



WING & WING

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The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

BARLOVENTO

*LOA: 64'5"**LOW: 50'**Beam: 15'6"**Draft: 9'6"**Sail Area: 2,419 sq. ft.**Displ: 45 tons*

The Early Years

In the early thirties many large fine yachts were built, among them the 64-foot schooner BARLOVENTO. Designed by Henry Gruber of Cox and Stephens for Pierre S. duPont, she was launched just in time for the 1932 Bermuda Race.

Nearly thirty boats were on the starting line that year, the largest being the 78-foot schooner ADRIANA. The large fast cutter HIGHLAND LIGHT was first over the line, followed by the schooners GRENADIER, BARLOVENTO (sailed by duPont), and MALABAR X (sailed by John Alden).

MALABAR X and BARLOVENTO charged on through the night with freshening winds and squalls in their teeth. Threshing along to windward, they averaged a speed of over eight-and-a-half knots, which they maintained for the entire race.

MALABAR X and BARLOVENTO, with six hundred miles in their wake were neck and neck at the Kitchen Shoals buoy. The race was tight, but MALABAR X edged out BARLOVENTO by minutes only as they flew over the finish line.

The duPonts vigorously campaigned BARLOVENTO along the Atlantic seaboard, acquiring a respectable number of wins. Long and lean with a tremendous rig, she became a familiar sight out in front with

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At left: BARLOVENTO. Photo provided by Craig Downey.



THE MYSTIC SEAPORT SCHOONER RACE

As Bill Ames so aptly put it, this was the first time in his twenty-seven years as handicapper of the Mystic Seaport Schooner Race that a nor'wester blew all day. And blow it did. With crystal clear weather and twenty-plus knots of wind, the thirteen schooners that took the start in Fisher's Island Sound had one of the most perfect race days in recent memory.

The frosting on the cake was the seventeen mile course selected by the Race Committee, which ran east to Stonington, west to New London, and back east to the finish at Seaflower Reef. That translated to a broad reach on port tack, full and by on starboard, one quick inshore tack to round the mark off New London, then broad reach back to the finish.

Every boat carried full working sail and hull speed all day long. No fancy tactics, just a real drag race and a true test of out-and-out boat speed.

Since Mystic Seaport's own schooner, BRILLIANT, has been scaling down her race participation in recent years and not competing for trophies in her "home" event, her longtime rival, Don Glassie, decided that his schooner, FORTUNE, couldn't allow BRILLIANT and skipper George Moffett to

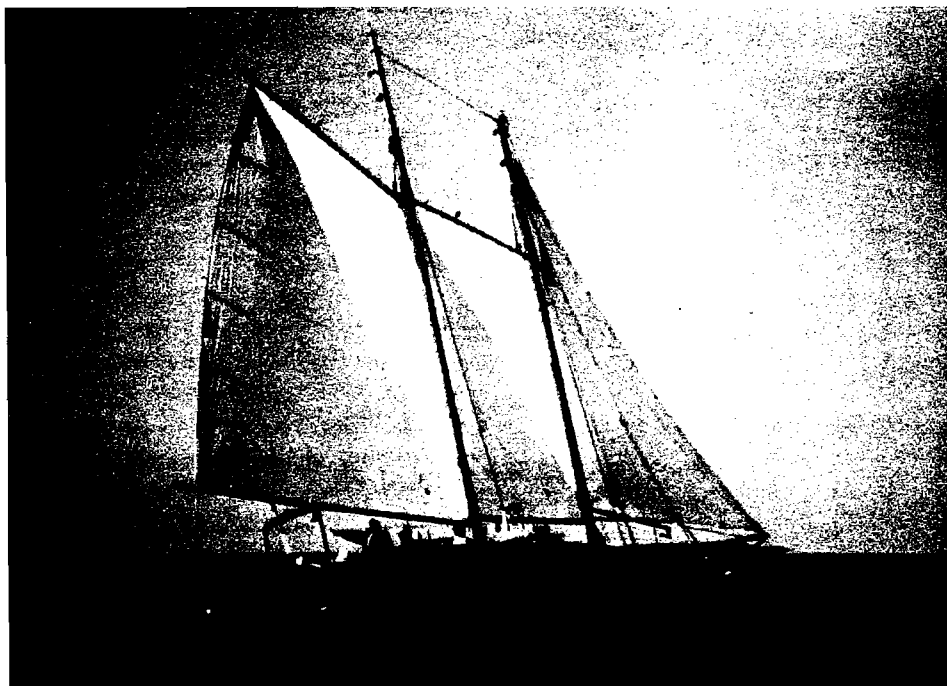
get too stale. Don presented the Seaport with a trophy named the BRILLIANT Challenge Cup, to be earned by boat-for-boat racing—no handicaps and no sail limitations, except no spinnakers.

George immediately accepted the challenge and it sounded like such fun that WHEN AND IF also joined in as part of this special Class A.

In Class C, which started first, the "regulars" found themselves being blown away by a newcomer to the Mystic Race, the 33-foot GREEN DRAGON, from Manchester, MA. Her skipper, Allan Benzanson, had met several ASA schooners in Maine at the WoodenBoat Show and was encouraged to bring his handsome gaff rigger, modeled on the lines of a friendship sloop hull, down from Cape Ann.

GREEN DRAGON not only easily captured class honors, but also carried home the Soundings Trophy for best corrected time by a gaff schooner and the BRILLIANT Trophy for best corrected time in the entire fleet. Second place in Class C went to John Turner's EASTERN PASSAGE, followed by JOHN PAUL JONES in third, GOLDEN GOOSE in fourth, and WE'RE HERE was fifth.

GREEN DRAGON, winner of the Mystic Schooner Race, 1994. Photo by Vern Brady.



Class B was led by a trio of John Alden schooners, all recently restored and all looking superb. SPIRIT claimed first place and also the Billy Atkin Memorial Trophy for first vessel to cross the finish line. TALISMAN, ably skippered by Al Berry who was filling in for Bob Fitzgerald, took second, and Past-Commodore Mark Faulstick's ADVENTURER was third. Fourth was COMPELLER, up from the Chesapeake for her first Mystic Race, and fifth was DEFIANCE, looking as salty as ever.

Class A, which may become a permanent racing class, provided lots of spectacle but somewhat predictable results as BRILLIANT captured the Challenge Cup, finishing ahead of FORTUNE and WHEN AND IF.

Back in commission after her three-year rebuild at Gannon and Benjamin, WHEN AND IF looked truly outstanding and was awarded the Director's Prize in special recognition of the tremendous restoration efforts put forth by G & B, Jim Mairs, Gina Webster, skipper Jim Lobdell, Ginny Lobdell, and all the vineyard crew.

It was a memorable weekend at Mystic and the only improvement we could wish for is that more schooners would make effort to join in the fun next year.

Vern Brady

More fall race results and photos are printed on pages 11-12.

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THE GREAT CHESAPEAKE BAY SCHOONER RACE

Schooner racing on the Chesapeake Bay has its roots in the trade rivalry between Baltimore, Maryland, at the upper or north end of the bay, and Norfolk, Virginia, at the lower or south end. Before the construction of a rail link between the two cities, all commerce that moved up and down the bay went by water, and until the development of the steamship this trade was with sail power. The vessel that could get her cargo to its destination first could not only get the best price for that cargo, but would also have first choice of the return cargo.

We no longer move cargo by sail in the Bay, but we do have a considerable number of boats whose primary power is sail.

At the launching of PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II, a challenge was thrown down by Captain Lane Briggs of the tugantine NORFOLK REBEL. The challenge was a race between PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II and NORFOLK REBEL from Baltimore to Norfolk, with the loser buying the beer at the finish. The challenge was accepted and the idea of an annual schooner race was born.

It took several years and more than just a few phone calls to put the project together, but the first race was sailed in mid-October, 1990, with a fleet of seven schooners. Due to a prior commitment, this first race unfortunately did not include PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II.

As is always the case with sailing, the weather has the last word and the first race had to be shortened to a 5.5-mile drifting contest, due to the conflicting schedule between the ETA of the racers and a hurri-

cane named Lila.

The high point of the race was a close dash to the finish in freshening air between BONNY ROVER, a gaff schooner with a 40-foot waterline, and CLIPPER CITY, also a gaff rigger, but with an 85-foot waterline. At the last minute BONNY edged out her larger rival to take First on corrected time.

The following year, same time, same place, the second race was held. Again seven schooners were entered, and again, PRIDE could not make the race.

About an hour after a light-air start, the race was hit by a hard blast of wind that caught FLUTTERBY, the lead boat, off guard, and knocked her down. The remainder of the fleet, now warned, was able to let fly sheets and weather the blast with a minimum of difficulty.

After the excitement, the wind settled into a steady 25-knot northerly, pushing everybody down the Bay until around midnight, when the wind stopped blowing altogether. When the sun came up, the fleet was spread over a ten-to-fifteen-mile area centered at the Potomac River, waiting for the wind to pick up again. The wind did finally fill in but was now forward of the beam and the race was back on.

Again there was a dash to the finish, this time between the 90-foot gaff-rigged BILL OF RIGHTS and FLUTTERBY, a staysail schooner with a waterline of 43 feet. BILL OF RIGHTS prevailed, finishing fifteen minutes ahead of FLUTTERBY, to take First to Finish honors after 108 miles. The winner on corrected time was again BONNY ROVER, the boat to beat.

The third week in October, 1992, was the time set for the third race, and this time PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II was on hand to defend her original challenge. And defend it she did! Against a fleet of twelve schooners, with a fresh breeze from the south, PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II marched away from the fleet, finishing the 120-mile race in 28 hours and 04 minutes, almost 5 hours ahead of the next boat. PRIDE was both First to Finish and First on corrected time.

The larger boats were able to finish early enough to avoid the cold front that caught the smaller boats in the early morning hours on Saturday. The wind shift was welcome, but the force of the front caused damage to several boats, causing them to withdraw.

The last boat to finish was the 41-foot gaff-rigged PATRICIA DEVINE, with an elapsed time of 44 hours and 11 minutes. She placed fifth, despite losing the use of her mainsail due to storm damage.

The fourth annual race started at 1430, October 14, 1993, with sixteen boats trying to get across the line against a flood current in very light southerly air. The fleet was divided into three classes, but since all boats start at the same time, the scene was quite impressive.

Three boats were able to break free: Mystic Seaport's BRILLIANT, WOODWIND, from Annapolis, and FLUTTERBY, from Norfolk. All three headed for the eastern shore where they began to open a lead on the rest of the fleet.

The smallest boat in the race, FOON-YEN, from Solomons Island was moving nicely down the Bay, hugging the western shore, and might have finished well had

(Cont. on page 9.)

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MAHONE BAY: A GOOD PLACE FOR DREAMERS



(This article appeared in the Spring 1994 issue of This Country Canada. © Tom Gallant. Reprinted with permission from Tom Gallant. Photo above: Tom Gallant, by Jim Mairs.)

I see them from time to time, driving up and down the Nova Scotia coast—lonesome strangers, each with the persistent dream of discovering a well-found schooner in some secret cove. These arm-chair sailors make timid pilgrimages to this storied place hoping that maybe, just maybe, their dream schooner lies at anchor around the next bend. But they've got their work cut out for them. If they want a boat, they'll likely have to find a builder first. And of all the boatbuilders I know, only one has a sign on his shop, and that would be easy to miss. These craftsmen are interested in one thing alone—building a good boat. They are like holy men in their dedication, unwavering in the belief that their way of making them is the only way.

So, pity the poor pilgrim who, after

endless hours of dreaming, finally finds himself on the shores of Mahone Bay, Nova Scotia. If he's at all shy he might leave with a broken heart and the sure conviction that the schooner days are long gone. I'm glad to say he'd be wrong, and quick to add that I understand his plight—I've been there.

In the mid-seventies I left a thriving career in Toronto and found myself an old sea captain's house on the shore [of Mahone Bay]. In the back of my mind was the idea of pursuing my childhood dream of owning a schooner. There were other reasons for moving. I have family connections in the Bay and summered here as a child. The place held a powerful magic for me. I still feel lighter when I return from that dangerous and untrustworthy place we call "away." Shortly after settling in, I began looking for a schooner; driving along the coastline, haunting wharves and marinas, searching for that vessel of my dreams. How I found her and made her mine is one of my favorite love stories. I tell it whenever a stranger with a faraway look finds me at work on the deck. I tell it slowly, making them work for the details. Lessons easily learned are easily lost.

So the dreamer on the dock begins his education. At first he walks up and down, staring at AVENGER. I love to watch the wonder as he stares at her. Then a tentative opening...

"Nice boat."

"I like her." (I don't look up.)

"Was she build around here?"

"David Stevens."

Here we separate the idle lookers from the serious dreamers. Anyone who knows anything about schooners has heard of David. His boats have a reputation for beauty, speed and seaworthiness. They also last a long time. He was a legendary racing skipper, possessed of a powerful charm. If the stranger is suitably impressed by the name, the lesson can begin in earnest. I wait for the next question.

"Had her long?"

"Since '79."

"Been anywhere in her?"

"Maritimes, Newfoundland, New

England, Caribbean as far as Grenada, Bermuda... around."

"I've always wanted to do that."

"Why don't you?"

"Well... I've got a family and a job a mortgage and..." His voice trails off as he stares at the boat. Then comes the moment of truth.

"Any more like her around?"

"Steve Slaunwhite's got a new one in his shop. Sort of a MALABAR II he's building for a fellow from Quebec. John Steele just launched a real big one called TREE OF LIFE for a fellow from the States. There's three or four other fellows around who could build you a good one. What do you have in mind?"

"Well, I've always liked schooners."

I look up from my work and give him the once-over. It's a Maritime thing and you've got to do it, or you lose your citizenship. You sort of squint at the fellow with your mouth open as if you might speak, you look down, then you look up again. When you look up is the key. You've got to catch them off guard—it undermines their basic Upper Canadian superiority complex just enough to enable communication. Then I say the magic words, the words he's been aching to hear.

"Like to come aboard?"

You watch this closely. If he grabs a shroud and swings down, landing lightly on the deck, you've just sold a schooner and there'll be enough rum around to get through winter. Mind you, it almost never happens and this occasion is no exception. We go below and I pour the appropriate drink to bask in the unabashed lust my beloved vessel is causing. Then I tell the story.

It was David Stevens sold me this boat. I'd been sniffing around her for almost a year, but hadn't worked up the courage to buy her. One Friday evening the phone rang:

"This is David Stevens. I've got some landlubbers from Ottawa coming for a sail on KATHI ANNE II tomorrow and I could use a sailor. Are you interested?"

Interested? I was positively vibrating. We arrange to meet at nine. I can't sleep. I'd met David a couple of times when visiting his son Murray's boat shop, but we weren't friends and I revered him much to ask if I could go sailing with him.

Now he'd asked me.

I'm on the beach waiting for him at eight. In her cradle on that beach is AVENGER, looking neglected but powerful and beautiful nonetheless. I hear David's old tractor chugging down the hill and go to meet him.

"Morning Tom. Lovely day for a sail."

The morning is cool and sunny, the water like glass. KATHI ANNE II is suspended over her mirror image. We stare at her for a moment before grabbing one of David's "ten dollar boats"—as he calls his rowing skiffs—and dragging it down the beach.

"Be a breeze of wind later on. Let's open her up and get her ready to go."

David rows the skiff easily and is obviously a very happy man. It's a real challenge, this kind of happiness. It makes you wonder what you've been doing wrong, and what you don't know that you should. He deftly comes up alongside the schooner and holds the skiff off so I can get aboard, then hands me the line and comes aboard himself. He moves effortlessly, neither fast nor slow, but in a contained way. He walks around the boat, shows me "where all the strings go" and then leaves to go ashore for the guests. I sit at the helm of KATHI ANNE II and stare at AVENGER on the beach. It's about as much beauty as a man can stand all at once. I'm half way to Tahiti when David return with our guests. We help them aboard and get them situated in the cockpit. I go forward, raise the main and fore, then drop the mooring line. I raise the big, club-footed jib and back it at David's word. She falls away from the mooring post, gathers way and ghosts out of the anchorage. Standing at the foot of the foremast, I look back at David. We are both smiling like idiots.

"And that's how I bought AVENGER," I tell my pilgrim. He's putty in my hands now. I could sell him an old scallop dragger. But I'm not like that. I want him to understand what's so important about all this, but I can't tell him straight out. It's too precious and rare. But the pilgrim is not up for a Maritime rant. He wants to look at boats. He's looking dangerous with a firm jaw and a clear eye. I decide I'd better give him a tour.

"Go to Chester," I tell him. "Look up Ben Heisler and Gerald Stevens. Both are

retired now, so they've got some time to talk. Ben knows how to make a boat go really fast. His boats were always giving David trouble. Gerald's got a great eye. He's designed a lot of sweet little schooners. If you want a smallish one, he'll have lots to show you. You might want to take some rum."

We climb up on the wharf and stand for a silent moment, looking at AVENGER. Then he's on his way and I climb back aboard and go below. I sit and think about what it used to be like twenty years ago when a man wanted a boat. He'd go to his first choice for a builder and see if he had some time. If he did they'd talk.

"I was thinking of going south someday, so she'll have to keep the sea well and carry a fair load. But I never could stand a slow boat, so not too wide... not too heavy. I like to run in the bad blows, so she'll want a buoyant bow. Wouldn't mind a flush deck forward so she's easy to work."

The builder chews on this for a while, thinking of other models he's made and how they worked.

You'll never squeeze all that in a small one. Have to be damn near fifty feet."

"Try to keep it a little under that."

"She'll need a lot of freeboard... mor'n I ordinarily like."

"Well, if her sheer's sweet enough..."

They'll go on like that for hours and hours. Other boats will be discussed—the unforgettable sweethearts and cranky mistakes. The talk will be rich and expansive at first, for the owner/builder relationship is one of God's great mysteries, like marriage—not to be understood, but rather enjoyed, nurtured and at times endured. Finally, the deal will be struck and a half-model carved by the builder.

Many hours of scrutiny will then be lavished on this scale model of half the hull of the boat. Sometimes more than one will be made. Finally one design will warm the hearts of all involved and the lines will be lifted off the model and laid down full-size on the shop floor. Then they'll chip out the keel and stem, rudderpost, tail feathers and horn timber, midships and quarter stations and wrap battens lengthwise around these and there she'll be, standing full-size in the shop.

Gossamer lines in wood, sweeping curves, all potential. Then the frames will be steamed and bent in and the planks laid over the frames and fastened... and so on and so on. A beautiful and demanding craft, always verging on art but locked in the practical demand of going to sea.

David showed me this process. I watched him build three schooners and a sloop for fun after he had retired. He just couldn't stop doing it. He would sit among the shavings of the work in progress and tell me what he was up to.

"A boat's the nearest thing to a living being that a man can make with his hands."

He said that to me many times. I've never had cause to doubt him. He was a master in his shop and a student at the helm, for this is how it must be.

I wonder if my pilgrim is serious, or just getting a dose of "quaint" before he goes home and buys one of those Clorox bottles they call boats nowadays.

Boatbuilding is a way of life here in the bay. It's largely a self-sufficient community that prides itself on the custom-made. AVENGER's sails were built at Harold Stevens' loft, a short walk from David Stevens' shop. The blocks were made by Arthur Dauphinee, David's nephew, in Lunenburg. The hardware was cast in bronze from David's patterns at the Lunenburg foundry. The only part that wasn't made here was the engine—and that could have been. AVENGER's keel came from an oak cut from David's woodlot. I remember the day he showed me the stump. I was unexpectedly moved. There I was, talking to a man who knew his land so well he could show you every good piece and tell you what kind of boat it would suit. He worked the land quietly and intelligently and would have laughed till he hurt if he heard the vain trumpeting of those who consider sustainable development a new idea.

For a while the family tradition was carried on by David's son, Murray, who built some wonderful boats before moving on to other things. The biggest was RAINDANCER. I remember a day when I was sitting on her stern in the shop. I looked down from the stern and there were
(Cont. next page.)

(DREAMERS: Cont. from previous page.)

David and his grandson, chipping out the keel of COMET, a schooner David was building for his grandchildren. She was being built to a half-model carved by Amos Stevens—David's grandfather. In one instant, I was wrapped in five generations of boatbuilding continuity. Would that such things could last, but they can't. The market for wooden boats went soft and Murray closed the shop. His son thought seriously about becoming a builder, but opted for business instead. David died with his last schooner still in the shop, nearly finished. She's there now, bereft of her master's hand, but still beautiful. I often wonder what will become of her. Should I take the pilgrim to see her? Not if I thought he'd try to buy her. If he turned out to be the kind of owner who can't hear his boat talking, my soul would never be able to rest.

When wooden boats are new they are very quiet. But after they are wracked and pounded by the sea, they begin to creak and groan. Each creak is a message and the wise sailor can tell the difference between idle conversation, the vicissitudes of age, and serious complaining about real problems. All that is required to keep a boat sailing for fifty or a hundred years is attention and understanding. The boat will tell you what to do. Ignore her at your peril.

Schooners sailing around some of Mahone Bay's 365 islands. Photo by Jim Mairs.

How do you explain these things to a pilgrim from the city with a romantic dream about schooners? Maybe what I'll do, if he's ready, is introduce the pilgrim to Bill Lutwick and Steve Slaunwhite.

Bill is ready to build a big one. He's served a hard apprenticeship fixing everything from hundred-year-old masterpieces to nasty old fishing boats that refuse to die from force of habit. He's shown an eye for design in some of the small skiffs he's designed and built, and has a couple of schooner half-models that look ready. Bill and his brother Graham are "schooner obsessive." They'd rather whittle half-models and argue the possibilities than eat. I love to stand around the stove at their shop and torment them.

"So, when are you guys going to build that 40-footer?"

"We've got the wood," says Bill. "I just can't get Graham to settle on how big she'll be."

"Yeah, yeah, I've heard that for years. Build her as big as you can with the wood you've got and be done with it."

"It's not that simple. I like the model for the 38-footer, but Graham wants a flush deck and..."

And we're off. Before the day's over we'll have built five schooners and whatever job the poor souls were working on will be running a little late. I feel guilty about it. Really.

Steve Slaunwhite is the senior builder on the shore now and he's worthy of the

position; a fine designer and as good a builder as there's ever been.

I have mixed feelings about taking the pilgrim to a builder. I want to know he'll be humble in the face of the experience. Any of the builders I could introduce him to have spent their lives in the hope of creating the perfect schooner. All of them have developed an eye for what is beautiful and a feel for what is right. It's not based on logic alone, but on a combination of logic, intuition and experience.

Mahone Bay has always had plenty of gifted builders and designers; perhaps the bay itself has engendered these talents. Just as Nova Scotia has called forth so much beautiful music as the only reasonable response to the place, beautiful boats are what Mahone Bay demands. It's a perfect place to sail. The largest bay on the south shore of Nova Scotia, Mahone Bay is bracketed by the Aspotogan Peninsula on the north and Hell's Rackets to the south, with a spray of islands at the mouth. It's protected, except for the dreaded Easterly which carries the full force of the North Atlantic Ocean. But the bay has plenty of safe havens when the wind is in the wrong quarter. Local folklore has it that the bay hold 365 islands, one for every day of the year. I've sailed the bay years and can't find the last hundred or so islands. It's a vain claim, but the bay needs no records, it's beautiful enough.

Not surprisingly, my pilgrim returns one day for a second look at AVENGER, a little rum and more talk, this time about sailing. I begin, expressing the opinion that it's a



canard believed by most modern sailors that gaff schooners won't go to windward. Don't tell that to a Mahone Bay builder, I assert. They make schooners here that'll go to windward when everyone else is running for cover. KATHI ANNE II seems to like it best when there's a steep sea running. Watching her drive to weather in a gale is akin to watching Karen Kain dance. She seems to be enjoying herself.

AVENGER is different. She is stoic and worker-like going upwind, but crack her off a little and she begins to dance and sing. It's weight more than anything else. AVENGER is a much heavier boat, built for deep sea work. But she shares with KATHI ANNE II a characteristic of many of David Stevens' boats. She is perfectly balanced. You can lash the helm, trim the sails and she'll take care of things while you go below and make coffee. When you come back on deck, she'll be charging along, right on course. Once, on a passage from the Caribbean, she performed this feat for five days, with only the occasional tweaking of the sheets.

The pilgrim is lost in his dream, but then as if by force of will, he suspends his suspension of disbelief.

"You'd need a wind vane or an autopilot to do that," he says with great authority. He's had enough of my Maritime bullshit. He's read *Cruising World* for years and won't be trifled with any more. He agrees that schooners are beautiful, but no one is going to make his great romantic fantasy practical. It's as if I'm stripping his mistress of her silken hose and replacing the sheer gossamer magic with woolen socks.

"Look," I say, "If you're so committed to having a schooner that sails sideways and looks like an illustration in a kid's storybook, there are designers who will oblige. There are lots of that type around. But you won't find them around this bay. We're not a bunch of anachronistic museum pieces down here. We're sailors and we go to sea. We love boats that move, that do what they're asked. This schooner is as practical a cruising machine as it's possible to build. I'm sorry if that disappoints you."

"Will she really sail herself—even off the wind?"

"Once you know what you're doing. It takes a few years to get it all worked out.

Once I had, I kicked myself because it's so easy. That's the way with these rigs. If you just shut up and listen to the boat, you can do almost anything with them. But you can't push them around. They don't suffer fools gladly."

The poor guy is a mess. He sips his rum and looks around the cabin, his eyes bright. He can see himself doing this, but...

There's a moment in your life—if you're lucky—when you are confronted with the genuine possibility of making a dream come true. It is a terrifying thing. As soon as you try to make them real, dreams have a way of demanding everything you've got and then coming back for more. I know that somewhere in his heart, the pilgrim has this figured out. He wants the schooner all right, he's just not sure he can handle the consequences. I empty my glass of rum and pour another. I tell the pilgrim the truth.

"Look, there's no easy way to do this. As soon as the boat's in the water, the ocean starts trying to get in and sink you. As soon as you move aboard you become an outsider. Some people will resent you for having the guts to do it; others will think you a fool. Everything will change. You'll live and breathe the wind and the tides. You'll always know the phase of the moon. You'll drink more rum. Your hands will get hard and you'll learn something new everyday. You won't live one minute—from the day you buy the boat till the day you die—when you've not worried about something bad happening to her. And if you're at all like me, you'll love every minute of it."

The pilgrim drains his glass and holds it out for a refill. There's bravado in the gesture.

"I knew I was screwed when you first asked me to come aboard."

"So," says I, closing in for the kill, "Are you going to build a schooner or not?"

"Can't see any way out of it," he says and drains his drink. At that, we laugh.

That's the way of this bay. Hundreds drive through and pronounce it quaint and beautiful. Some stop a while and notice there is something different about the place. A few come here with a quiet obsession. They're listening for something. They don't stop in

the towns, are untouched by the charms of tea rooms and boutiques. They get down by the shore and search for what they hope is still here. They stand on empty beaches and haul the salt air deep into their lungs. They hear a distant lament.

These are the accursed interesting times. There's precious little you can do to the Dow Jones or the interest rates. But if you know how, you can take a pile of wood and make a schooner, a vessel that will go to sea and carry you on the wind to any place you've got the wit and courage to find. Charts, a good compass, a time-piece, a sextant, a schooner; if you were to own and understand each of these, you could go far, far away. This is a less daunting and more interesting task when you have at your disposal a few hundred years of serious consideration of the perils and beauties of the undertaking.

I remember David Stevens' shop when he was planking the last schooner. I walked in one day and there, rising out of the jumble of a lifetime of saving the good pieces was a bow so rakish and beautiful that every bit of her purpose was apparent. You could see the sea in that bow. David's joy at what his life had wrought was child-like.

He asked, "What do you think or the old man now?"

"I think you know what you're doing, David. You know exactly what you're doing."

That was the only time he ever asked me for approval. He knew exactly what he was doing. I see Mahone Bay, I think of him. I see a pilgrim, I think of me.

I remember a stormy passage home from Bermuda. It had been five-and-a-half days of hard work in heavy weather. Just before dawn we raised Cross Island Light and the day broke clear and sunny. The wind fell light and we ghosted into Lunenburg with just enough power in the sails to move her. A passage as hard as the one we'd just made can leave you feeling empty. But once inside of Battery Point, after dropping the sails, we stood at the wheel as she slipped along toward the wharf and there was no sweeter landfall. You know what you've done. No applause is necessary.

I hope the pilgrim is up to his dream. This is a good place for dreamers.

Tom Gallant

(BARLOVENTO: *Cont. from p. 1*)
the leaders.

But the Depression created a trend toward smaller, less expensively maintained yachts that could be handled with a smaller crew. BARLOVENTO left the East, making her way to sunnier climes on the West Coast where, reportedly, she took a first in one of the Trans-Pacific races from Los Angeles to Honolulu. But after that, her fortunes steadily declined as she passed from owner to owner, losing some of her luster along the way.

Puget Sound

For some time Craig Downey, a schooner-man from California, had been haunting the docks and waterways of the Northwest. He was not exactly sure just what he was looking for, but knew that he would recognize it when he found it.

Craig knew and loved schooners. He had grown up on his father's boat, a well-known Edson Schock racing schooner named LUCKY STAR. The boat was based in Newport Beach, California, and proved to be good training ground for a future schooner captain.

Craig had also been involved in the total refitting, and the redesign of the rig and sailplan of a schooner. This, combined with years of hardcore schooner racing, made him eager to find his own, perfect boat.

After months of looking, Craig found

what he was looking for in a small, out-of-the-way marina in the south of Puget Sound. If not for his ability to dream and imagine, the boat would have been a daunting sight. The grand old lady was in a state of total disrepair—graying, peeling paint, drooping rigging, and broken lifelines. Most people would have gone no closer.

The next step was to prowl below decks, where the signs of neglect were even worse. All of the forward interior had been ripped out. Flaking, yellowing and peeling paint covered what was left of the paneling. Piles of rusting, nondescript gear littered the boat, mixed in with stacks of damp, mildewed and musty smelling cushions.

But despite the depressing signs of ill treatment and neglect, Craig could picture her in all her glory—new paint, the remnants of the classic Honduras mahogany paneling brought back to life with days and days of scraping, sanding, and coat after coat of varnish to achieve the original glossy finish; the apple-crate style of additions ripped out and replaced with something approximating the original.... Yes, it could be done, but with a lot of hard work.

The Restoration

BARLOVENTO was hauled out and brought to my repair yard in Port Townsend, Washington. Days were spent going through the boat. Lists were made and

sketches were drawn, frequently on scraps of plywood before being transferred to a growing pile of yellow legal tablets, along with copious notes. Sources of hard-to-get material were checked, hardware and lumber were ordered, and the job begun.

Craig and I had gotten to know one another in Costa Mesa, California, in the seventies. When he was a boy he used to come to the yard where I was rebuilding another classic old schooner, the 51-foot Starling Burgess designed ROSE OF SHARON, baby sister to NIÑA.

I had bought ROSE OF SHARON in Lake Michigan in 1970, brought her out of the Lakes, through the Erie Canal and down the Hudson River to New York. We got there just in time to win the Mayor's Cup Race, with the help of Pete Seegar's crew off of the sloop CLEARWATER.

I took ROSE OF SHARON down the East Coast, through the Panama Canal, and up the West Coast to California, where I hauled her out of the water for a rebuild. I removed all of the bottom planking to replace the stem, 90% of the lower frames and all of the floor timbers and keel bolts.

All this work evidently made an impression on Craig, because now, two years later, he felt confident that with some help from me he could take apart and rebuild one of the old classics himself.

Most of BARLOVENTO's problems—besides lack of preventive maintenance—were caused by the use of dissimilar metals, which had caused problems in the upper frame ends. We had to remove most of the planking above the waterline, and remove and replace these affected frames.

The original chain plates were galvanized iron and were riveted to 0.25" x 2" x 5" iron plates. That in itself was a good idea, but the diagonal hull strapping was bronze and to compound the problem the plank fastenings were bronze screws that went through both the bronze strapping and the iron reinforcing plates.

Six months of hard work saw the boat going back together. The planking was replaced, faired, sanded, and painted a brilliant blue. The bulwarks were painted white, and to accent the sheer a coved arrow stripe was let into the sheer strake.

Although work was going apace, "rush was on. Spring was in the air and the first big race of the season was at hand:

Below: BARLOVENTO. Photo provided by Craig Downey.



the classic Mariners' Regatta, sponsored by the Port Townsend Wooden Boat Foundation, was the magnet.

Midnight oil was burned and BARLOVENTO was launched the day before the race. Last minute fittings and sailing gear were put on board and then there she was, ready to win.

Tacking ferociously across the start line against such local notables as the fast Canadian schooner, the 67-foot PASSING CLOUD and the beautiful, powerful 65-foot gaff-topsail schooner, ALCYONE, BARLOVENTO quickly took the lead in a fleet of fifty-three boats and sailed grandly on to a no-contest win—a champion still.

Roy Wildman

AND ABOUT THE MAIL...

A few items about the mail:

1) *Wing & Wing* welcomes your letters, articles, and photos. However, please send them directly to the editor—address on page 3—since mail sent to the ASA's P.O. Box might take a while to get forwarded first to the Secretary, then on to the editor. The deadline for each issue varies, depending on the editor's hectic schedule, so call her at 212-473-7901 (early evening is best).

2) This may seem obvious, but if your address changes, let us know. Some of you are hard to keep track of and your returned newsletters just pile up here.

3) There are rumors that some of you aren't receiving your newsletters, or only some issues make it through the mail. If this is happening to you or to someone you know, TELL THE EDITOR; she'll fix it.

THE PINKY SCHOONER

(The following excerpt is from Roger F. Duncan's Coastal Maine: A Maritime History, published by W. W. Norton, New York. © 1992 by Roger F. Duncan.)

As they rolled at anchor outside Pumpkin Rock, the Camden Hills showing round and blue over the distant land, a sail appeared outside Seguin, came rapidly up over the horizon, and, headed toward Monhegan, passed close aboard. She was a lovely thing. Old Captain Pattishall had never seen anything like her before.

Like the Chebacco boat, she had two masts, each with a gaff-headed sail, but she was much bigger, about 50 feet long, and both masts were stepped farther aft. On her upward-slanted bowsprit was set a big, loose-footed jib, now hanging slack as she ran before the wind. She was running wing-and-wing, the mainsail out to port, the foresail to starboard, each hard full and straining ahead. She pushed a roll of foam under her bluff bow as she bore down on the fishermen. She had a quick sheer, emphasized by a sharp, upward sweep and so exaggerated that the two rails joined beyond the stern in a crotch to hold the boom. Seated comfortably in the angle between the high rails, one of her crew waved his sou'wester as she slipped by, leaving almost no wake behind her fine stern.

Pattishall stared after her, breathless. "What in hell is that?" he asked.

"That's a pinky, come down east for firewood. Sets on the water like a pintail duck, don't she? She's the latest thing in

(Cont. page 11.)

(CHESAPEAKE: Cont. from page 3.)

she not withdrawn before the shortened course had been called for her class.

The light air stayed with most of the fleet, while the leaders enjoyed a little better breeze further south.

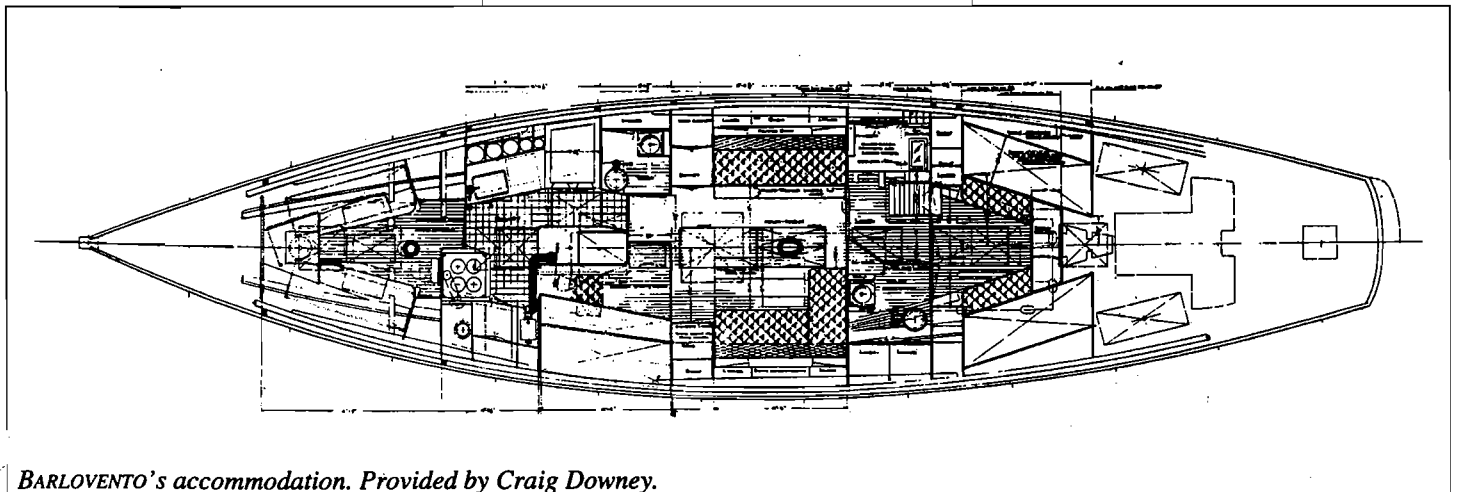
At sunrise on Friday morning the fleet was spread from Windmill Point to Solomons island, where ANNE from St. Michaels and MARILYN from Annapolis had finished first and second, respectively, in the "C" Fleet. Only BRILLIANT and WOODWIND, both in the "A" Fleet had made it passed the mouth of the Potomac River.

With no wind during the daylight hours of Friday, everybody did their best to maintain the position they had worked so hard to earn the night before, and waited for the breeze to fill in. Just before dark the wind began to fill in from the south-east, allowing BRILLIANT, WOODWIND, and FLUTTERBY to finish.

When it was all over, BRILLIANT took First Overall, First in "A" Fleet, and First on corrected time. WOODWIND was Second Overall, Second in "A" Fleet, and Second on corrected time. FLUTTERBY (the only "B" Fleet boat to finish) was Third Overall and First in "B" Fleet.

At the time of this writing, plans are already underway for the fifth sailing of "The Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race" and if half the boats that have shown an interest show up, it will be bigger than ever.

Thomas J. Donan IV
Schooner FLUTTERBY



BARLOVENTO's accommodation. Provided by Craig Downey.

NEW BOOK FROM MYSTIC

Thomas F. McManus literally changed the face of the New England fishing fleet in the first years of the 20th century. Beginning in the 1880s, McManus began to produce vessel designs that for a full 25 years defined the American fishing schooner. And, even when engines and nets changed fishing technology entirely, McManus made influential contributions to the new form of fishing vessel.

Thomas F. McManus and the American Fishing Schooner, however, is not simply the story of one man's naval architectural career, it is the story of one man's life. McManus was American born into a family of Irish immigrants who brought the skills and traditions of Irish sail making with them when they left Skerries.

In this first comprehensive biography of McManus, historian W.M.P. Dunne traces the McManus family's origins, their emigration as skilled artisans from Ireland to Boston in the 1840s, and their successful establishment there as sail makers and fishermen.

Tom McManus began as a fish dealer, but through his work with noted naval architects, he took up designing. Always interested in the lot of his fishermen friends, he made many design improve-

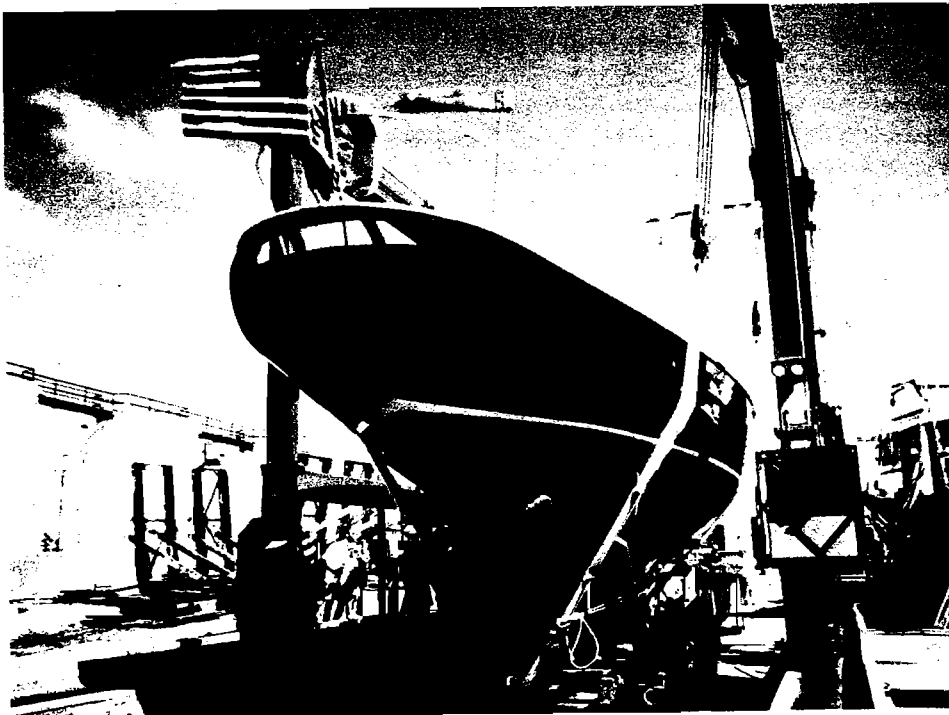
ments to fishing vessels that provided them with safer fishing conditions and a comfortable home at sea. He also promoted fishermen's races, and his schooner HENRY FORD was among the best racing vessels in history.

Dunne's lively text is augmented with 126 striking illustrations and 25 plans, several of which have not been published previously. Anyone wishing to understand the history of American fishing and schooners must read this book. Call 1-800-331-2665 to order.

ASA SCHOONER REGISTER

Phil Smith, our self-appointed historian, has been hard at work updating the ASA schooner register. Since he began work last year Phil has received some response from the membership, but clearly we are missing information on some of our own boats. So... enclosed with this issue of *Wing & Wing* is an information form. Please, if you haven't already done so, fill out the form and return it to Phil (his address is on the form). He's trying to have a rough draft of the register completed in time for the annual meeting this winter, so help him out by returning the form promptly! Photos welcome.

ISHMAEL was launched this summer on Martha's Vineyard. Photo by Ginny Lobdell.



WORK SLOWS ON LARINDA

We've received an update from Larry Mahan, who's been working for twenty-plus years on the construction of LARINDA, a sixty-foot ferro-cement replica of a 176/ schooner. (Larry gave a wonderful talk and slide presentation of the project at the 1993 annual meeting, and wrote a piece on the history of ship figureheads and carvings—featuring LARINDA's fine cypress frog figurehead—for the Fall 1993 issue of *Wing & Wing*.)

LARINDA was due to be launched this spring on Cape Cod, but in early January a heating oil spill at the alignment shop Larry owns commandeered both his bank account and his free time.

Larry's insurance company did not cover the cost of clean up, the cost for which he bore himself—some \$40,000. Further, the insurance company notified Larry that he was also responsible for bearing the cost of protecting himself against a second accident. Larry switched to gas heat; it turned out to be cheaper to convert the building to gas than to buy a one-year policy to protect against a possible future heating-oil spill.

Work on the schooner, necessarily, come to a near halt while Larry has been dealing with the various expenses caused by the spill. But he has, however, had a great deal of local support. There have been several fundraisers, with local businesses and individuals donating time, labor, and auction goods. As well, the Mahans have been back on the lecture tour.

Larry reports that he has about \$5,000 left to pay and then needs to replenish his savings account before work on the boat can continue. In the meantime, as persistent and determined as ever, Larry and his wife and a volunteer are working Saturdays to maintain the work that has already been done on LARINDA.

Hang in there Larry, and keep us posted!

Let me feel thee again, old sea! Let me leap into thy saddle once more. I am sick of these terra-firma toils and cares; sick of the dust and reek of towns.

—Herman Melville (1819-1851)

(PINKY: Cont. from page 9.)

schooners, Cap.”

“Schooner?”

“Seem’s though up to Gloucester, some time back, Cap Robinson built a small vessel rigged like this here Chebacco with two masts, but he moved them aft a piece, gave her a bowsprit, and set a jib on her. They had a great launching. She shot off the ways halfway across the harbor. ‘See how she schoons!’ said Cap Robinson’s wife. ‘A schooner let her be,’ said Cap [Robinson]. Now you know what a schooner is, and pass the jug, Cap.”

....

(Roger Duncan’s rich and anecdotal history traces Maine’s 400-year maritime history, detailing the state’s role in the development of the United States and emphasizing Maine’s role in the fishing industry. Other themes explored are the demise of the coastal trade when faster transportation was offered by railroads and automobiles and the sudden popularity of yachting after World War II.

This beautifully illustrated history is a vivid panorama of people, land, boats, and water. Available for \$29.95, hardcover. Call 1-800-233-4830.)



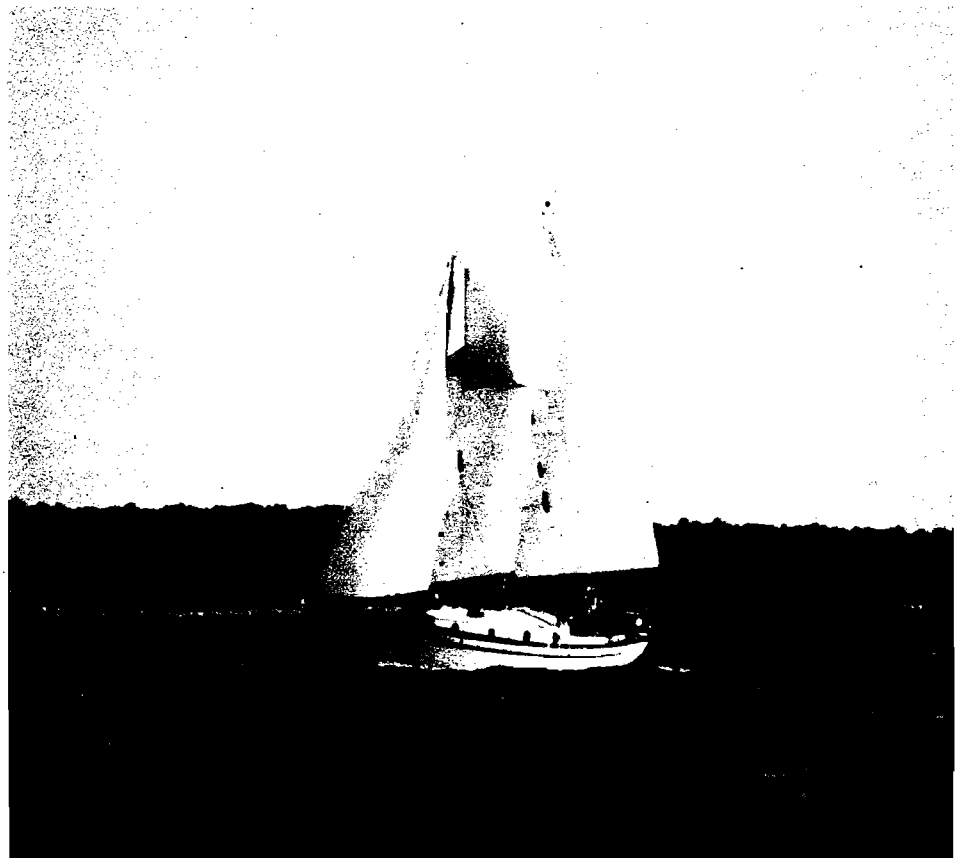
Photo above: BOUNDING HOME—in commission again after eleven years. Below: EASTERN PASSAGE at Mystic. Photos by Vern Brady.

RECENT LAUNCHINGS

We hear from Byron Chamberlain that Leslie McNish and John “Sugar” Flanagan of *ALCYONE* have just had a baby girl: Kate Flanagan, 9lbs plus, was born on the 22nd of October. Mother, father, baby, and grandparents are all fine.

(*ALCYONE* is fine too, and in Southern California preparing for her departure to Australia via everywhere else in the Pacific.)

Also on October 22nd, but on the East Coast, Isabella Bennett was born to parents Beatrice and Bill on Martha’s Vineyard.



RACE RESULTS

Newport, RI

The fifteenth Annual Classic Yacht Regatta was held at the Museum of Yachting, in Newport, RI, on Saturday, September 3. This year there was actually enough wind to enable the schooner class to finish. Results were as follows: First Place, SPIRIT; Second Place, TALISMAN; Third Place, WHEN AND IF. ADVENTURER, WINTERWOOD, and JOHANNA LUCRETIA rounded out the class.

FORTUNE was racing against the really fast boats in Class A, and finished a respectable fifth, behind such speedy boats as KARIN, SHAMROCK V, NIRVANA, and LEGEND.

On Sunday morning the judging for the Restoration Awards was held, with several schooners taking home prizes. JOHANNA LUCRETIA won the Sweat Equity Award for a major upgrading of a wooden vessel to highest standards by her owners; WINTERWOOD received recognition for a major rebuilding project undertaken by an owner; SPIRIT won Best of Sail; and WHEN AND IF received the Phoenix Award for bringing a boat back from the rocks to the docks.

South Street, NY

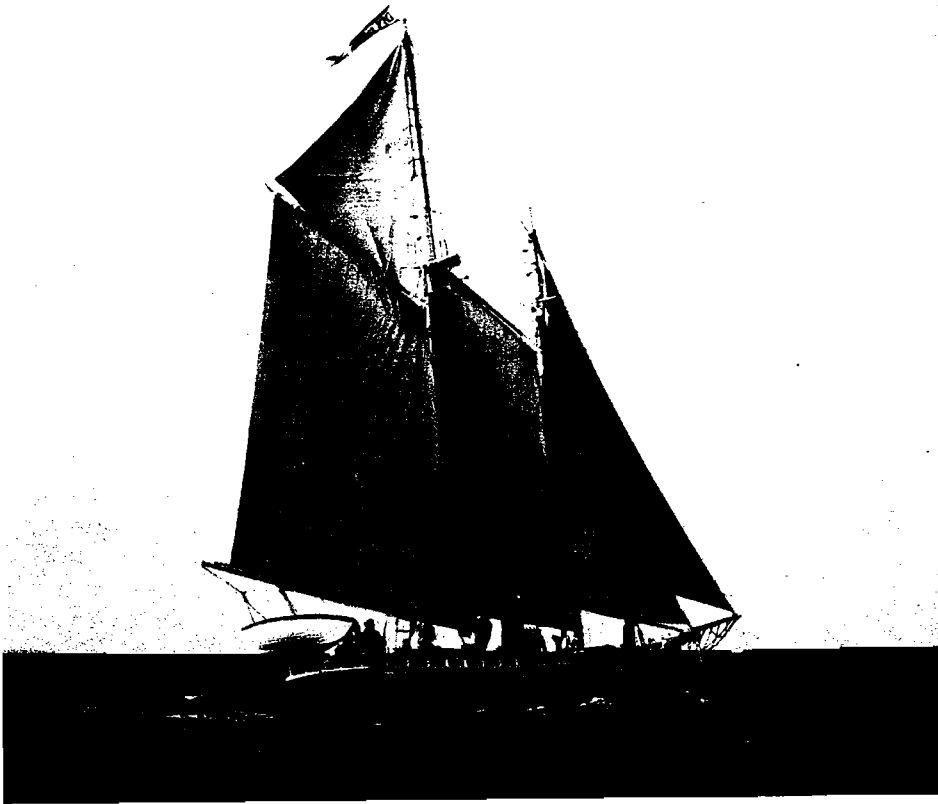
The South Street Seaport Museum's 28th Annual Mayor's Cup Race for Schooners and Classic Yachts was held in New York Harbor on Saturday, September 24. The breeze was variable, but mostly light.

The silver was awarded as follows: Class A, the schooner class, was won by TALISMAN, with MYTH coming in second.

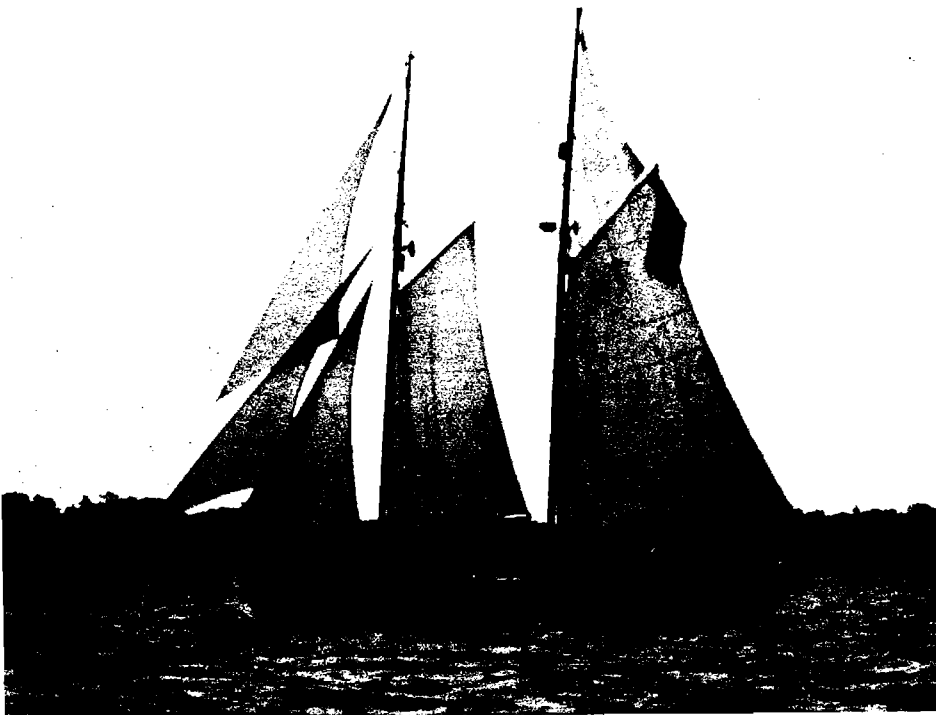
Both the Mayor's Cup, for the schooner with the best corrected time, and the Knickerbocker Yacht Club trophy, for outstanding performance of seamanship, went to TALISMAN. MYTH picked up the Decorsy Fans Award (also known as the Cook's Award) for being the last to finish.

*Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t'have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts
crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows
air.*

—George Chapman (1559-1634)



Mystic Seaport Race, 1994. Above: DEFIANCE. Below: COMPELLER. Photos by Vern Brady.



DOGWATCH

Manhasset Bay Yacht Club, which hosted ASA participants at a delightful soiree prior to the 1986 OpSail extravaganza, wants to include classic vessels as part of a program to mark the 100th anniversary of the Yacht Racing Association of Long Island Sound. Former MBYC Commodore Roger Shope, recently elected President of NAYRU and a longtime friend of schooners, wants to make sure that schooners are represented at races held the second and third weeks in August. There will be nine or ten S-Class boats participating and the New York 32 SALTY has accepted. Additionally, three new Manhasset Bay One-Designs are currently being built at the Landing School in Maine, which will bring the MBOD fleet up to 13. Roger also believes that the American Yacht Club in Rye, NY, may host a traditional boat race in July. More details at the annual meeting.

Most reports indicate that the WoodenBoat Show and Eggemoggin Reach Regatta were well run, well attended, and successful. (See Summer 1994 *Wing & Wing*.) We hear from a report in *Scoon*, the Nova Scotia Schooner Association's newsletter, about a conversation overheard at the show between an unidentified male (likely a glass sloop owner) and HEBRIDEE II's venerable skipper Ed Murphy while in the vicinity of the schooner: UIMale: "Can one man handle a boat like this?" EM: "Well, if he's a man like me." That's telling them, Ed.

WoodenBoat (the magazine, not the show) ran an 8-page photo spread of the Regatta and, while the pics were of sterling quality, why'd they make them so small? BRILLIANT, WHEN AND IF, and CHRISTMAS all made the spread with appropriately flattering remarks from the rag's new editor, Matt Murphy. But someone should ask George Moffett about the curious manner he's rigging what appears to be his port backstay. Whatever it is, it could cost the endowment a new mainsail.

Our Novie brethren and sistren announced another banner year of racing in *Scoon*. Several new schooners made appearances with varying degrees of success, chief

Upcoming Events

Classic Yacht Rendezvous
Key Largo, FL
305-367-2611 ext:7741
December 9-11

*Exhibition of Antonio Jacobsen's
Painted Ships*
Mariner's Museum, Newport News, VA
804-595-0368
ongoing through February 19

*American Schooner Association
Annual Meeting*
Mystic Seaport, Mystic, CT
Saturday, February 4, 1995

****watch your mailboxes for more info****

among them, David Stephen's last creation, DOROTHY LOUISE, sailed by the old crew of SEBIM and owned by Henry Endres, who sold SEBIM to Vern Brady.

Another newcomer is named FENG SHUI (pronounced "fung schway" if anybody except maybe Jeff Robinson cares) and is owned by the resident brewmeister of Panyu, China, who, nevertheless plans to be back sailing in Nova Scotia in '95. That's quite a commute.

And they're still fiddling with new and ever more arcane rating systems up east. In that connection, Alf Lohnes has come to the startling conclusion that the schooner with the greatest "speed length ratio" (SLR) usually wins the races. Glad to see Alf's still on top of things. SLR equals *average speed* divided by the square root of the LWL. Up there they determine a schooner's average speed by the number of Schooner Beer cans trailing in its wake.

DAS BOOT, Revisited: Actually, accommodations aboard the original were palatial compared to those on our old friend BOUNDING HOME during a mid-September run from Norwalk, CT, to Gibson Island, MD. Cruising correspondent and would-be boat bum Vern Brady joined Tom Schiller and crew in Atlantic Highlands, NJ, just as the monsoons started. Vern reports that efforts to stay dry (down below, yet) included ingenious use of plastic tarps and a staple gun, all to no avail. But BOUNDING HOME is finally at her new home, where, hopefully, her long anticipated refitting will be completed.

On the Beach Department: DOGWATCH'S erstwhile scribe spent the bet-

ter part of the boating season eyeballing New York Harbor from the 30th floor of the World Trade Center. Very few schooners, but PIONEER, looking very nice indeed, put in a daily appearance. High point of the period was the arrival of DANMARK, under full sail, at 9:00 of a Monday morning. She sailed up the North River and tacked just above the WTC and furled all sail as she headed back to the Battery to turn for South Street. The moral: getting to work on time pays.

Traffic in and out of North Basin was uniformly depressing with only one good boat, an 80-foot British-built gaff cutter named WHITE EAGLE. The rest was the usual assortment of megamotorsailers, glass go-fasters, and your run-of-the-mill \$2-3 million jukeboxes. Oh, well.

DOGWATCH did actually get on the water this summer; an epic five-day motor from Atlantic Highlands, NJ, to Mattapoisett, MA, aboard SEBIM, en route to Maine. The weather was dismal and even Mystic Seaport was depressing due to the arrival of the Englewood, NJ, YC cruise. Typical of participants was PILL BOX and its dinghy TABLET. Guess that owner's profession.

At least some old practices still obtain, however. Anchored off Seawanhaka Corinthian YC in Oyster Bay, Long Island, SEBIM was paid a dawn visit by a local burgher out for his morning constitutional in a miniature dory, complete with burgee and ensign. Stopping for some gab, he allowed as how seeing a schooner at anchor had made his morning. Seems like not too many classic vessels stop by any more.

(Cont. next page.)

(DOGWATCH: Cont. from previous page.)

Despite the lousy weather, SEBIM fortuitously arrived in Vineyard Haven just in time to attend the festive relaunching of Fred Murphy's ISHMAEL, a warming event (see photo this issue, page 10), followed by a ride around the harbor on WHEN AND IF as the compass was adjusted.

Skipper Vern Brady is quite pleased with SEBIM's performance under her new rig, and yours truly must agree that she is certainly easier to sail, if less traditional in appearance.

On the racing circuit, there's a new force to be reckoned with in the person of Alan Benzanson of Manchester, MA, and GREEN DRAGON. She's a 32-foot baldheaded gaffer with a Friendship sloop hull, the combination of which obviously works because she took home all the silver at Mystic (see page 2 of this newsletter for other Mystic Race results.) But she was beaten elsewhere by another old nemesis, EBB TIDE, now owned by Keating Wilcox who sailed the brigantine GLAD TIDINGS at the last Gloucester rendezvous. Talk about

a shift in rig.

And, speaking of Gloucester, the skippers of the big cruising schooners collectively get Wimps of the Year awards for their "prudent" decision not to race at the annual Schooner Festival. Ok, it was squally, maybe it blew 25 in gusts and storm warnings were reportedly posted. But how far were they going anyway? Reminds one of the anecdote in *Wake of the Coasters* where a green skipper is contemplating putting into Portland because the weather is making up. He broaches the idea to a veteran coaster captain sailing with him in an advisory capacity, who responds with the rhetorical question, "Be ye bound thar?" I know, they're not my boats.

Short Takes: Bobby Pulsch and KATHLEEN MARY were tied up under the highway bridge in Chesapeake City when along comes Bob Fitzgerald in TALISMAN, so they had a nice visit.

Shades of Teddy Charles and the old Seven Seas Sailing Club. An alumna of that revered group, Arden Scott, now of

Greenport, CT, was honored at the Gloucester festival for sailing her self-built schooner ANNIE from farther away. And the ERNESTINA was also honored on the occasion of her 100th birthday.

And WHEN AND IF's transAtlantic crossing will probably have to wait awhile as a new crewmember is expected early next spring. Heartiest congratulations to Gina and Jim.... But I still want to go when the schooner does.

Finally, if you're in the petition-signing mode, the Wild Goose Association, so named for the spectacular navigational abilities of the bird, is striving mightily to save the Loran-C system, which it fears will be phased out by the USCG well prior to the scheduled 2015 date. Why? GPS works too well and the USCG has some nagging budget constraints. (Who doesn't?) If anyone wants to jump on board, contact Megapulse in Bedford, MA, at 617-275-2010. Don't tell them you read it here.

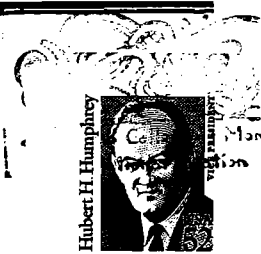
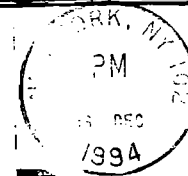
Haven't noticed any spectacular increase in those cards and letters...

Sam Hoyt



American Schooner Association

P.O. BOX 484
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355



(94)Vernon Brady
136 Main Street
Port Monmouth, NJ 07758