



WING & WING

Volume XXIII, Number 2 • Summer 1995

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

AMERICA

"If the story of the yacht America ... is considered in connection with the history of sailing days in the American merchant marine, it is seen that she represented the apotheosis of the Era of the Sail under the Stars and Stripes. She was built at a time when American ships had triumphed through their speed in every trade and she became the very flower and fruit of two hundred years of struggle for leadership on the high seas. Unhappily the national supremacy she symbolized in this respect has passed away, but the pace she set her competitors in sport has not yet been equalled by them in three quarters of a century of earnest competition." — from the foreword by John R. Spears to The Yacht AMERICA, by Winfield M. Thompson, William P. Stephens, and William U. Swan. (Boston: Charles E. Lauriat Co., 1925.)

History

AMERICA, arguably the most famous racing yacht in history was designed and built to accomplish a single task: her purpose was to demonstrate to the Old World that New World technology had matured enough not only to be competitive, but also to be superior.

In 1851, at the behest of six members of the fledgling New York Yacht Club, designer George Steers created plans for a fast "pilot" boat, utilizing a reversal of the "cods-head-and-mackerel-tail" style of boat design. The resulting, sharp-bowed, AMERICA—after some growing pains associated with spar sizing and sail rig config-
(Cont. page 6.)

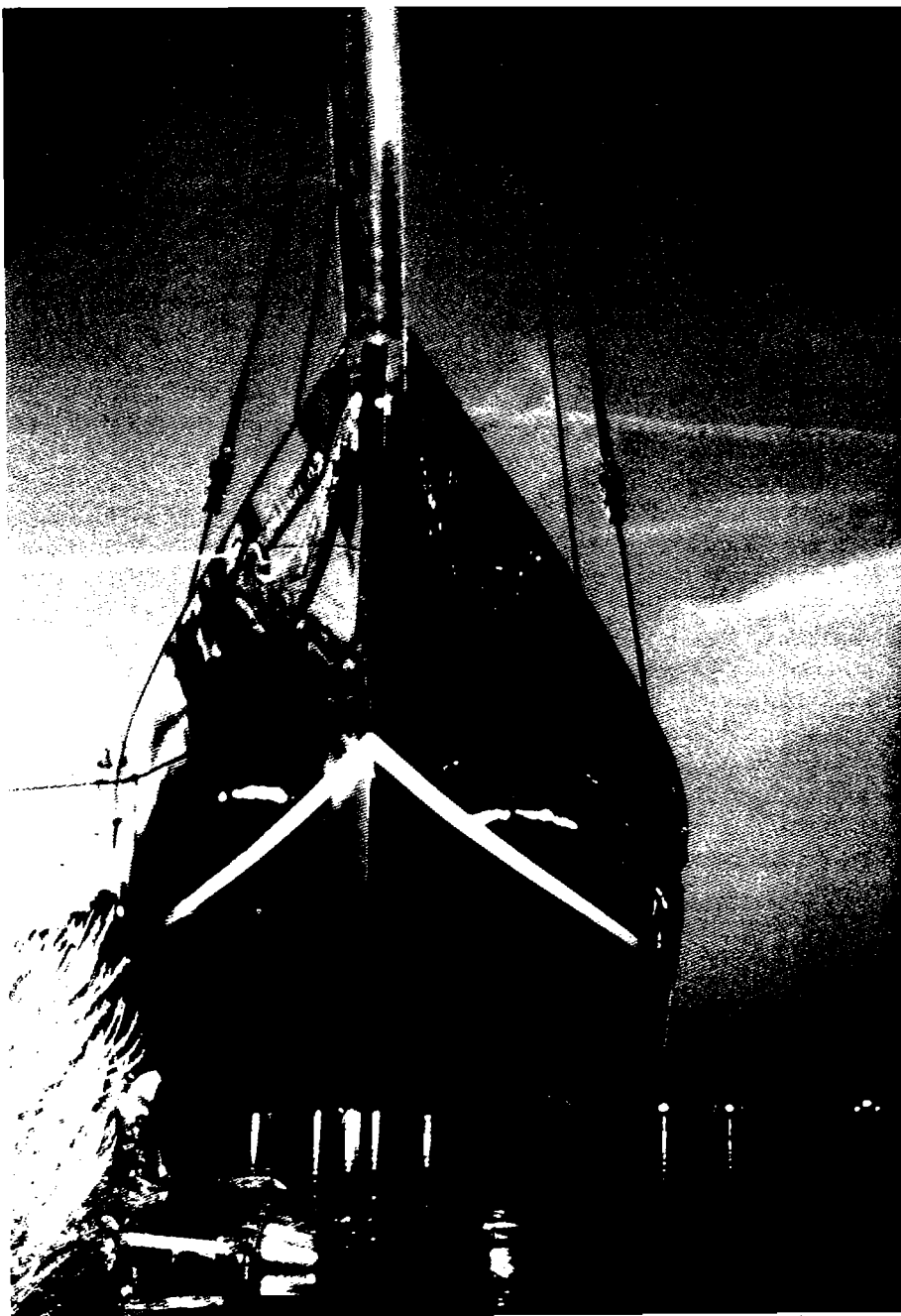


Photo: The launching of the replica AMERICA in Albany, NY, in August 1995. Photo © 1995 Joe Schuyler. Printed with permission.

MINUTES FROM THE ANNUAL MEETING, FEB. 4, 1995

Despite the snowstorm, some twenty people were able to attend this year's annual meeting in Mystic. The announcements made and items brought up for discussion were as follows:

Biff Bowker wants his personal phone number removed from the ASA stationary, as he is no longer acting as Secretary. The current Secretary is Jeff Robinson. He can be reached at 508-693-2803.

Mark Faulstick suggested we get a Mystic-based Secretary to make mail pick-up easier, as well as coordination of the annual meeting.

The ASA directory needs correcting and updating. Dave Rayner from Mystic has a list of schooners in the Chesapeake Bay area, which he offered as a source of names and potential new members. The *WoodenBoat Registry* was suggested as another possible source of names.

The Treasurer's report was read and accepted. (It was published in the last issue of *Wing & Wing*.)

It was noted that we have moved from 65 to 135 members in three years.

Vern Brady presented his search through the ASA archives for back issues of the newsletter and outlined his plans to bind up complete sets of *Wing & Wing*. He had looked into pricing, and presented some options, but needed more information about quantities.

Vern estimated a cost of about \$1500. We would then sell the binders for \$25. Suggestions were made to pre-sell the bound sets through advertising in *Wing & Wing* and thus offset the cost of printing.

Vern will continue collecting back issues, work on prices and then run announcements in *Wing & Wing* when the binders are ready for sale.

Next, racing was discussed. Jim Lobdell mentioned possible attendance at the Camden feeder race, the Eggemoggin Reach Regatta, the Opera House, and Race Rock Regatta.

Dave Rayner talked about the Mystic Schooner Race and the idea of opening the

race to other boats in order to increase race attendance.

Jim Cassidy talked about the fall Classic Yacht series and said that the Governor's Cup and Mayor's Cup really need the support of the schooners. He also pointed out that last year Race Rock was opened up to other boats and it was very successful.

Mark Faulstick mentioned that the Governor's Cup is a worthy event for schooners.

Jim Lobdell suggested forming a committee, under the aegis of the Commodore, to organize race participation.

Fred Murphy suggested organizing a starter kit for new members. He will assist in this.

Bob Pulsch reported on the suggestion made at the Board of Governor's meeting that we organize a rendezvous at Point Judith during the weekend of the Classic Yacht Regatta.

We could then travel to the Mystic Schooner Race (the second weekend in September).

Jim Mairs announced that he will be attending the Labor Day event at Manchester.

There was discussion about the slate of Officers for 1995. Candidates were proposed and approved. They are as follows: Commodore: Fred Sterner; Vice Commodore: Bob Pulsch; Rear Commodore: Jim Mairs; Secretary: Jeff Robinson; and Treasurer: Mary Anne McQuillan.

In newly elected Commodore Fred Sterner's absence, Bob Pulsch took over the meeting. He remarked on the surprisingly good turnout at the meeting. He also congratulated Gina Webster on *Wing & Wing*.

The meeting was adjourned and was followed by a presentation by Meghan Wren of the Delaware Bay Schooner Project.

Respectfully submitted,
Jeff Robinson

NEWS FLASH

It has just been learned that the Yacht Racing Association (YRA) of Long Island Sound plans to add a Classic Yacht class to their Centennial Regatta. The regatta, October 8, will be hosted by the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club (the yacht club that hosted us before the OpSail festivities in New York a few years ago.) Moorings and accommodations will be provided starting Friday night. Contact is Roger Shope 516-767-1156.

YOUR MONEY WANTED

Many members have still not paid dues for 1995. Three possibilities: the blizzard which coincided with the annual meeting in February prevented you from delivering your check; the lapsed (but now-re-opened) post office box resulted in your check being returned to you; or, (and vanity prevents me from believing this to the case) you are bored with *Wing & Wing* and want to cancel your subscription.

Should you happen to fit into either of the first two categories of delinquent member, please send your \$25 check directly to the treasurer: Mary Anne McQuillan, 66 Chipaway Rd, E. Freetown, MA 02717.

OFFICERS

COMMODORE
Fred Sterner

VICE COMMODORE
Bob Pulsch

REAR COMMODORE
Jim Mairs

SECRETARY
Jeff Robinson

TREASURER
Mary Anne McQuillan

NEWSLETTER
Gina Webster

West Coast Correspondent
Byron Chamberlain

"To be at anchor in fog is several degrees better than being loose at sea in one, but it is still a mournful and lowering occasion."

—Nicholas Monsarrat

THE MYTH OF SPEED

The following article by Adrian Morgan appeared in the March 1995 issue of *Sailing*, (Port Washington, WI). It is reprinted here with the magazine's permission.

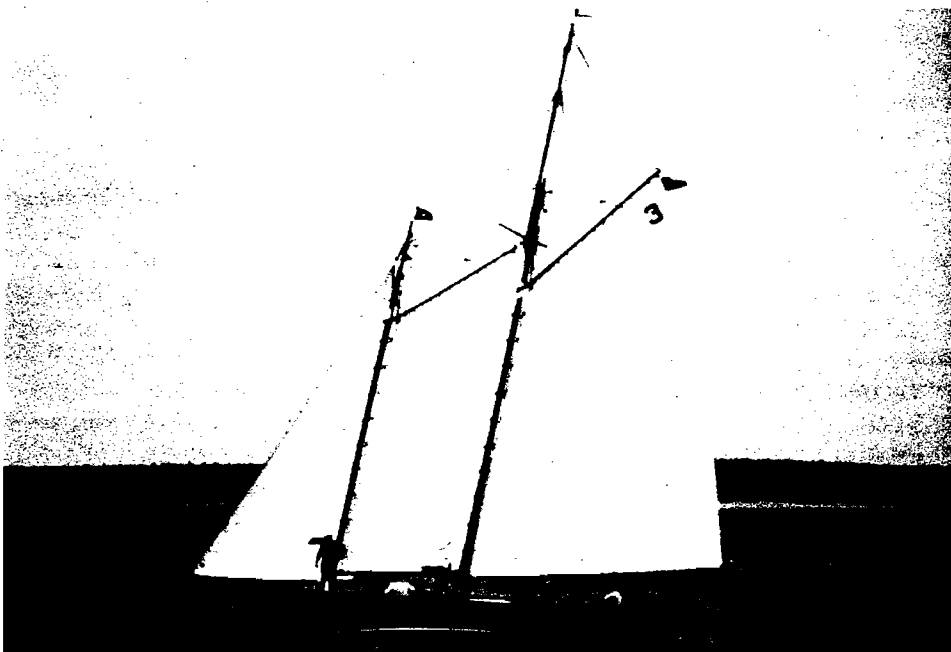
Little did Lord Wilton, commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, know that the challenge he proffered in a letter dated February 22, 1851, would be the foundation for one of sailing's most famous races. Nor did he know how contentious the results of that first race would be.

It seems that the schooner *AMERICA*, the victor of that first race, the Hundred Guinea Cup, won the race with what seems, amidst the speculation of hindsight, a bit of luck. In addition to varying accounts of that first race, *AMERICA*'s ability as a racing boat was also questionable. Designed by American George Steers, she was built to Englishman Scott Russell's wave-line theory, first employed in the steamer *WAVE* in 1935, as interpreted by the American John Griffiths. Influential at the time, it was a flawed theory and by 1880, it had been discredited.

AMERICA, commissioned by a syndicate that was headed by New York Yacht Club Commodore John Cox Stevens, was built at the yard of William H. Brown, New York's leading shipbuilder. She was launched May 3, 1851, and on June 21, with her racing sails stowed below, she set out for England to accept the challenge proffered by the Royal Yacht Squadron.

Early on the morning of August 1, *AMERICA* was anchored off Osborne House near Cowes, waiting for a breeze. There, the crack British cutter *LAVEROCK* found her and the story of the informal race that ensued is often given as the first evidence of *AMERICA*'s invincibility. After seven miles, *AMERICA* had, allegedly, worked out a handy lead. The myth of her prowess gathered momentum. "The crisis was past, and some dozen of deep-drawn sighs proved that the agony was over," recalled Stevens. He neglected, however, to mention that *LAVEROCK* was towing her longboat, and the *Bell's Life* newspaper report on August 3 stated that *LAVEROCK* "held her own."

(Cont. next page.)



AMBERJACK at the International Schooner Race in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia in 1975.

EDWARD YEOMANS

We are sad to report that Ed Yeomans died of an aneurysm on June 24 in Fall River, Massachusetts. He was 84.

Ed was born in Chicago and graduated from Harvard College in 1933. He was a teacher for many years, first in California then in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Then, inspired by President Roosevelt in an effort to help the South recover from the Depression, Ed and his family moved south to work.

He was an innovative educator. While assistant professor at the University of Georgia he took part in an experimental program to educate teachers of the rural poor. He also taught at "open air colleges" for farm families in North Carolina and Georgia, and helped develop marketing co-ops and credit unions for these families. Later, as president of the Eastern Division of the National Farmers Union, he also organized co-ops and credit unions for farmers in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

From 1949 until 1962 he was headmaster of the Shady Hill School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, a post he left when he joined the Peace Corps.

He then worked on the staff of the National Association of Independent Schools, coordinating summer programs

for inner-city students.

In 1981 his biography *A Teacher's Odyssey* was published and in 1992 he published *Amberjack*, a book about his Alden schooner.

Ed was an avid sailer, cruising and racing in the Northeast. He represented the U.S. in several match races against the Canadians, and his book tells of several trips to Lunenburg, NS, detailing some wonderful times both there and in his home waters around Westport, MA.

One of the ASA's earliest members, Ed was also an officer. He had renewed his membership a few years ago, and he often contributed articles to *Wing & Wing*.

He leaves his wife, Sally, a son, a daughter, eight grandchildren, and three great-grandchildren. He will be missed.

Wing & Wing is published three times a year by and for the members of the American Schooner Association, a not-for-profit organization. Address all correspondence to the editor: Gina Webster, 145 East 16th Street, #20A, New York, NY 10003.

Additionally, Commodore Fred Sterner and Treasurer Mary Anne McQuillan can be e-mailed at McSCHOON@Aol.com.

Wing & Wing is printed by Impressive Impressions, 200 Muthig Rd., Hurleyville, NY 12747.

(MYTH: Cont. from page 3.)

The news of her so-called victory spread like wildfire. Those who ordinarily might have engaged in a little flutter shied away. Stevens was probably more worried about the race against LAVEROCK than he cared to admit, for when he challenged the Squadron, it was to be a schooners-only race over an offshore course and in more than six knots of wind. There naturally were no takers due to Stevens' restricted conditions, which seemed to favor AMERICA. He then made it known that he was willing to race any "cutter, schooner or vessel of any other rig," but the stake was to be an outrageous 10,000 guineas, more than double the cost of AMERICA's building. James Steers, George's older brother called it "a staggerer," as it was a huge wager even by the standards of a notorious gambler like Stevens.

Historians have tended to read this as evidence of Stevens' faith in AMERICA. But, if the *Bell's Life* account of the LAVEROCK race is to be believed, may the wager have been designed to frighten away competition, leaving Stevens to claim that British yachtsmen were home, reputation intact? It worked.

For two weeks, AMERICA lay at Cowes, sails furled. Hopes of a race with ALARM, for a purse of \$5,000, came to naught and the British press was scathing. The Royal

Yacht Squadron, stung by the criticism, finally took the plunge and invited AMERICA to sail in a 53-mile race around the Isle of Wight. The Hundred Guinea Cup, as the race was called, would be for the 27-inch-high silver cup valued at 100 guineas.

The race was scheduled for August 22. That morning, a southwesterly, aided by a strengthening east-going tide, prevailed. No one had any doubts about the outcome: betting was heavily in favor of the Yankee schooner.

AMERICA did indeed win, but the details of her victory are clouded in mystery and controversy. The relative positions of the yachts depended on casual onlookers. The newspapermen following the race were aboard a steamer that was shadowing AMERICA. After AMERICA passed the royal yacht off the Needles at around 5:30 P.M. most of the press were fretting to meet deadlines and assumed, for the sake of their stories, that the little 47-ton cutter AURORA was at least eight miles behind and clearly out of the race.

In fact, AURORA finished soon after AMERICA: 18 minutes behind according to *Bell's Life* and just eight minutes behind according to *The Times*. The 62-foot cutter WILDFIRE also finished, but in the crush of spectator boats at the finish, no one

noticed her arrival. Although she was an unofficial starter, WILDFIRE was the only yacht to sail the same course as AMERICA, inside the Nab Light Vessel.

That the press was guilty of wish thinking and that both AMERICA and WILDFIRE gave superb accounts of themselves are two of the conclusions arrived at by A. E. Reynolds Brown in a slim pamphlet entitled "The Phoney Fame of the Yacht AMERICA and the America Cup," which was published in 1980. Mistaken identity, sloppy reporting and downright manipulation of the facts were also among his accusations.

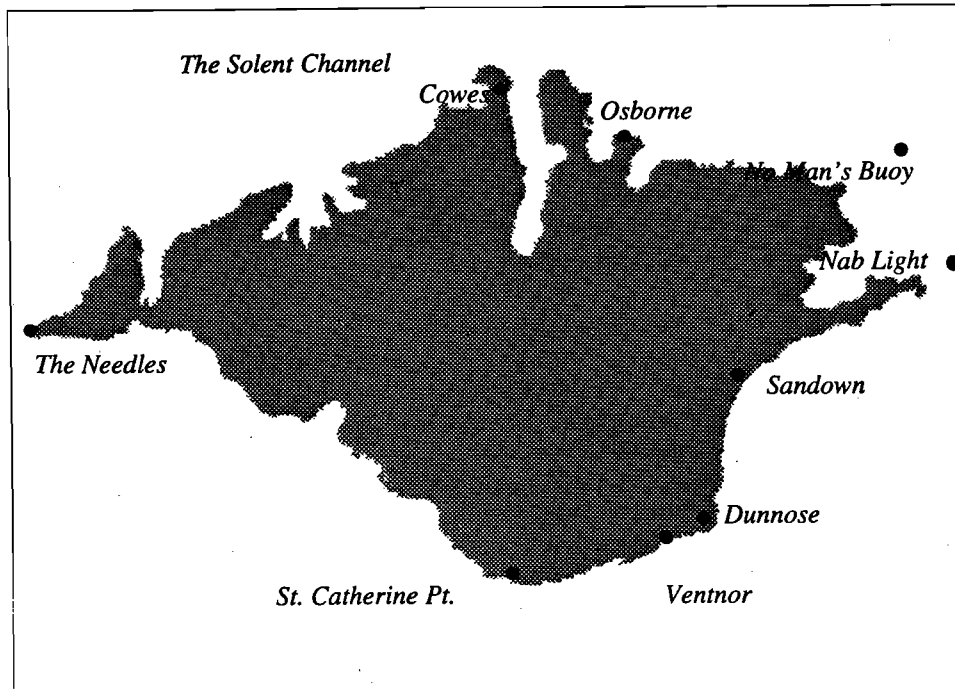
After a late start due to overrunning her own anchor, AMERICA was fifth behind BEATRICE, AURORA, VOLANTE, and ARROW at No Man's Buoy and was anxious to catch up by any means. Most of the yachts headed downwind for the Nab Light Vessel directly ahead. AMERICA's local pilot, Mr. Underwood, must have known the accepted practice of rounding the Nab, but instead, he set AMERICA on a faster reach, close inshore for Bembridge Ledge, closely followed by WILDFIRE. In Mr. Underwood's defense, there were conflicting sailing instructions, and AMERICA and a few other yachts may have received a set of instructions that said nothing about rounding the Nab. And this, after all, was a race, so it would make sense to follow the fastest course.

Accounts say that from Bembridge to St. Catherine, the fleet was hard on the wind, bucking the strong east-going tide. At Sandown, WILDFIRE was level and at Dunnose, according to AMERICA's log, AURORA also may have caught her. At St. Catherine, WILDFIRE, according to *The Times*, was three miles ahead of the fleet and was not overhauled until Freshwater Bay.

By a convincing analysis of wind and tide, Brown calculated that AMERICA had stood to gain one hour and twenty minutes or eight and three-fourths miles at St. Catherine by her ploy at the Nab Light. Yet informed observers at St. Catherine had timed AURORA just ten minutes astern at that point, with WILDFIRE leading AMERICA by fourteen minutes.

"AMERICA was a 90-foot schooner and in a 50-mile race 'round the Isle of Wight' she finished eight minutes ahead of the 62-foot cutter AURORA, so by modern rules,

The Isle of Wight.



AURORA beat her by about thirty minutes on time allowance," wrote Brown. Montague Guest, in his memorials of the Royal Yacht Squadron published at the turn of the century, wrote: "The conclusions so willingly arrived at by contemporary yachtsmen as to the superiority of the AMERICA were a little hasty... Any application of the tonnage rule even then accepted would have given the Cup to AURORA. Again, the incident of the mistake about the Nab Light being included in the course severely handicapped some of the more dangerous of her opponents." Another account, however, states that according to Acker's time allowance scale, which was in use at the time, even if AURORA had received her allowance, she still would have been beaten by about two minutes if the *Bell's Life* account is to be believed.

AMERICA's greatest threats, ALARM and ARROW retired early, the former going to the help of the latter, hard aground off Ventnor. One account even puts VOLANTE ahead of the AMERICA when VOLANTE and FREAK collided off Ventnor, leaving AURORA as the only first-class yacht still racing.

Brown calculates that AURORA was no more than two and one-fourth miles behind AMERICA at the Needles. Maybe she was ignored or mistaken for the disqualified WILDFIRE. To have come from eight miles behind, as the press assumed, to finish off Cowes only a mile adrift, AURORA would have needed to average eight knots over the remaining 13.4 miles against a foul tide and in light air. If AURORA, despite sailing the extra distance out in the tide at the Nab, finished only a mile behind, where was AMERICA's vaunted speed?

Montague Guest concluded that "The stranding of the ARROW and the retirement of the ALARM which it entailed, removed two of the most formidable cutters afloat at the time... One has only to think of the relative merits of the ALARM and the AURORA, which ran AMERICA so closely, to be convinced of the luck of the AMERICA in finding Mr. Weld's great cutter so early out of the race."

After winning the Hundred Guinea Cup, Stevens made no strenuous effort to seek further competition. He wanted to sell AMERICA but there was no rush to buy

at his inflated price. Eventually John de Blaquiere, fourth Baron of Ardkill, a man with little sailing experience, bought her for 5,000 pounds.

If de Blaquiere hoped to clean up in the Solent, he was to be disappointed. In 1852, de Blaquiere raced AMERICA for the Queen's Cup and was beaten by MOSQUITO, a 60-foot cutter built in 1848, as well as ALARM and ARROW. In her last race under de Blaquiere's ownership, AMERICA trounced the Swedish schooner SVERIGE, but only after SVERIGE, leading by nine minutes after twenty miles, carried away her main gaff. AMERICA did not win, however, as the little WILDFIRE once again crossed the line ahead.

Commodore Stevens was fortunate to have come home in profit with his reputation intact. By rashly giving in to the urge to race LAVEROCK that summer morning in 1851, historians say he may have kissed goodbye a fortune. More likely he discovered AMERICA's Achilles' heel and, like the good gambler he was, sought to cover it up by setting an absurdly high stake that he rightly guessed no one would cover.

With the help of a sympathetic press, AMERICA laid the firm foundations of the myth of speed that survives to this day. In the twenty years following her triumph off Cowes, AMERICA sailed only a half-dozen races. On this scant evidence, her reputation is based, but no yacht can be judged overall on the evidence of just one race, however prestigious it would become.

BRILLIANT AT MYSTIC

A reminder that Mystic Seaport, the museum of America and the sea (located in Mystic, Connecticut), is home to BRILLIANT, one of the finest schooner yachts ever built.

BRILLIANT offers a full schedule of sailing for adults and teenagers in 1995. No experience is necessary for many of the weekend sails. Voyages continue throughout the fall.

Everyone on board gets involved in the BRILLIANT operation, including steering, sail handling, cooking, polishing and standing watch. BRILLIANT's captain, George H. Moffett, is a professional educator who carries the U.S. Coast Guard issued license, as required by law. He and his first mate oversee the cruises, assigning duties from handling sails to taking the helm.

Designed by the prestigious firm of Sparkman & Stephens and built by the famous Nevins yard, BRILLIANT was launched in 1932.

After an illustrious racing career, noted America's Cup sailor and auto racer Briggs Cunningham donated BRILLIANT to Mystic Seaport in 1953 for use in its sailing programs. Since then, more than 5,000 people have sailed on board this beautiful 30-ton vessel.

Reservations for all BRILLIANT sails may be made by calling 203-572-5323.



Proper protection for wooden and other classic vessels

1-800-959-3047

Bank Square, P.O. Box 188, Mystic, CT 06355

(AMERICA: Cont. from page 1.)

uration—sailed for England to answer a challenge from the Royal Yacht Squadron.

AMERICA, 1851

LOA: 109'

LWL: 90' 3"

Beam: 22'

Draft: 11'

Sail Area: 5,263 sq. ft.

Some early "joustings" with British vessels shortly after AMERICA's arrival in the English Channel ended any element of surprise the Americans may have hoped to use. It had become quite apparent by all observers that the schooner was very fast and not the sort of vessel to place any large wagers against.

After waiting around for weeks for responses to her challenges, an open race sponsored by the Royal Yacht Squadron—for the Hundred Guinea Cup—finally provided AMERICA with a forum for victory.

On August 22, 1851, AMERICA was declared the winner of a 53-mile clockwise race around the Isle of Wight. (See article by Adrian Morgan on pages 3-5, which details some of the controversy surrounding this win.) After a large fireworks display viewed by about 7,000 onlookers, the crew was celebrated by the members of the RYS. And on August 25, at her anchorage off Osborne House, the schooner was honored by a visit from Queen Victoria and her entourage.

Upon returning to New York,

Commodore Stevens presented the Hundred Guinea Cup (now the America's Cup) to the members of the New York Yacht Club at a gala of "ten courses and 56 dishes."

Then AMERICA, just ten days after her victory at Cowes, was sold to Lord John de Blaquiere, a prominent Huguenot. De Blaquiere raced AMERICA some, but when he became busy with a remarriage and military duties due to the Crimean War, he put the schooner up for sale.

She was bought in 1856 by Henry Montague Upton (the Lord Templeton), who renamed her CAMILLA. Lord Templeton used the boat rarely and she spent two years falling into disrepair before being sold to Henry Sotheby Pitcher in 1858.

Pitcher was a shipbuilder and he rebuilt CAMILLA at his yard near Gravesend (on the Thames). No major changes were made, but the schooner's hull was reconstructed, her masts shortened (due to rot), and she was given taller topmasts as well as new sails. The golden eagle was removed from her transom. (In 1912 the Royal Yacht Squadron would purchase the eagle and present it to the New York Yacht Club, where it hangs today—along with the tiller and the ensign which was flown during the Hundred Guinea Cup race—in the club's lobby.)

The rebuilt CAMILLA was sold to Henry Edward Decie in 1860. Decie took her to America the following year, most likely with the intention of providing service to the southern rebels during the Civil War. And in fact she was purchased later that year by the Confederates, in an arrange-

ment that kept Decie as her captain until 1862.

However, the schooner had a relatively short history as a blockade runner, (one account shows her renamed as MEMPH and she was scuttled later in 1862 when Jacksonville was taken by Union troops.

A Union Navy Lieutenant had her raised and repaired. She was renamed AMERICA and put back to work, this time on the Union side of the blockade.

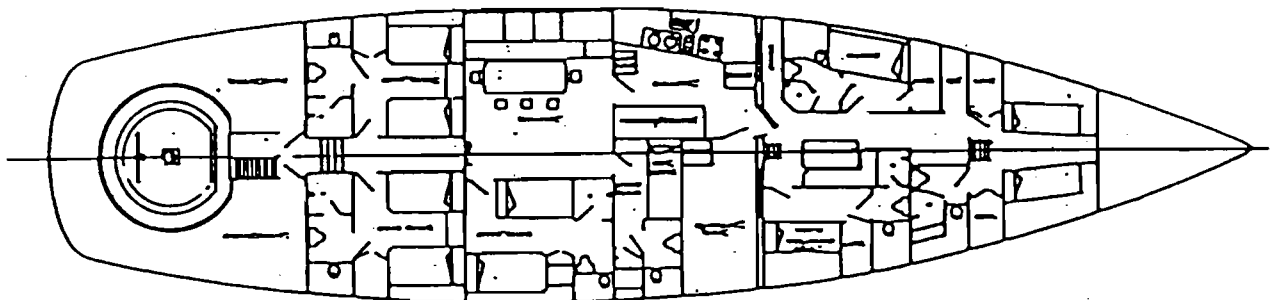
In 1863 she was ordered to Newport to serve as a training ship for midshipmen at the U.S. Naval Academy. She spent three years there, until the navy laid her up at Annapolis near the CONSTITUTION.

But in 1870 Admiral David Porter, the Naval Academy's former superintendent and now the commander of the Brooklyn Naval Yard, had AMERICA recommissioned (at a cost of \$19,000 to the government), so that the schooner could participate in the first race for the "AMERICA Cup" on August 8 of that year. The race, held in New York harbor, was won by the schooner MAGIC, with AMERICA fourth out of 15 finishers on both elapsed and corrected time. (The visiting challenger, CAMBRIA, finished eighth on elapsed time and tenth on corrected time.)

AMERICA stayed in the navy for the next three years, mostly daysailing in the Chesapeake.

Then, in a somewhat shady deal involving favoritism on the part of then-Navy Secretary George M. Robeson, AMERICA was sold to Benjamin F. Butler, a former Civil War Commander, for \$5,000. However, Butler did love the boat and maintained her well. He used her a

Accommodation plan of the new AMERICA provided by the Schooner AMERICA USA



great deal, cruising and racing her until his death in 1893.

AMERICA passed to Butler's son, who had little interest in her and so turned her over to his nephew, Butler Ames. Ames had her reconditioned in 1897. He did some racing and daysailing but did not use her much after 1901, so Ames commissioned Walter Burgess to sell her.

A group from the Cape Verdes was interested in using the schooner as a packet between New Bedford and the Cape Verdes, but a group on the East Coast of the States was dead set against the boat leaving the U.S. Funds were collected and the boat was repaired and donated to the U.S. Naval Academy in Annapolis in 1921.

Unfortunately AMERICA was not well maintained at her new home, and by 1940 she was in a state of serious decay. During World War II she was hauled and stored in a shed, but was badly damaged when the building's roof caved in during a snow-storm in 1942.

After years of indecision, what was left of AMERICA was finally scrapped and a scale model, which now sits in the Naval Academy's museum, was built.

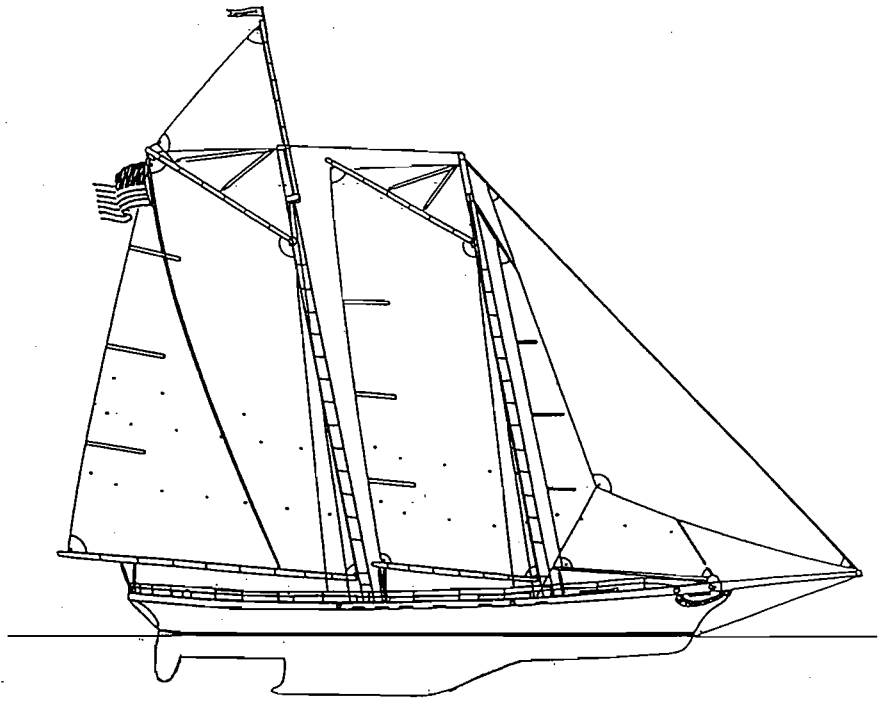
There have been two recreations of AMERICA. One was launched in 1966 and is currently in Spain, needing extensive repairs, and the second was constructed at Scarano Boat Building in Albany, NY, and launched in August of this year.

The Schooner AMERICA USA Project

Headed by Ray Giovannoni, a Washington, D.C. restaurateur, the Schooner AMERICA USA project has recreated a historically accurate replica of the gaff-rigged schooner from the waterline up.

GLoucester Festival

The 11th Annual Gloucester Schooner Festival was held September 1-4 in Gloucester, MA. The celebration included races for schooners and other traditional rigs, a welcoming party, musical entertainment, a fish fry, a boat parade, a fireworks display, an awards dinner and trophies, all of which confirmed that—in the words of one schooner owner—Gloucester is indeed “the best damn town for schooners.”



Sail plan of the new AMERICA provided by the Schooner AMERICA USA Project.

AMERICA, 1995

LOA: 105'

LWL: 90' 6"

Beam: 25'

Draft: 10'

Sail Area: 6,400 sq. ft.

The newly launched schooner will have an aggressive travel schedule in the future, averaging 20,000 miles per year. She will participate in all major boat shows, classic yacht regattas, and special events such as

induction into the America's Cup Hall of Fame and OpSail 2000 in New York Harbor. In 2001 AMERICA will represent the United States at the Sesquicentennial of the Royal Yacht Squadron's 1851 Regatta at Cowes.

Thanks to Lisa Amore of Schooner AMERICA USA. For more information on the replica AMERICA and her sailing schedule call: 703-683-4654.

A very thorough history of the schooner AMERICA was written by John Rousmaniere in 1986. The book, The Low Black Schooner: Yacht AMERICA 1851-1945, is a Mystic Seaport Museum publication.

There were ten schooners competing on Sunday, September 3. The small schooner class (45' to 80' LOD) consisted of EDNA, HINDU, LIBERTY, and WHEN AND IF. The large schooner class (80' and up LOD) consisted of AMERICAN EAGLE, BILL OF RIGHTS, ERNESTINA, HARVEY GAMAGE, MYSTIC CLIPPER, and SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS.

The race started off Eastern Point Light, ran downwind to south of Newcomb's Ledge, then upwind to a mark

off Great Egg Rock and back home to finish off Eastern Point. The schooners competed boat-for-boat. WHEN AND IF, first to finish, won her class and was awarded the Ned Cameron Trophy and SPIRIT was awarded the Esperanto Cup for the larger vessels.

Need crew? Jeff Cohen, a member with extensive schooner sailing experience, is available for races, deliveries, etc. He can be reached at 914-761-5945.

FROM THE AMERICA

The following is from the journal of James R. Steers. AMERICA's designer was George Steers. James was his brother and was a passenger on the schooner's crossing from New York to England in 1851. The passage took a little over twenty days to complete.

These journal entries have been excerpted from The Yacht AMERICA, by Winfield M. Thompson, William P. Stephens, and William U. Swan. (Boston: Charles E. Lauriat Co., 1925.)

[June 21], 8:00 A.M. Left foot of East 12th Street. Wind light. 9 A.M. Took steamer and was towed out of East River. 11 A.M. Parted from our friends. 1 P.M. George Gibbons came on board with the officers. 1-2 P.M. The steamer PACIFIC passed us and gave us nine cheers and two guns, which were returned by us with a good heart as it was given, Captain Nye standing on the wheelhouse with his hat in his hand. 3 P.M. Crossed Sandy Hook Bar, going 11 knots. 8 P.M. Set the gaff topsail, mainsail, foresail, and jib. Set the starboard watch. 10 P.M. Hove the log and found her to be going 10 knots, wind S.S.E., thick fog. Course E. by S. Second mate turned in rather qualmish. 10:10. Captain, second mate and carpenter took little brandy and water, say about ten drops.

Sunday, June 22. Wind S.S.E. light and foggy. Had for dinner small roast turkey and green peas, boiled beef and pork, with bread pudding to top it off with. Took soundings in 22 fathoms of water. From 2 to 4 P.M. course E. by N. going 5 knots. Second mate a little sick. Sails set like boards. 4 P.M. Took a drink to all our friends at home. 7 P.M. Took soundings in 14 fathoms of water. Second mate a little sick.

Monday, June 23. Had for dinner veal pot pie and Indian fritters with sauce. 9 P.M. Set the squaresail, or Big Ben as the captain calls it. 10 P.M. Took him in, as he would not stand, the wind hauling. Run in last 24 hours, 284 miles.

Tuesday, June 24. 1 P.M. Double-reefed the mainsail and set gaff topsail over the mainsail, running hard all the time. 2 P.M. Hove the log and found her to be going 12

knots. Had for dinner this day, roast beef and green peas, salads, mashed potatoes and turnips. At 4 P.M. shook out the reef in the mainsail and jibed over, the wind hauling.

Wednesday, June 25. This day commences with light breezes and increased to stiff breezes, and the way we passed a ship with a large cross on her fore topsail! Was not near enough to speak to her. Had for dinner today a beautiful piece of beef and green peas, rice pudding for dessert. Total run for the day, 276 miles.

Thursday, June 26. Strong breeze from N.W. and hazy. Spoke to an English brig from Falmouth, could not tell where bound. Had for dinner today, roast turkey and chicken pot pie. Dessert, plum pudding. First rate dinner. Had some good brandy and water to top off with. After part of day pleasant. Saw seven fishermen fishing for codfish but could not stop to fish, having a fair wind. Distance run by log, 254 miles.

Friday, June 27. Unbent our mainmast and bent the old one, which took us until supertime. Had for dinner chicken fricassee and apple sauce. Hotcakes for supper. Wind very light. All sails set we can give her. Run for this day, 144 miles.

Saturday, June 28. All hands at work holystoning deck and cockpit. 6 P.M. passed and spoke to English brig CLYDE of Liverpool, 15 days from New York bound to Liverpool. Passed the British brig SOPHIE, 13 days out. Had for dinner today stewed chicken with apple pie, with plenty of good brandy and water. Sea smooth.

Sunday, June 29. This day commenced with light breezes which continued until 2 P.M. when it breezed up with heavy seas. Close-hauled. Thick and foggy, with rain. I do not think it ever rained harder since Noah floated the Ark. At 4 P.M. reefed the mainsail and took off the bonnets of the foresail and jib. In taking in the gaff topsail it caught and split it from end to end. At 10 P.M. the wind died away and we shook out our reefs. The wind being so light and the old sea, I thought she would slat the sails all to pieces. Had for dinner today roast chicken and beef, apple pie for dessert.

Monday, June 30. This day light winds and fog, mixed at times with hard rain. All sails set. At 10 A.M. passed and spoke to the ship MALABAR, New York, bound for

Dublin. Brother George seasick, could not eat any dinner. Had for dinner today fried ham and eggs, boiled corn beef, mashed potatoes and rice pudding. Should I ever get home, this will be my last sea trip. A my clothes wet. It has rained every day since we left. Distance run this 24 hours, 152 miles.

Tuesday, July 1. Good breezes and heavy sea. George feels better. Had for dinner today boiled ham and plum pudding. This is the first day the sun had shown, and that only half a day. It will rain again before night.

Wednesday, July 2. At 2 P.M. unbent the large jib and bent small one. It looks like a shirt on a beanpole. Repaired the gaff topsail and set it. Brother George sick. I am making him some gruel. Our cook is not a very good caterer. He can boil a piece of beef or pork, or roast a piece of beef or turkey, but the puddings are heavy and the crust of his pies is as tough as a leather apron. He made some wheat fritters and you want some better teeth than I have to chew them enough to digest. But we are here on the tossing waves, 1,300 miles from Havre, and if this wind will only last six days we will be snug in harbor—barring any accident. Had for dinner today boiled pork and beef with rice pudding. Distance 209 miles.

Thursday, July 3. At 8 P.M. took bonnet off the foresail and single-reefed the mainsail. Wind blowing stiff. At 9 P.M. carried away the seizing of the starboard fore shrouds. Hove her to, with jib to the mast, and lowered the foresail. Took the throat and squaresail halyards to keep the mast up. She ran all night under jib and mainsail reefed, up to 9 A.M., when she was hove to to send a man up to seize shrouds. He did so after a fashion. She shook him so I could hardly think he could hold on, but he fixed it and came down again. We made sail and were all right again. We had today for dinner veal stew with bread pudding for dessert. All hands at work making preparations before we get in.

Friday, July 4. Thick and foggy, all sails set. At 10 A.M. fog cleared and had a beautiful day, this being the 4th of July, the greatest of all days to all true-hearted Americans and the wonder of the world. The captain would not let anybody work more than was necessary. Gave the bottle of gin and you would laugh to hear

the toasts given at the dinner. If we have three days of good wind, we will make the land.

Saturday, July 5. This day commences with light wind, next to a calm and so continued throughout the day. George today is very sick and weak. After dinner gave him a shower bath with salt water in the cockpit. Little George [author's son and nephew of George Steers] is better. I am well and feel first rate. Distance run by log, 33 miles.

Sunday, July 6. This day commences with light breezes, practically no wind. Sails slap enough to tear them to pieces. George a little better, but still homesick. Had for dinner today boiled corn beef and pork, and apple pie for dessert. After dinner captain, second mate and chips took a port wine sangaree. If George was not so homesick we would enjoy ourselves better. I drink to those I love and respect. Amen. Distance run by log, 54 miles.

Monday, July 7. Light breezes, S.E. by S. Very pleasant. George is well and in better spirits.

Tuesday, July 8. Light breezes from the north. At 5 P.M. the breeze freshened, the sea smooth. Set the squaresail, or Big Ben, or Broad Mouth, as the captain calls it. We also set staysail and gaff topsail. All hands well and in good spirits. Our liquor is all but gone.

Wednesday, July 9. Fresh breezes from N.W. Expect to make port tomorrow. We had for dinner today a beautiful piece of beef and pork and slapjacks. We also had to break open one of the boxes marked "Rum" as George had a bellyache and all of our own stock was consumed; and we were not going to starve in a Market Place, so we took four bottles out and think it will last us. Distance run by log, 272 miles.

Thursday, July 10. Fresh breezes and squalls. Three square-rigged ships ahead of us. We made them out about 10 A.M., and they have got everything set that they can carry, but we are picking them up fast. The scene is exciting. At 8 P.M. took in our squaresail and gaff topsail. At 12 A.M. double-reefed our mainsail and took bonnet off the foresail. At 4 A.M. shook out the reefs and set the squaresail. At 9:30 A.M. took in the squaresail and set gaff topsail. I do not feel altogether well today, and want something to keep me up. Had

for dinner today boiled beef and pork and pudding for dessert. I hope we will be in Havre tomorrow. This is 19 days today at 3 o'clock.

Friday, July 11. Fresh breezes from N.W. At one o'clock and thirty minutes made the island of Scilly and ran in for a pilot. At 2 P.M. hove to for pilot and by so doing parted the parrel of our gaff. At seven o'clock and thirty minutes, start Point Bay N.E. by N., distance 15 miles. At 9 A.M. Portland Bill Bar N. by E. We have every sail set and the way she slides along "knocks" the pilot. He wanted to heave the log himself, so we gratified him. He could not believe that she was going 12 knots because she made so little fuss. From Portland Bill to Havre is 112 miles. We have been cleaning up everything today and trying to get there about 7 o'clock this evening, on account of it's being high water so we can get into the slip or dock. 9 P.M. This afternoon we left Portland Bill with a strong breeze and shaped our course for Cape Barfleur, which we made at 4 P.M., the Cape bearing south. At 8:30 P.M. hove to off Havre to wait until morning. We have made the run from East 12th Street to Havre in 20 days and 6 hours, from land to land in 18 days, 15 hours. You will observe from the log that we were becalmed 5 days, 4 hours, or 124 hours out of time.

THE WOODENBOAT SHOW

The 1995 *WoodenBoat* Show took place at the Hinckley Great Harbor Marina in Southwest Harbor, Maine, from July 14-16. The show celebrated the beauty and endurance of wooden boats, the traditions that surround them, and the technology that will ensure their future.

Attendance was nearly 7,000 people. There were more than 50 boatbuilders and yards represented, and close to 100 exhibit booths under tents displaying products directly related to wooden boats: tools, hardware and accessories, coatings and adhesives, plans and publications, nautical books, ship models, and displays by museums, schools, and apprenticeships.

Participating schooners included *WHEN AND IF*, *MALABAR II*, *HEART'S DESIRE*, *BOWDOIN*, *ANNE*, and *LEOPARD* (who was anchored just off the show site). *WHEN AND IF* was involved in a wedding, the couple sailing out on Saturday morning and returning newlywed to the dock later that day.

Plans are already underway for next year's *WoodenBoat* Show, which will be held on the grounds of the Mystic Seaport Museum in Mystic, Connecticut, on June 28-30. As well as seeing the show, visitors can explore the museum itself. Mystic Seaport Museum is a magnificent 17-acre sprawl of maritime collections, watercraft, and nineteenth-century buildings. Visitors can walk through the shipyard and explore the many vessels permanently berthed at the museum, such as the 123-foot Gloucester fishing schooner *L. A. DUTTON*. For more information on next year's show, call *WoodenBoat* at 207-359-4651.

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS

Governor's Cup
Essex, CT
September 17

Mayor's Cup
New York, NY
September 24

Race Rock Regatta
Stonington, CT
September 30-October 2

Centennial Regatta of YRA of LI Sound
Long Island Sound
October 8

Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race
Annapolis, MD & Hampton Roads, VA
October 18-22
for info: 804-588-1281

EGGEMOGGIN RESULTS

The Tenth Annual Eggemoggin Reach Regatta was held in Brooklin, Maine, on Saturday, August 5.

Results from the schooner and gaffs class were: *TANNIS*, first; *SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS*, second; and *APPLEDORE*, third. *TANNIS* also won the award for First Schooner or Gaff to Finish.

LETTERS FROM THE SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS - Part 1

Fred Sterner writes: My adventure on the SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS all started innocently enough. Someone said that there was a big schooner on the hard at Fairhaven shipyard, so naturally I went down to have a look. It turned out that I knew the captain, Jeff Stone. He asked me to do a little work on the boat to help get it back in the water.

After doing that for a couple of weeks, I mentioned that it would be fun to go sailing on her. Jeff said that there was an opening as third mate/engineer from December 27-May 1, 1995 in the Caribbean (Oh no! Not the Caribbean in the winter!) Nine weeks would be spent as a Semester-at-Sea with twenty college students and two professors.

I met the boat in Samana, in the Dominican Republic. After working on it for a week, we did some humpback whale research on Silver Bank for two weeks and then made a very fast (4-day) passage from Puerto Plata to St. Thomas. We then got the students and went as far south as Dominica before working our way back to Boston.

My duties were to run one of the watches and maintain the systems (motor, electrical, and plumbing) on the boat. The seven-person crew also taught a navigation and seamanship course to the students, to go along with their other courses taught by the pros (such as coastal ecology, literature of the sea, and coastal survey).

SPIRIT is 100 feet on deck and carries up to 7,500 square feet of sail when all eight of them are up. The top of her main topmast is up 100 feet. She is modeled after FREDONIA, a fishing schooner from the late 1800s, and carries no winches. SPIRIT is very fast for a boat of her type and did beat both ROSEWAY and HARVEY GAMAGE in races. She does a Semester-at-Sea in both the spring and fall and does a lot of shorter sail-training programs in the summer. It's a great way to learn a lot about sailing, get in shape, and see some places that aren't full of tourists.

12/28/94: (19°11.8'N; 69°19.6'W) Didn't have to worry about getting the beer [brewing] stuff through customs—they

only looked at about every tenth person and didn't ask any questions. Captain Jeff, 1st mate Lynne, 2nd mate Stephanie, and deckhand Christine were on the plane. Stephanie has worked on PRIDE OF BALTIMORE and LADY MARYLAND, and Christine worked on a Maine schooner. Jeff and Lynne are very experienced.

After customs we walked outside. Crowds of people, outdoor stands—one selling beer and rum. Lynne had some Dominican Republic money so she bought a bottle of rum, some juice, and some glasses, and we had a drink right there while waiting for the van.

Change of plans: The boat was in Samana, not Puerto Plata (better and safer harbor). We all got in a Mitsubishi van for the four-hour trip east along the coast. Interesting trip, driving as fast as possible. There was a driver and interpreter in the van. Also a huge crack in the center of the windshield—like someone's head hit it after being launched from the back seat. Motor scooters all over, thousands of people along the road, shacks and shacks. Nothing else to do but hang out. Little roadside stands. Mostly no electricity so they use candles after dark.

Got to the boat about 8 P.M. Our rum was gone but they had Presidente beer on board and we were leaving the next day.

First day on the boat everyone worked with the person they were replacing. Spent many hours in the engine room, learning the boat's systems. The other crew left at 4 P.M.

We have the anchor down in a decent harbor [in Samana]. Well protected. Hilly with palm trees. From about noon on you can hear meringue music from several bars—seems to only be about three songs.

Found out we pick up the college students Feb. 20 in St. Thomas. Then we are heading south, possibly Guadeloupe, Dominica, and Martinique. We have a charter the week before and they may want us to get in the Sweethearts' race in the Virgin Islands.

Still booked for two whale-watch weeks starting Jan. 6. We try to anchor if it isn't too rough. If it gets too much we heave-to in the lee of the bank and sail back to the bank in the morning by first

light.

Between and at the end of the whale watches we go to Puerto Plata overnight. On the 22nd of January a boatload of the volunteers come aboard and help us sail to St. Thomas. Will be over a week's trip; they allow two weeks.

Captain is a little concerned over the size and experience of the crew. Would like to get another deck hand who is big, strong, and agile.

Didn't need suntan lotion yet—been below a lot and we have a big awning rigged.

12/30/94: Still in Samana. Been fixing stuff for the last two days. Finally got a rounded bolt loose so we could tighten the belt on the raw waterpump on the main engine and replaced starter recoil spring on one of the 25 hp outboards.

Feel comfortable running the motors—at least at anchor. We will be here until the 6th, then we go out for a week if the weather holds, immediately followed by another week of whale watches, then the passage to St. Thomas. Some of the crew has spent a lot of time in St. Thomas and don't like it much, but do like the places right around it.

Went halfway up the mast yesterday and seemed ok. Ratlines get narrow at the top.

Went in to town tonight for the first time—had a few cold ones. Our man on the docks, Philippe, said (smiling) that New Year's is a big party—fireworks at night and a cockfight 3 P.M. Sunday.

The cook is great and he says he has trouble getting what he wants in Samana. He says there will be more stuff in Puerto Plata and St. Thomas for provisioning. Had fresh tuna last night. He is not into Lean Cuisine.

Went swimming before dinner tonight. Couldn't adjust the water temperature any better. Just rub a little Joy in your hair and jump off the boat.

Have a new deckhand coming January 6—young, strong and experienced. Maybe that will mean I won't have to do too much climbing.

Well, New Year's Eve is coming with no date—that's the bad part.

Getting anxious to sail this boat. Nice place to sit, but would get bored. Some couple has lived on a sailboat in this harbor for eight years.

12/31/94: Tried to fix two fans today, but both were beyond repair. We are trying to get everything right by 1/6/95 because we will be at sea for about three-and-a-half weeks with only two overnights in port.

No one is going to town tonight. Some of us went in last night. There was lots of loud meringue music and very few people. I'm on watch tomorrow, but have Monday off. Will be able to look around in the daylight. Having a few Presidente cervezas—like a German Pilsner—not great, but the other two beers that are available aren't as good, according to everyone.

A couple of rain squalls, but light ones. Apparently the ones further south are more violent and over quicker.

Sunrise and set are at 7:00. Warm all the time. Hot down below. Seven of us on board: two deckhands, three mates and cook.

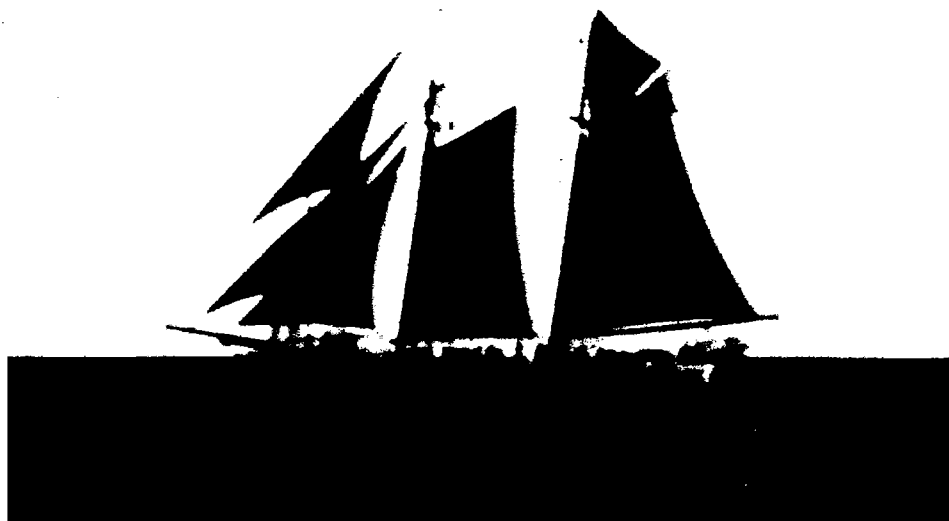
1/5/95: Found leak in the salon head (by the galley). Thought it was in the pipe that is a seawater intake for the head, so spent all day yesterday with my elbow even with the head floorboards. It's 80° plus, unless the cookstove is on. Finally got the pipe unfastened—three rusty pipe clamps. I had to grind the last one off when a screw broke. Cut the pipe, put two new clamps on and when I turned it back on it still leaked. It was below two other things and hard to see. With a mirror I found the end of the seacock was leaking when turned on. Leak was a small fountain.

Talked to Captain Jeff. Decided to leave it off and run tee from galley salt-water inlet. Tried to find parts and found something that might work.

Went to town, most there use rigid plastic pipe.

Back to boat and finally found stuff to do it. Last of 3/4-inch pipe—need more. Finished job by 1630. Captain happy. Feels vindicated about his caulking job—people had been giving him shit since October. Now there's very little water in bilges.

Had red snapper for dinner—bought from local fisherman. Cook likes Gordon Bouk. Haven't made beer yet—probably in St. Thomas.



SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS. Photo by Jim Mairs.

Water tanks filled today and fuel tanks have 455 out of 500 gallons possible. Procedure is to take 55-gallon drums in to dock, fill them, bring them back to boat (two is a full load for the skiff), then use block and tackle to haul them up on deck, then siphon into tanks. Gets your hands into shape.

Jeff gave a talk today about how powerful this boat is. Can really get hurt, make a big mess, break things. Also, don't fall off.

Went swimming before dinner. Drank Presidente after. Looked at Sirius through binoculars. Red and green and white pulsating. Betelgeuse was impressive too.

Guests coming on tomorrow. Cleaned everything up.

Naturalists don't arrive until Sunday—shall we be naked?

Acquired two t-shirts and towel from old crew. Just what I need. Philippe's mother did laundry. Came out good. Mountain rivers are the best.

Schools of small tropical fish around. Very colorful.

1/8/95: (20°08'N; 68°50'W) Finally got guests—three—aboard and two whale watchers—Ken and Diane—aboard also. More discussions with customs. Left Samana 2030 for Navidad Bank—seven

people to haul anchor. Put up four lowers (in the dark) and motor-sailed all night. Went up the eastern edge of Navidad Bank in daylight. Saw quite a few whales (Ken said eight different ones). In the A.M. I had put on my lucky schooner-whale t-shirt and told everyone that it is guaranteed to work. We got one curious whale right under the stern. Think I got a reasonable picture or two. They were having trouble getting pictures of the underside of the tail, so I had to add my Moby Dick hat (with the tail in the air) to my t-shirt, and they finally got a picture.

After all day on Navidad we motor-sailed all night to Puerto Plata. (Where are these 15-knot tradewinds?)

1/9/95: (19°48'N; 70°42'W) Arrived Puerto Plata in the early A.M. Jeff and Lynne went ashore to get permission to go to Silver Bank. We hung out on anchor. Could see a fort next to us and a big hill. Harbor quite dirty—no swimming there—and noise from a big power plant. Jeff back at noon with permission (but minus a bottle of scotch). Left for Silver Bank after lunch—still motor-sailing. Twelve spotted dolphins (six adults, six calves) followed us, playing in the bow wake for awhile.

1/10/95: (20°04'N; 70°26'W) Arrived at

Silver Bank. Saw a few more whales, but not so close. Dangerous place. There is a Polish freighter in sight—been there since 1984. You can be in 70 feet of water and find coral reefs three feet from the top. We are working from hand-drawn charts.

Finally anchored in 70 feet of water for overnight. Half the crew is sick from the fresh(?) water supply we got just before we left Samana. Three of us were out on the bowsprit furling the jib when I finally got the trots. Was sick as could be for 24 hours. Rolling some on anchor (135' of chain and about same of anchor line out; 280-lb anchor). We took radar bearings on the wreck every three hours (4.34 miles away) and GPS readings. Didn't move. Sixty miles from shore.

1/11/95: (20°33'N; 69°53'W) Took a while to get anchor up this morning—no one feeling great. Sailed around for a while under jumbo (jib staysail) and fore. Hove-to after lunch and listened to whales with Ken's setup. Wind up to 15-20 knots, 3-foot seas. Whales aren't under boat yet so I put on my whale shirt for the promise of a cold beer. After yesterday I'm down to the last notch on my belt, so will need the beer.

2030. (20°33'N; 69°53'W) Hove-to at Silver Bank. Wind a little strong to anchor. Sitting comfortably. Winds force 4

to 5. Rudder tied to starboard and jumbo backed to starboard. Fore on other side. Drift about 1.5 knots. Boat tries to tack but backed jumbo won't let it. Normal procedure when sailing is to use preventers on jumbo, fore, and main, so boom doesn't move so much. The mainsail, gaff, and boom total about one ton.

1/13/95: Puerto Plata. Sailed back last night, fore and jumbo. No hurry. Hove-to about 0500 to wait for dawn to enter the harbor. Big leak in aft cabin. Tried to add caulking on inside which slowed the leak some.

Jeff sent a deckhand in for beer. Had several—first of the week. Got all night off.

1/14/95: 1350. Maneuvered half the morning trying to get close to a dock to get fuel. Wind was switching. Anchor up and down three times. Storm offshore. May leave tomorrow.

Tried to mail last letter on Saturday, but the post office was closed in the afternoon when I got to town. Spent all morning getting fuel aboard. The docks in Puerto Plata are terrible. We had to set a bow anchor and get stern-to to the dock, close enough to get a fuel line over.

The wind changed so it took three tries—we're getting good at cranking up

the anchor—finally adding 250 gals. to get up to about 460 gals. Got water a barrel at a time by small boat.

To top it off I also ended up dropping my Mello flashlight in the aft cabin bilge when I was looking at a leak with the captain. Couldn't quite reach it. Finally remembered the paint stirrer that goes on a power drill (the one we use to make rum punch in a five-gallon bucket). The end was just right to slide the flashlight toward me and I could grab it before the light went out. And yes, they are waterproof. Hooked up a lanyard—tools on string. I use it more than my rigging knife.

They make Brugal rum here—about three grades—and the top is very good. Will try to bring some back. Town isn't great. Samana had a lot more chickens around.

1/15/95: 1600. Finally got to sea. Didn't go yesterday because of weather. One of the new guests was seasick at anchor—she's sicker now.

Left before noon. Wind about force 6 (high 20s) and some 10-foot waves. We are just using fore and jumbo. We could carry a reefed main too but we will get to Silver Bank before dawn anyway and we haven't got enough experienced crew handle it if there are problems. We'll heave-to when we get there and wait for dawn. I'll be on from 1900-2300 and then 0300-0700 and then 1300-1900.

Glad we have Ken and Diane (the whale experts aboard). He was on REGINA MAVIS "tuning the rig," and tells some great stories. They live in the Bahamas in the winter and Washington State in the summer. They are both real laid back.

Didn't tack this quick enough for the last wave—I'm on deck and slightly damp.

Captain talked to us each individually the other day. Said I was doing great as engineer—fixed everything that we broke so far. Just have to learn more about handling these big sails. A 100-foot boat isn't three times as big as a 36-foot boat. A better comparison is a 160-ton boat and a 9-ton boat.

Still having problems with drinking water, but feeling better.

1900-2300 (1/15/95) & 0300-0700 (1/16/95). Wind up to 30 knots. Seas to feet. Fore and jumbo, close-hauled. Fuel

View from SPIRIT of Samana, Dominican Republic. Photo by Fred Sterner.



moon. Moved forward watch back to main stays, about 35 feet forward of the wheel and they are still occasionally soaked with spray. Bowsprit in water occasionally. Boat not straining. Don't need main tonight. Steering interesting. Can usually keep it within 10° on starboard tack, heading about 50°.

Student observer from New York (budding bureaucrat) sick all night. Had to put harness on her so she wouldn't go overboard while barfing—Jeff's weight-loss program.

Overheard a little about CG rescue on a 65-foot sailboat near here. Not sure what happened. Think they took three people off with helicopter.

Big leak in nav. station/captain's quarters. Pumping boat every 3-4 hours.

1200. Working on leak. Think it may be entering through stern tube, so trying to caulk inside. Otherwise boat pretty tight, except deck leak over main saloon where deck changes levels. My bunk dry unless I leave port open.

Sunny and warm. Saw some flying fish today. Water is great color—cobalt blue to purple.

People are tired—we stand every other watch this week. Next week we have twenty more people for passage to St. Thomas. Then we'll stand every third watch. I'll know enough to run one by then (sort of).

1/17/95: 0800. Captain asks me to run his watch so he can catch up on sleep, etc.

1300-1900. My first watch ok. Big dark area on port side. Watching it on radar—nine miles away. Lightning show about 1800. First mate's watch starts 1900, also dinner. Down below eating, then helping with cleanup (off-watch job). Raining like mad so hatches are closed. Boat accelerated and hear odd noises. Get into raincoat and head for deck. Rain in sheets. Squall had hit. Ken was steering.

Captain was on deck, fore and jumbo up. Captain heads for fore sheet to let it out so we can run off. Has round turn and two figure 8s on the cleat and lets it out like mad (we don't use locking turns). Wood cleat practically smoking. Gets sheet out. Wind shifts and fore jibes. Wind is about 70+ and boat is going 12+ knots. Jibe breaks gaff about 4' from jaws. Gaff is bigger than my foremast (weighs 300

lbs) and is 7 5/8" x 25'.

We get a topping lift on the boom and get that about 7 feet up off the deck and resheet the boom so it doesn't swing wildly. Then we all gather aft to put on our life harnesses, clip in, and plan. We are going downwind at 12 knots (that's the captain's guess) and it's absolutely pouring. The boat is upright. The wind starts to ease (a relative term). Captain is directing traffic and directly in the center of the action. First mate on the throat halyard, second mate on the peak halyard. Gaff is still attached to the sail and broken completely in two about 5 feet from the gaff jaws. A big part of the gaff is going from one side of the boat to the other. Everyone figures that some line took a turn around something and it won't come down. They take a couple of turns off the belaying pin and start to lower it. Looks like it might stick into the ratlines but it keeps coming. The rest of us are trying to stabilize it by holding the sail, lazy jacks, reef lines, etc., and trying not to be under it if something lets go. We get lucky and it comes all the way down. We cut off the mast loops, lacing lines, etc. We tie the gaff pieces to the rail and by this time the burst is over.

We fold the sail up and kiss the boat for staying up. We tell the passengers to come up on deck. We have a beer and

pour a little over the side for Neptune. We know we have a Captain and he's starting to suspect that he may have a crew.

I look at the time—2300—time for my next watch.

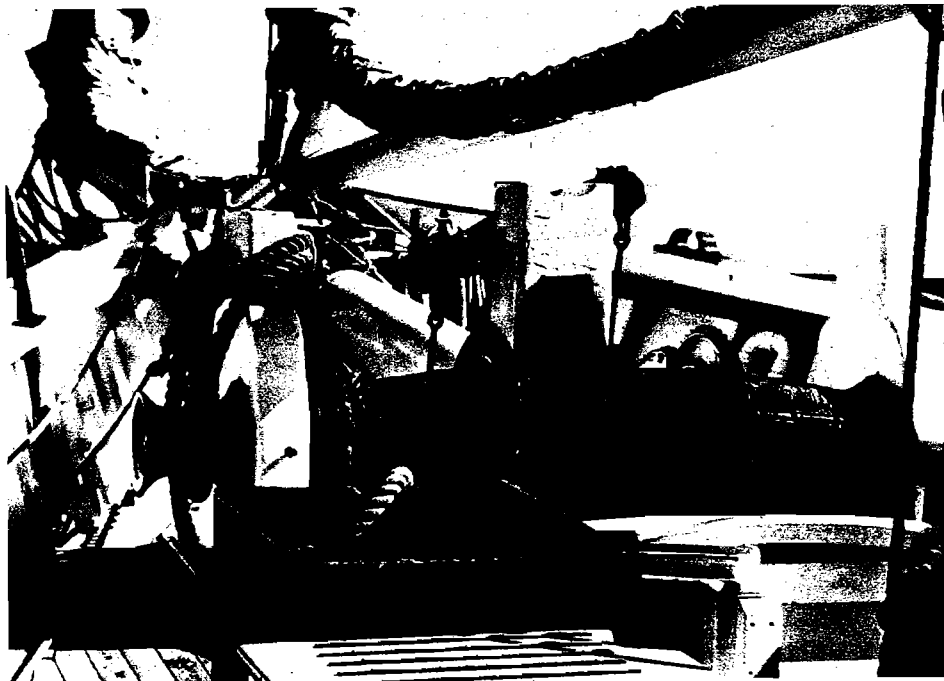
2300-0300. Quiet watch. Pump out twice, still leaking in aft cabin.

0700-1300. Clear boat, put stuff away, clean salt off everything. Air stuff out. Motor around Silver Bank and watch whales. Lunch. Captain says it was a burst like the one we experienced that sunk PRIDE OF BALTIMORE. She had her main up and was heeled over so far that she couldn't turn downwind and run.

Still can't believe no one was really hurt when the gaff broke. A few little cuts and bruises and sore muscles is all. We always put preventers on the booms to prevent accidental jibes, among other things. The foreboom preventer is 7/8" line. That went like a piece of string. The captain had the foresheet by then and with all those turns on (you take off a few and leave on a few to dissipate some of the slack) the fore went over so hard the gaff broke. Still trying to piece together everything that happened. It was dark and so windy and rainy that you couldn't see or hear people that were very far away.

1500. Captain calls Boston and he tells Steve about the gaff. Steve says ok. Captain tells him we may have to haul out

The anchor winch—the only winch on SPIRIT. Photo by Fred Sterner.





SPiRiT's jib topsail as viewed from main mast, about 70 feet up. Photo by Fred Sterner.

to fix the aft leak. Says he'll talk to this guy he knows in Tortola.

1/18/95: 0945. Saw lots of whales today, including two next to the boat. I finally got a couple of fluke shots, good enough for ID purposes I think. Still waiting for the breach shot. Have seen them but not through the lens. May have gotten a shot of one whale mostly out of the water. We were 81 feet from land.

1/19/95: (20°33.95'N; 69°46.13'W) Got some good shots today. Whales were swimming within 100 yards of the boat.

1/22/95: After all the waterpump and shaft brake rebuilding on Friday and

Saturday, I got Sunday off. Took the bus (Mitsubishi van) from Puerto Plata to Sosua. About a 40-minute ride. Up to twenty people and a chicken. Sosua is a resort area with a few small beaches—mostly fairly uptight Germans. Lots of open-air bars, thatched or canvas roofs by the beaches. I had a few Weissens (a type of German beer) and a couple of pilsners which tasted a little bit like Presidente. Got back fairly early (1700). The volunteers were arriving. Good group, all ages, etc.

1/23/95: Left Puerto Plata. Had sails going up as we came past the breakwater: main, jumbo, jib. Then Jeff asked me if I knew how to unfurl the main topsail. I said that

I'd never seen it so we went up and he showed me. It's not too bad except getting past the very end onto the trunk. We unfurled it and he said to stay up there while they set it. He also warned me about the mast shaking when they set the jib topsail at about the same time. Even the main vibrated until they got it sheeted in. Then they sheeted in the main topsail from down below while I got a bird's-eye view. Then I went over the edge and down the 70 feet. It isn't too bad, if you don't look straight down. Winds about force 4.

Looks like I will do the repair and motor stuff, and run the 1900-2300 watch every night. Lynne will do the 0700-1300 and the 2300-0300, and Stephe will do the other two. That way I'll be able to help with the sail changes during the day and do my projects. They will be able to get used to their shifts.

A lot of the volunteers were seasick. Not quite as many helpers on full alert as we expected. Took in main topsail and jib topsail before dark.

1/24/95: Motor sailing this morning. Put up jib topsail and I unfurled the main topsail. It's still high when the boat is going over the waves. Put up fisherman. Got 5,000 feet of sail up and still need motor. Where *are* the trade winds?

Did emergency drills—MOB, fire, and abandon ship. Took all sails down but main and jumbo. Captain showed Chris and me how to furl main topsail. It's still high. Swim call—4,000 meters deep (2.5 miles from land). Saw a killer whale go by fast (before swim call). Fixed a hand pump. Also furled the jib on the bowsprit.

1900-2300. Ran watch—no wind. Left main, jumbo, and jib up in case wind starts. North of Samana, south of Navidad, heading for north side of Puerto Rico. Trolled all day but no fish. Volunteers getting better.

1/25/95: 1200. Beam reach in right direction. Everything up, except fore and foretop. Not much wind. Force 3. Doing 5-6 knots. Hardly heeling over. Just right. No motors.

Now Force 4. Doing about 7 knots. Like a rocking chair here.

1315. (19°17.7'N; 68°00.2'W) North side of passage between Dominican Republic and Puerto Rico. Blowing Puerto Rico like it is standing still.

1600. Stephie and Chuck went up to furl main topsail, noticed starboard spreader broken. Luckily we were on port tack. Jeff went up. Chuck came down. Put a splint on with two pieces of wood and MacGyver tape—lashings and hose clamps. Something else that needs fixing in Tortola. Can't use maintop or fisherman on starboard tack at all.

2300. (18°54.5'N; 66°43'W) Just off watch. Force 5, beam reach, heading 100°. Jumbo, jib and main with one reef. Six to seven knots. We can see Puerto Rico on our lee side. Arecibo is about 25 miles away on starboard beam. Everyone is on alert for squalls tonight. Maybe we should have gone south of Puerto Rico. We stay heading 100° to stay away from the lee shore.

1/26/95: 0830. Finally dropped main and jib about 0630. Jumbo up and motoring—sloppy sea. North of San Juan, about 25 miles. One of the volunteers just got tapped in the ribs with the boom as it was coming down, just before the wind was totally out of the sail. She will be okay I think.

Every mate on each shift all night had someone ready on the mainsheet in case we had to let it out and run before a squall, so we finally decided to take it down until the weather stabilizes. Seas about 8 feet.

To drop the main: The halyards are at the bottom of the main on pin rail. Take halyard off pin and take a couple of turns off posts. One person on peak and one on throat. Need one person to tend main top-sail sheet (just keep it taut so it doesn't get fouled or hold up the gaff). One or two people for the reef outhaul tackle. You have to take off the preventer. When it is about down, several people to haul in the main sheet to center the boom. Have to adjust the quarter tackles. Have to adjust topping lift and quarter lifts on the boom. Someone gets on the boom, which extends past the stern, to do the sail ties there. Then there are also four to six people to do the other sail ties. Then everything is tied up—coil and hang lines.

Getting the jib or the jib topsail down is easier. One person on the halyard. One or two on the jibsheet, and about three on the downhaul. Let down the halyard, tend the sheet, haul in the downhaul. Secure downhaul, secure halyard, and then the

three people on the downhaul go out on the bowsprit and furl the sail and tie it down.

When sails are up, halyards are ballentined (after the Ballentine beer symbol) so they won't tangle.

Engine room is a good place to dry wet clothes—or take a sauna when both the motor and generator are running.

Got very busy during the whale watches with such a short crew and didn't shave so I haven't bothered for about three weeks now. Getting past the itchy stage. Kelly says the whiter areas are from the salt water. He is about my height, but 50 lbs more and two shoe sizes bigger, with a full beard. His birthday is tomorrow. I'm tempted to give him my Spam shirt because he loves it.

Lots of sparklies (phosphorescence) in the water down here. The bow waves are alive at night. One area on the south coast of Puerto Rico is supposed to have one of the world's top ten collections of the sparklies.

1/26/95: 0930. (18°44.39'N; 65°47.73'W) Changed course from 100° to 125° to go more south for the Virgin Channel—about 40-45 miles away. Doing about 5 knots. Looks like we will get to St. Thomas on Friday. Will have been on boat one month tomorrow.

Reefed main back up with jib and jumbo. I unfurled jib—never dipped the bowsprit into the water when I was out there—just wet from the rain (a freshwater shower). This might not be as much fun in Maine or Nova Scotia.

1600. Visual on Isla de Culebra.

1651. (18°28.71'N; 65°15.22'W) The hills of St. Thomas are 20 miles S.E. A touch of blue sky over it—temporarily at least (apologies to Jimmy Buffet).

1/29/95: Actually got into St. Thomas Thursday night. Quick passage. Beam reach is better than upwind. HARVEY GAMAGE is here. Went drinking with them Friday night. Worked Friday and had Saturday off. Walked around. Charlotte Amalie is tourist trap for cruise ships. They come in in the morning and leave about 1800. Four of them here most days. It is a pretty place but downtown is like a carnival during the day.

Jeff didn't think Stephanie had the

DOGWATCH

You heard it here first... Over the course of several years' worth of *Dogwatches*, mention has been made of a mysterious Crowninshield gaffrigger somewhere in the wilds of the north Joisy swamps. Reputedly in an advanced stage of deterioration, if not outright dereliction, this gem had somehow fallen into the dubious hands of an owner whose idea of restoring a classic was to block it up in a local yard and visit it once or twice a month—summer month, mind you—for a brief lookon.

Sometimes, even in north Joisy, something good happens. In this case it was our own intrepid Bobby Pulsch who came to the rescue. Seems Bobby had come upon HERON, kept an eye on her over several years, and had even made periodic inquiries into acquiring the vessel.

Dogwatch is now happily able to report that Bobby has bought the vessel and will undertake a complete rebuilding, using the original hull as a mold. Keel, hardware, spars and sails are in reasonably good condition and such esoterica as the original cabin trunk may also be salvageable.

Word has it that Bobby plans to take about three years to do the job. As he's the epitome of the old-fashioned work ethic, though, don't be overly surprised to see a somewhat smaller, but gaff-rigged, FORTUNE charging around race courses sooner than that. Will she be fast? Do they drink rum in the Maritimes? *Dogwatch's* suggestion is that Bobby document the rebuild both journalistically and photographically so that readers of *WoodenBoat* could be treated to some real craftsmanship.

And speaking of rebuilding projects... No less a salty publication than *The Wall Street Journal* ran an ad in June announcing "The restoration of the Burgess-Herreshoff masterpiece VARUA is 50 per-
(Cont. next page.)

experience to handle the 2nd mate job so she is leaving Thursday and Roric will replace her. I thought she was ok, but Jeff seems to like bigger people and Roric is a known commodity.

Went into town for a beer tonight.
(To be continued next issue....)

(DOGWATCH: Cont. from previous page.) cent complete." It suggests purchase by a "unique adventurer" which sort of lets most of us off the hook. But if anyone's interested, the number is 305-771-7220 (and in New Jersey it's Bigelow 3-7000). Bermudian registry, if you care.

Postcard dept.... Captain Vern reports receiving one postmarked the Azores and announcing the safe arrival of TALISMAN, after an uneventful 17-day passage from Florida. Bob Fitzgerald and crew are planning a summer of cruising in and around the Irish Archipelago, then completion of the Great North Atlantic Circle Route to the Bay of Biscay and back across to the Islands. It's at times like this that Captain Fitzgerald must think it was all worth the effort.

Hail... the happy arrival on March 12 of Anna Webster Mairs, now officially a schooner brat as mom/editor, Gina, and pappy, Jim, actually got to do some sailing this summer on WHEN AND IF. Heartiest congratulations to the proud parents at

injecting some young blood into this, dare I say, ageing, organization.

And farewell... to one of the original founding members of the American Schooner Association, Ed Yeomans, who died recently in Massachusetts (see article page 3). Ed was one of the fearless Yanks who took on Captain Stevens and his speedy creations in Nova Scotia, which he recorded in a delightful movie shown at one annual meeting. Somehow, when Ed was racing AMBERJACK, it really didn't make any difference who won. He was there for the sport and the camaraderie. On top of that, he was a real gentleman and we shall miss him.

And *Dogwatch* notes with due respect the passing of one of the true characters of the nautical world, with the death in Thailand at the age of 71 of Tristan Jones.

They really broke the mold when they made this guy. He sailed across the Atlantic a couple of dozen times, made four or five circumnavigations, sailed up the Amazon farther than any other human

being, cruised in the Arctic, sailed single-handed even after the loss of both his legs to gangrene. Hell, most of us have a hard time navigating on dry land with two legs.

And Jones was able to document his astounding travels well enough to amaze thousands of readers and make a living. Here's to a real sailor.

Dept. of Sour Grapes... Since the ASA has seemed to have a bit of trouble finding worthy candidates for its Award, maybe some consideration should be given to turning the qualifications for the award on end. Perhaps it should go to the individual who, in the unquestioned judgement of the membership, has done the most to hasten the demise of classic vessels, schooners in particular. The reason being that there seems to be no dearth of worthy candidates, the penultimate owner of HERON a case in point. But other classic hatchet jobs come to mind—HALF MOON, MADRIGAL, we all know of several. Just jesting, of course, but it might draw attention to... Ah, what the hell.

Sam Hoyt



**American Schooner
Association**

P.O. BOX 484
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355

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

