessel displaying a horse's head was sited at Dunkirk, England in 1744, and soon many boats on both sides of the Atlantic abandoned the standard lion in favor of other figures.

Human figures began to appear in the late 1770s, and shortly thereafter everything from statesmen to Indians appeared on the fronts of ships. Greek figures and figures dressed in medieval uniforms and battle dress were popular as well. It wasn't long before female figures began to appear. They were used on a great number of commercial vessels after 1800, and often ship owners' wives were used as the models.

Figureheads became more than just idols to ward off evil spirits and pacify the demons of the sea. Along with elaborate carvings of quarter badges and transom embellishments, they became symbols of individualism and a means of identification. Each vessel had its own personality which owners tried to suggest with stylized carvings. The larger vessels even had elaborate carvings at doorways and staircases. Often serpents or unusual sea creatures held up rail ends or surrounded balustrades or pillars. Each owner had different tastes and ideas, and would display them. In addition, the local carver was often given the freedom to express his own ideas.

An excellent example of an early ship with varied and unique carvings is the Swedish vessel *WASA*. Hundreds of carvings are found all over the boat, but predominantly at the quarter galleries and stern.

This brings us up to 1993, when a visitor to the schooner *LARINDA* can get a taste of history by viewing Oliver Southwood, a fine frog figurehead.

Oliver was carved from one-hundred-year-old cypress by Susan R. White. It took her about two months, working six hours a day, five days a week, using hand

tools, in the old tradition.

Once Oliver was roughed out, the fine work was done with delicate chisels and gouges. Final sanding was followed with a heavy coat of epoxy to seal all the wood and end grain.

Once the epoxy had cured, the figurehead was again sanded in preparation for final painting and coloring.

Oliver is wearing the dress uniform of John Paul Jones—fitting attire for a frog of Oliver's stature. In keeping with the general scheme of *LARINDA*, a modified version of a 1767 colonial coastal schooner, period colors were selected for Oliver Southwood's uniform.

Oliver is holding a very heavy brass telescope. This strong piece lends strength to his otherwise thin arms and hands. (I realize frogs don't actually have arms and hands, but please allow for a little poetic license here.)

During the twenty-three years of building *LARINDA* there was never any doubt that the figurehead would be a frog. You see, my wife Marlene collects frogs. What could be more appropriate?

LARINDA's transom is decorated with carved killer whales and a large scallop shell. These carvings are done in old pine and are fastened to cypress planking.

Susan has also carved two dolphin heads on top of the forward knightheads. Two lion heads add life to the catheads. Below, dolphin armrests grace two of the settees, while aft in the great cabin two mermaids hold a shell over the centrally located loveseat.

Marlene and I share the old belief that a ship's carvings are a reflection of the owner's personality. *LARINDA* is very special to us, and also to the thousands of visitors she has had since we began building her.

This past summer a visitor from New Zealand told us that he had heard of *LARINDA* back home. Another group from Holland reported that they had been told by friends at home to be sure and visit the Cape, and while there, to stop and see *LARINDA*. Many have gone so far as to call her the Eighth Wonder of the World.

I do wonder, though, what Sam Hoyt's purists would say about a Cimbrian bull for a figurehead....

Larry M.
LARINDA

EXHIBITION REOPENS AT PEABODY ESSEX

It was over 170 years ago that America's first yacht, CLEOPATRA'S BARGE, set sail for her maiden voyage across the Atlantic and into the Mediterranean Sea to entertain royalty. The opulence and adventure of that voyage comes to life once again as the popular exhibit entitled *Sailing for Pleasure: The History of New England Yachting* enjoys a new presentation in the Dodge Wing of the Peabody Essex Museum in Salem, Massachusetts. The exhibit, in storage for a year in order to make room for another show, reopened to the public on November 19, and is expected to remain on view throughout the summer of 1994. In addition to a full-scale reconstruction of the main salon of CLEOPATRA'S BARGE, there will also be an impressive assortment of ship's models, paintings, drawings, trophies, instruments, photographs, and other accouterments of the yachting life.

"We think the reinstallation will be interesting to everyone," said Director of Exhibitions Bill Barton, "including those who saw the show when it first opened back in 1991." The enthusiastic and knowledgeable audience for the original presentation of the show offered many suggestions for new material. Among the modifications evident in the current exhibition is the addition of boats by North

Shore yacht designer Aage Nielsen.

The history of the sport is revealed in the exhibition, from its infancy in the early 1800s into the 20th century. Racing, cruising, and tragic losses at sea are documented by artists such as Fitz Hugh Lane, James Buttersworth, and John Singer Sargent. The art of yacht design is also well represented by the work of Edward Burgess, B. B. Crowninshield, John Alden, and others. The motion, excitement, and challenge of yachting are also brought to life through rare film footage from the 1920s and 1950s in an interactive video. Visitors may select from coastal New England cruising, ocean voyages to the South Pacific, J-boat racing for the America's Cup, and views of the ocean racing classic, the Newport-Bermuda Race.

Guest curator and well-known editor of many maritime books, Llewellyn Howland drew on a lifetime of interest and experience in organizing the original exhibition.

In addition to the exhibition *Sailing for Pleasure*, an exhibition on steamship travel reopened in November, after a period of storage, and the museum is also hosting a show of George Curtis's marine paintings.

The Peabody Essex Museum is open daily. For further information call 508-745-9500.

MAYOR'S CUP RESULTS

The South Street Seaport Museum hosted the 27th Annual Mayor's Cup Race for Schooners and Classic Yachts, in New York Harbor on Saturday, September 25. The regatta, which celebrates the tradition of offshore and coastal fishing vessels racing back to port with their catches, included about 30 vessels built or designed before 1960. The course distance was 9.3 miles; the breeze was southerly, light to moderate (10 to 15 mph); and the results are as follows:

Mayor's Cup (schooner with the best corrected time): FORTUNE, with a corrected time of 2:08:01.

Museum Cup (vessel with the best corrected time): SALTY, with a corrected time of 1:53:18.

New York Yacht Club Trophy (vessel with the best elapsed time): SALTY, with an elapsed time of 2:03:23.

Alfred E. Loomis Award (gaff-rigged schooner with best corrected time): JOHN PAUL JONES, with a corrected time of 2:31:31.

Knickerbocker Yacht Club Trophy (outstanding performance of seamanship): PIONEER.

Class A (schooners): first place, FORTUNE, with a corrected time of 2:08:01; second place, TALISMAN, with a corrected time of 2:19:35; third place, JOHN PAUL JONES, with a corrected time of 2:31:31.

Class B (ketches and yawls): first place, ZIGGURAT, with a corrected time of 1:55:36; second place, PRIMA DONA, with a corrected time of 2:01:51; third place, SHIMERA, with a corrected time of 2:05:09.

Class C (sloops and cutters): first place, SALTY, with a corrected time of 1:53:17; second place, HI-Q-II, with a corrected time of 1:57:10; third place ALSKLING, with a corrected time of 2:16:08.

REGISTER NOW AVAILABLE FROM WOODENBOAT

When Lloyd's ceased publication of their annual *Register of American Yachts* in 1977, the boating world lost a valuable reference book. WoodenBoat has now filled that void with their new *Register of Wooden Yachts*.

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Packed with essential information, *The Register* covers North American vessels with a minimum overall length of twenty feet. It is the ultimate reference to have both aboard and on the library shelf.

Priced at \$35.00; 475 pages with flexible hardcovers; *The Register* includes a blank information form for those of you who aren't in this volume but ought to be in the next.

Call 1-800-225-5205.

(Continued from page 1.)

Stephens born, with Olin as chief designer and Rod (who joined the firm three years later) in charge of construction, rigging, and testing.

But Roderick Stephens, Sr. was not finished supporting his sons; he financed the construction of an experimental offshore racer, a design that all the family hoped would capture attention. Named DORADE after the French word for "dolphin," this 52'2" yawl cost \$28,000 in Depression-era dollars (1930)...

The late 1920s and early 1930s spun along in their own clubby way, with an odd mixture of Vanderbilts who could spend hundreds of thousands for J-boats and work-a-day sailors who had to contemplate yachting without paid hands. That was the era when the young Stephens brothers succeeded in keeping their design firm afloat, with major assistance from the well-connected, businesslike Drake Sparkman. There was, to be sure, the Depression, but Olin recalls that because "...most new building was then in smaller boats, it was a good time for a young yacht designer to gain experience."

The brothers also won their reputations in rather personal ways. It was expected that they would participate in campaigning whatever boat they produced for their daring clients. Olin, it was decided, should generally be the helmsman, ever keeping his eye on the tactics and the sail trim. Rod, nicknamed "Tarzan" by Harold Vanderbilt, would pace around the boat in his red trousers, repairing this, suggesting that. It was a winning and charming team, with Rod supplying an accordion for after-hours songfests.

Characteristic techniques and principles of design began to emerge. Olin developed his technical skills, working with Ken Davidson at the new testing tank (the former swimming pool at the Stevens Institute of Technology in Hoboken, New Jersey). "One of the greatest breaks of my life came when Ken walked into our office (then in a store on City Island Avenue)," Olin wrote later...

Yet for all his belief in testing, Olin stressed from the beginning that a tank was nothing but a tool, a tool by which could be gauged the effectiveness of

somebody's three-dimensional design; a tank would never provide the design. "In those early days," he's fond of saying, "yacht design was ten-percent science and ninety-percent intuition or talent. Now it's about fifty-fifty..."

Great Seaboats for the Seven Seas

Although Sparkman & Stephens romped to the head of the fleet in American yacht design primarily because of the success of their racing boats, a constant theme at S & S had always been seaworthiness. Therefore certain boats must be included in the chronicle of S & S "greats" which might, at first glance, seem less sleek than a typically designed S & S yacht. But what these great seaboats lack in fashionable sleekness, they more than make up for in utilitarian handsomeness. And in some cases (e.g. BRILLIANT and BOLERO) they are obvious masterpieces.

BRILLIANT

Designed in 1931, BRILLIANT was patently the paradigm for this type of boat and this maritime theme at S & S. A very special creation she was. Yachting writer/publisher William H. Taylor wrote of BRILLIANT that she "just exuded the power of an able vessel, even lying at anchor."

Her owner, Walter Barnum of New York, had wanted a boat that was virtually "unbreakable," for he had lots of blue water sailing in mind. Oh yes, he wanted her to move well, but most of all he demanded a boat that would provide comfortable and safe, and even enjoyable ocean crossings within a reasonable length. Although Olin Stephens had strongly recommended a ketch, Mr. Barnum was a hard-core traditionalist and wanted an old-fashioned schooner rig.

While designing #12, Stephens urged that she be built at Henry Nevins' yard at City Island, where Rod was then working. The yard, they thought, turned out work consistently superior to that of others in this country. Recently Olin has been informed that the bent oak frames that he'd specified for her construction were the largest ever bent at Nevins; and they still look solid as bronze.

As additional strengtheners, Olin called for Everdur bronze straps that not only prevent the planks from working against

each other edge-to-edge, but also provide a solid way of tying in the chain plates to the rest of the construction. Such straps hark back, Olin believes, beyond the Herreshoff yachts to the clipper ship of the preceding century.

Specifications:

LOA: 61'6 1/2"

DWL: 49'

beam: 14'8"

draft: 8'10"

sail area: 2,082 sq. ft.

BRILLIANT displaced a formidable 42.2 tons, and she looked, at first glance, to be of a piece with the heavier fishing-schooner type yachts designed by John Alden and the chunky coasters designed by William Hand. But on careful inspection, BRILLIANT shows a fine entrance forward, with a little hollow at the waterline that suggests speed. And although she's roomy enough below, she could by no means be called "beamy."

But the essential difference between seaboats like BRILLIANT and the racing boats was brought out in the Bermuda Race of 1932, which was the last great contest between American schooner yachts. BRILLIANT clearly could not keep up with the racing boats and was even beaten (on corrected time) by Alden's latest design, MALABAR X. The next year, when DORADE and BRILLIANT were both entered in the Fastnet, DORADE scored her second win, while BRILLIANT did not do especially well (the air having been notoriously light).

Nonetheless BRILLIANT's 1933 crossing to England lives on in the annals of cruising as one of the most remarkable passages of all time. It was indicative of the kind of splendid seaboat that she and her successors could be when challenged.

On board with Mr. Barnum for the crossing were a number of seasoned yachtsmen, who had responded to his invitation in order to see what a truly comfortable trip across the Atlantic on a sixty-foot sailboat might be like. They did some experimenting with the squaresail from a yardarm and discovered that it was

only truly effective when the wind—was about one point abaft the beam, so the sail did not blanket the headsails. They also discovered that although light westerly winds had been forecast, a strenuous southerly was pushing them along at a great rate, an astonishing rate, in fact.

For two straight days the breeze blew that way, with BRILLIANT heeled well over on the starboard tack. It was by no means the easy, upright pleasure cruise that the gentlemen had signed on for. On the contrary, it was tremendous sailing: the navigator announced to everyone's amazement that for the last two days they had spun off more than 200 miles each day. At once, the passengers realized that they were enjoying a tremendous, possibly record-breaking run. As one of them tells the tale, when Mr. Barnum realized what was about to transpire he turned to his passenger-crewmen and commanded: "Boys, set the Genoa jib and be damned quick about it!" Then, from the depths of the sail bin, he added, "All right, boys, we'll put a couple of topsails on her too."

On toward Europe they drove BRILLIANT under mainsail, foresail, forestaysail, Genoa jib, main topsail, and fisherman staysail—a glorious spread of canvas, all pulling to great effect. Although the initial plan had been to shorten sail when

night came, no one felt inclined to admit that the sun had fallen; they surged through the dusk-to-dawn hours under full sail. As a result, for the five days while the southerly held, BRILLIANT continued to average 200 miles a day. Best day's run: 231 miles (a speed of nearly ten knots). They made the entire 3,076-mile run from City Island, New York, to Plymouth, England in seventeen days, eighteen hours.

Today BRILLIANT is owned and maintained by Mystic Seaport in Connecticut, to which facility she was given, along with generous annual gifts, by the American yachtsman, Briggs Cunningham. An endowment was raised in the late 1980s, to which over a hundred individuals have contributed. At Mystic, as one phase of the Historical Association's training programs, BRILLIANT offers cruises to a variety of would-be-salty groups. And although her rig has been somewhat modernized, (in 1945 she was given longer masts, but retained the double-gaff rig until 1958 when the mainsail was converted to Marconi), she still provides the essential experience of manning a classic seaboot.

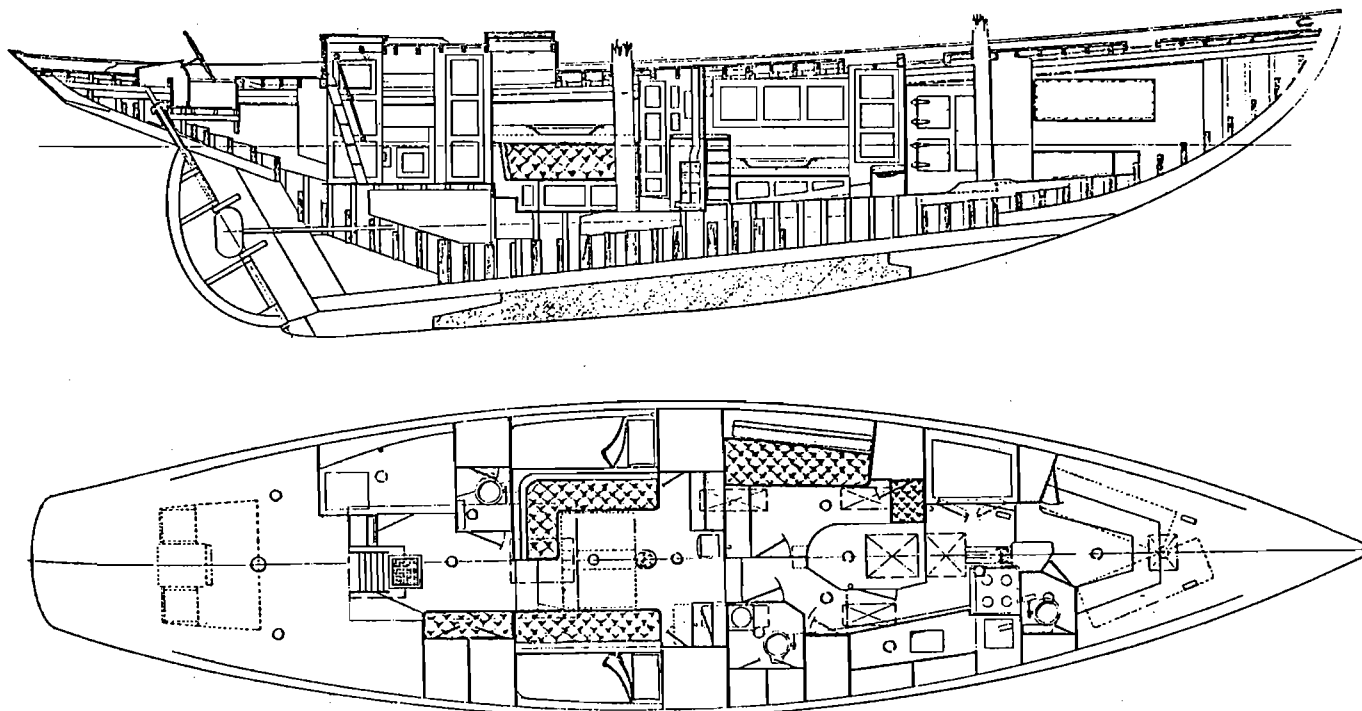
One of the original BRILLIANT con-

cepts that may still be seen today is the engine room completely encased in metal (for protection against explosions and leakage of fuel or vapors), and located well forward between the masts. Although this is perhaps the best place for the engine room, freeing engineers from the usual stooping and crawling, it demands that the engine be equipped with an extra-long shaft. The large galley wraps conveniently around the engine room.

Olin is well-pleased with the way Mystic has maintained BRILLIANT, as well as with the role BRILLIANT continues to play in getting new generations of Americans ready for seagoing.

Special thanks to George Moffett at Mystic for his help with this article.

This excerpt from The Best of the Best by Francis S. Kinney and Russell Bourne, was reprinted with kind permission from the publisher, W. W. Norton. The book is due to be published in fall 1994. It features descriptions, histories, plans, and photographs of Sparkman & Stephens' most-admired yacht designs. Priced at \$50.00, with 200 illustrations. To order, call 1-800-233-4830.



DOGWATCH

For a long time the debate has simmered, if not boiled, as to whether or not the owners of traditional wooden vessels should enter their sometimes fragile treasures in competitive events, particularly the races that move up the Eastern circuit. Perhaps the most definite stand on the issue was taken over a year ago by the Board of Directors of Mystic Seaport, when it refused to permit BRILLIANT to race. (An opposing view was subsequently presented in this column.)

Cause to reconsider my original position arose during this year's Mayor's Cup Race in New York Harbor, when the start of the schooner class produced potentially the most catastrophic situation this correspondent has witnessed in almost thirty years of attending these events. Had not those responsible for the restoration of the LETTIE G. had the foresight to ensure the vessel had a good working engine, a real disaster could have taken place.

For those that missed it, here is a recap of events: The course was posted late, with an upwind and downtide start, in light and flukey winds. As a result, five or six schooners arrived at the windward end of the line (by the Committee Boat) at the same time. It should be noted that the length of the starting line was not a factor;

everyone, understandably, headed for the favored end of the line. Had the wind been stronger, or more consistent, perhaps the start would have been clean and easy, but there was so little breeze that some of the boats were just drifting their way towards the line. Only timely decisions by several boats to start their engines allowed most of the vessels enough room to work themselves clear of the traffic jam (although one schooner fouled the Committee Boat).

I am not assigning blame here, but I do think that if we are going to continue to race, the responsibility for safe racing lies with everybody. It is up to the sponsoring organization to exercise good judgement in the timing of the event and in their selection of a knowledgeable Race Committee. While the location of an event may be beyond the control of the sponsoring organization, it does raise the question of whether or not an event should be held in that location in the first place.

The Race Committee needs to select and post a course based on existing conditions. This committee should consist of individuals experienced in the laying of starting lines and the timing of starts, and knowledgeable about the sailing capabilities of the vessels and rigs involved in the race. And the skippers and boat owners should be well versed in the rules of rac-

ing, particularly during starts and while rounding marks.

In the future can we avoid dangerous situations like the one which occurred at the Mayor's Cup? No racing at all? Fewer races, but only in specific (read: safe) areas of water? Mandatory one-mile wide starting lines? Downwind starts? Individual starts on the honor system? Starts with engines running? Beats me... I will say that starting boats two at a time, in a modified match race format in the confined area of Gloucester's inner harbor worked very well, when we did this at the first ASA International Schooner Rendezvous.

I'm not for declaring a total ban on racing, if only because of the strong inclination boat owners have to match their vessel against any other that appears on the horizon. Besides, races can be a hell of a lot of fun and a good test of boat, skipper, and crew—if the races are well-run and everyone involved exercises a modicum of reasoned judgement. For those who choose to race: watch the tides, keep clear, and keep a finger on that starter button.

So much for the soapbox, but those cards and letters seem to have stopped coming....

Sam Hoyt



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