



# WING & WING

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

Volume LV, Number 3 – Winter 2019



## “Sylvina W. Beal”

### The Sun Also Rises

~ **By Capt. Michael Rutstein, Publisher,**  
**“Marlinspike” Magazine**

National Heritage Fellow Harold Burnham of Essex is working to breathe new life into the historic knockabout, **Sylvina W. Beal**.



At exactly 1 PM, Fred Ebinger pulls into the roadside diner in Harold Burnham’s weathered black pickup. I toss my things into the bed: a small duffel with foul-weather gear, my camera bag, and two empty jerry cans I am donating to the cause. Five minutes later we’re going 80 miles an hour up Route 95 toward Rockland, Maine.

We have a rendezvous with the 1911 knockabout schooner **Sylvina W. Beal** and with Harold, who plans to save her.

The **Beal** was built at the Frank J. Adams Yard in East Boothbay Harbor, for a very successful fisherman and businessman named Charles H. Beal. She is named for his wife, and has never sailed under another name. The **Beal** worked as a herring and mackerel seiner and later, with her rig reduced, as a sardine carrier.

In 1981, at the respectable age of 70, she was converted to passenger service by Captain John Worth. At that point, she was substantially rebuilt,

and regained her schooner rig. She sailed out of Boothbay, Bar Harbor, Mystic and Eastport for the next three decades, offering day sails and overnight trips. But her last COI expired in 2012. Nowadays, judging from Harold’s descriptions, she’s in rough shape.

My traveling partner, Fred, is no schooner bum. He’s a tall, spare, friendly man in his sixties who owned and ran a boatyard in Ipswich, Massachusetts for most of his adult life. He’s raised two boys who are both working on the water, one on yachts and the other on tugboats. He’s spent much of the summer cruising Maine in his 36’ Presto-style Crocker sloop, **Varuna**. He shows me a photo of his drop-dead-gorgeous fiberglass lobster boat. He is unable (or unwilling) to tell me exactly how many boats he owns.



There is no obvious reason why Fred, a man of means and of leisure, should drop what he’s doing to help deliver the **Beal** from Maine to Gloucester, where Harold has arranged to have her hauled, assuming we can get her there. But like me, Fred is a friend of Harold’s — Harold has many friends, from all walks of life — and it sounds like an adventure.



Fred and I arrive in Rockland in the late afternoon of a gorgeous October day. The *Beal* is alone on the town dock, and our first impressions are not favorable. She is facing out to sea, so the first thing we see as we walk up to her is the misshapen transom. As we step aboard, we notice the covering boards are missing. The deck is strewn with gear: jerry cans, a fuel tank, a generator, a trash pump, an inflatable dinghy full of Gumby suits, a dory, coolers, and a plastic 55-gallon drum being used as a garbage can.



Still, I can see in her the hull model that I admired in Harold's barn two weeks earlier. Harold has carved four or five models of the *Beal* at this point: as she was, as she is, as she will be when he is done rebuilding her. He's also drafted a 3300-word Preservation Plan in accordance with the Secretary of the Interior's Standards for Ship and Vessel Preservation Projects, a straightforward document which repeatedly states "this is not our first rodeo". His models show a slender, fast hull with a sweet sheer. But the boat we're on is very, very tired.

We are greeted by Harold and his partner, Mary Kay Taylor, and by Alex and Zach. They've had a long

day, bringing the boat up from Bar Harbor. Alex is a current deckhand on Harold's pinky schooner, ***Ardelle***, which he runs from the Maritime Heritage Center in Gloucester. Alex will get off the boat in the morning and drive Harold's truck back to Gloucester.

Zach has served his time on the ***Ardelle*** as well, helping to build her back in 2011 before heading off to the Maine Maritime Academy. Now he is working on tugboats out of Brooklyn: two weeks on, two weeks off.

Harold is in a hurry to get off the dock and onto a mooring before nightfall. If we spend the night, he is liable to be charged \$2.50 for each of the ***Beal's*** 84 feet. He gives us a quick tour of the boat and dispatches Mary Kay and I to round up ice, groceries, and nine jerry cans of diesel.

I drive and Mary Kay talks. She is a bit more wary than Harold of this plan to resurrect the ***Beal***. A veteran of the Gloucester maritime scene, she has been with Harold for six years now. When she is not managing the ***Ardelle*** (or sailing as crew) she writes grants for Lowell's Boat Shop and serves on the boards of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum and the American Schooner Association. She is formidably intelligent and chock-full of information — which she compiles, she cheerfully admits, by "spying on everyone."

Harold was already a very busy guy before taking on the ***Beal***, shuttling back and forth between skippering ***Ardelle*** in Gloucester and serving as the Massachusetts DCR's liaison on the ***Ernestina-Morrissey*** project up in Boothbay. Mary Kay is left to run the business while Harold wears out Route 95.





We drive to Hannaford and buy \$200 worth of groceries, locate block ice at a convenience store, and with the help of Google Maps, find a Shell station that sells diesel. But by the time we get back, it's pitch dark — new moon — and the plan to move to a mooring has

been abandoned. Instead we'll leave at dawn, before the Harbormaster shows up. Sunrise and low tide will be within about 20 minutes of each other.

Zack and I empty, clean, and reload the large cooler on deck, which is on loan from **Ardelle**. There is not quite room for all the ice and groceries and the fair amount of beer and wine left over from the **Ardelle's** just-concluded season, so we do the logical thing and begin drinking the beer.

Harold makes chili for dinner. The six of us gather around the galley table, lit only by an inflatable solar light. The tarp which is tacked to the underside of the deck brushes the tops of our heads; we prop it up with a random piece of wood, of which there are many lying around. The effect is six people eating dinner in a pup tent. Dessert is Oreos and M&Ms.

Everyone turns in shortly after dinner. Our bunks in the fo'c'sle require some assembly, but it is a big and pleasant space, with real potential. The companion ladder purports to be from the **Alice Wentworth**, Captain Zeb Tilton's legendary coaster out of Vineyard Haven.

Under the companion, the floorboards are pulled up, revealing bilges full of dark water. The pumps have the upper hand for the moment, but when a wake from some distant boat rocks us gently, the water sloshes menacingly back and forth over the keelson.

Fred has wisely taken the bunk closest to the exit. If the boat sinks in the night, the last thing I'll see as

the water closes over my head is Fred's feet racing up the companion steps ahead of me.

The **Beal** does not sink, and we are up before dawn to get off the dock. As soon we poke our heads out of the fo'c'sle, Harold sets us to tossing lines. The four-cylinder John Deere starts up and dies — whoops, the fuel line wasn't open — and then starts up and runs, but the **Sylvina W. Beal** is aground. Still, our lines are all aboard and coiled, so technically we're off the dock!

In an effort to get moving, we set the three lowers. The **Beal**, being a knockabout, has a main, a fore, and a big jib on a club. The wind is light, from the port quarter, and although the sails fill, the schooner doesn't budge.

Harold hops onto the dock to take a photo of the schooner "sailing away". We have Zach stand by the wheel to make it look good. Harold posts the photo to "Facebook": "saw this schooner sailing off the dock in Rockland..."

After waiting another few minutes, Harold gooses the engine and the **Beal** slides forward. Just as the sun rises, we motor steadily out of Rockland Harbor and around Owls Head. The rocks glow red and brown in the rising sunlight.

As we cruise through the Muscle Ridge Channel, Harold sends up scrambled eggs, bacon, bread and butter, and strong coffee. It's a beautiful day and none of us would be anywhere else.

The early morning is spent motoring into the light sou'wester, checking off the buoys as we go past on the paper chart. Harold occasionally glances at his phone, which is running Navionics, but both he and Fred know the coast well.

After a time, Harold takes a turn steering, a rare break from clambering around the boat, tinkering with things, peering into the bilges, and cooking our meals. I ask him about his preparations for the delivery.

He and Mary Kay went aboard a few weeks ago in Bar Harbor, and surveyed the boat for what they would need. They cleaned the boat, checked the fluids, learned their way around and assessed whether or not she was really up for the trip back to Cape Ann.

The steering gear was loose; Harold got it aligned and bolted down firmly with a couple of timber locks. The **Beal** boasts a big, handsome Lunenburg wheel, but the helm does not respond quickly.

Harold purchased diving gear a number of years ago, which he's found useful in his work, and he dove on the boat, cleaned the prop, looked at the rudder fittings, and swam the length of the hull looking for issues. There is a large bucket of sawdust on deck in case of leaks.

Finally — beyond the electric pumps, generators, and trash pumps — they gathered all the required safety equipment, and tipped off the Coast Guard as to what we were about to attempt.

The *Beal* has had a rough time of late. After three decades of wind jamming under John Worth, Geoff Jones (who took her all the way to Venezuela), Steve Pagels, and Butch Harris, the schooner was swapped back to Pagels. At that point, although Harris had done quite a bit of work on the *Beal*, "age was catching up to her" according to Pagels.

"We hauled the schooner for a Coast Guard dry-dock inspection and then proceeded to replace about 15-20 bottom planks and some frames. We then completely refastened the bottom and recaulked the hull, and pulled the rig out for maintenance."

Unfortunately, this work exhausted the budget set aside for the schooner, and she was not relaunched. Instead, she sat on the hard for a few years, "which did not help," Pagels admits.

An effort a couple of years ago to bring the schooner to Nantucket for a restoration fell through, and the old schooner was dumped back into Pagels' lap. She was left in the water last winter to keep her swelled up, and spent the summer on a mooring in Bar Harbor.

"We had other interest in the *Beal*, but most of it was from parties that had neither the knowledge and experience nor the vision that Harold Burnham has," Pagels says.

Pagels is less interested in money than he is in seeing the boat live on. Some of the gear on board is his, on loan until the schooner can be safely delivered to Cape Ann.

"The *Beal* could not be in better hands," he affirms.

I ask Harold about his stated intention of getting the *Beal* named as a National Historic Landmark. Clearly, she is just as historic as many other schooners that bear the designation. But with recognition come restraints. "Why bother?" I ask.

I have guessed at one possible answer: I've noticed that while the Gloucester sailing community likes to boast of their "Essex-built schooners" they really mean "Essex-built schooners from a hundred years

ago" while discounting Harold's more recent Essex-built schooners.

Harold has a full head of steam on this topic, steam he releases as he guides the *Beal* past Mosquito Island. He claims he doesn't feel disrespected, but he does believe that National Historic Landmark status confers a credibility or authenticity that modern representations of traditional schooners lack. There is "absolutely" a marketing benefit to being a National Historic Landmark, Harold says.

"There is great value in the story of this boat," Harold emphasizes. "And not just the story of the boat — the story of the designer, the builder, the men who sailed her, the fisheries... these boats tie a lot of stories together, and together those stories make up our maritime heritage. That appeals to people, as a reason to sail on them."

Harold emphasizes that the total rebuild he has planned for the *Beal* is not a demolition and reconstruction but rather a thoughtful restoration, based on the Standards and informed by the long history of this 1911 schooner in the fisheries, as a windjammer, and as a movie set ("Amistad" and "Age of Innocence", back in the 1990s).

"When you build a new boat, it only goes back as far as you," Harold tells a Gloucester reporter later that week. "When you fix an old one, it comes with a whole past of people and crews. You have an opportunity to become a steward of a real piece of history and you become part of something that's bigger than just you."

The truth is, Harold has spent his career on both sides of that fence. He has worked on any number of vintage schooners, especially *Adventure* and *Ernestina-Morrissey*. He's repaired aging Friendship sloops, Beetle Cats, and lobster boats. But most notably, he has built five oak-on-oak, double-sawn-frame schooners, starting with the *Thomas E. Lannon* in 1997.

Three of these, like the *Lannon*, are representations of traditional schooners certified to carry 49 passengers, the maximum allowed under Subchapter T. Remarkably in this day and age, all three are still with their original owner, in their original port, executing their original business plan. In short, the boats are making money. Harold knows what works.

Harold also built a Chebacco boat, the *Lewis H. Story*, as a sailing flagship for the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, and a schooner yacht named *Isabella*. But it wasn't until he built the pinky

**Ardelle** in 2011 that he began to be widely recognized for his work.

**Ardelle** was born out of desperation. During the Great Recession, nobody wanted a new schooner. Finally Harold decided to take the assets he had accumulated — timber, equipment, and the derelict pinky schooner Maine, which he bought for short money from the Maine Maritime Museum — and turn them into a new boat. The absence of cash did not deter him. **Ardelle** was largely built by volunteers. It takes a village, they say, and “village” is an apt description of Essex, where the Burnhams have lived and worked for nearly 400 years.

Teenagers, old men, townies, and friends from all over combined their talents to build and launch **Ardelle** in the summer of 2011, and the communal nature of the project struck a chord not just on Cape Ann but nationally. In 2012, Burnham was named a National Heritage Fellow. The honor comes with a \$25,000 check and an invitation to Washington DC.

While the money is long gone — “that check hit my bank account and just exploded,” Burnham recalls gleefully — memories of **Ardelle’s** voyage to the nation’s capital live on. Fred was one of the crew, and he shares tales of that trip as the **Beal** enters Muscongus Bay. We’re swapping Harold stories.

When the wind picks up — dead ahead — we strike the main and fore. Unwilling to trust in the schooner’s old fuel tank, Harold has rigged a new 20-gallon tank on deck, but the old diesel is thirsty and the tank requires filling several times a day.

I help Harold empty one of the jerry cans into the fuel tank, spilling some. Harold notes that anything spilled on this boat will quickly find its way through the porous deck and into the bilges. The deck, especially aft of the engine room hatch, is rough and there’s a large soft spot just to port of the wheel. One of the stanchions over there has a split that Zach believes is slowly widening.

Harold gazes at it thoughtfully. “Well, it might be,” he concedes, “but not too much.”

We all gravitate to the starboard side when steering.

Later, Harold drops down into the galley, where he commences working on a chowder for lunch. With the wind having come up and the schooner out in less protected water, she is rolling a bit. During one of Harold’s absences on deck, a pan he is using pitches onto the galley floor. This is reported by Mary Kay from below.

Mary Kay is grumpy. The rolling is getting to her. But she’s doing her job. At her request I go forward

to check the water level in the fo’c’sle. It has risen during the morning’s motoring, and is within an inch or two of the floorboards. Fred and Harold have some difficulty with the portable pump, but after screwing around with it for a while, manage to pump the compartment dry. This reveals the amount of dirt and debris in the bilge and I spend ten minutes scooping it out with my bare hands into a fire bucket, which is eventually filled. I am happy when I can return to the fresh air on deck.

Another jerry can gets emptied into the fuel tank. Less gets spilled this time.

Harold produces two pots of delicious chowder for lunch, much appreciated by all but Mary Kay, who is not hungry.

Finally, we are off Fisherman Island and Harold proposes we set the sails again and enter Boothbay in style. He and Fred haul away on the halyards, Harold singing his cheerful wordless chantey, ho, ho, ho! while I steer. We leave a cluster of nuns to starboard and fall off the wind, heading north-northwest now. We have ten minutes of delightful sailing until Squirrel Island blocks the wind and we ghost along, the seas calmer and the air warmer. Out of Boothbay Harbor comes the Friendship sloop **Bay Lady**, heeled over and looking lovely in a breeze that barely gives us steerageway.

Mary Kay perks up and has some chowder.

From time to time we get a slant of wind and the boat sails along; by the time we’re in sight of the Boothbay Harbor Shipyard, we are ghosting again.

When the guys at the Shipyard see us coming, they run out to the end of the dock to snap photos with their phones. Harold’s friend Levi makes exaggerated come-hither gestures, then brandishes a chainsaw above his head, laughing maniacally.

Everyone smiles at this, including Harold. The **Beal** drifts on, past the Shipyard, into the inner harbor, where we drop the sails and start the engine.

The town dock is empty but for a small runabout tied up smack in the middle. Fortunately, her people are nearby and they hasten to get out of the way as Harold skillfully backs the big schooner around a lobster pot and onto the dock.

Within five minutes of tying up, Harold is itching to walk over to the shipyard, much to Mary Kay’s chagrin. Harold is always running off somewhere. But he persists and soon we are getting the cook’s tour of the **Ernestina-Morrissey**. She is almost completely planked up and the quality of the wood and of the workmanship is impressive.

“She looks like a million bucks!” I exclaim to one of the shipwrights.

“Eight million is more like it,” he shoots back.

Harold has been working with the Massachusetts Department of Conservation and Recreation and the Shipyard at Boothbay Harbor on **Ernestina-Morrissey** for many years now. He wrote the standards of workmanship and oversaw the work in 2008-2009, and likewise wrote the current preservation plan in 2013 and is overseeing the ongoing work.

Nobody is more aware than he that precious little of the original 1894 schooner remains. The parallels between her and the *Beal* are not lost on Harold. Maybe it’s just a piece of the keel, a companion ladder, a hatch, and a piece of ironwork that remain from the original. But the story remains and cannot be replaced or rebuilt. It is the relationship between the parts, not the parts themselves, that make the boat.

The workday ends and Harold lead the shipyard crew back to the town dock for a deeply technical tour of the *Beal*. Harold tells them of his plans to take her first to the Maritime Heritage Center in Gloucester and haul her out on the railway, where she’ll make a fascinating exhibit over the winter and Harold will take out her ballast, engine, spars, and whatever else can be moved.

The winter will also provide an opportunity to document the vessel’s history and start the application for National Historic Landmark status. Eventually, the old girl will be brought around to Harold’s Essex boatyard, where the real work will begin.

The shipyard crew understands exactly what they are looking at, and what it will take to bring the **Beal** back. Beers are in everyone’s hands. But the looks on the crew’s faces are sober indeed.

Just before sunset, the wind shifts and strengthens. The weather is changing. With the help of the shipyard crew, we reset the docklines. Once the boat is squared away, we repair to the Fisherman’s Wharf Inn, where more friends of Harold’s treat us to Dark & Stormy’s.

Outside, darkness falls, and the rain begins. It’s going to rain tonight and all day tomorrow on the **Sylvina W. Beal**, but there are better days ahead.

Captain Mike Rutstein is the owner and operator of the schooner **Fame of Salem**, which was launched by Harold Burnham in 2003. He is the publisher of “Marlinspike” magazine.

~ Capt. Michael Rutstein, Publisher



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## River Elbe sinking: Restored 19<sup>th</sup> Century ship goes down



Photo courtesy of AFP/Getty Images

A 19th Century ship that had only recently undergone an expensive restoration has sunk in Germany after a collision with a container vessel.

Several people aboard the No 5 Elbe schooner were injured in Saturday's incident on the Elbe River near the northern city of Hamburg.

But all 43 people were quickly evacuated by rescue boats nearby.

The schooner, built in 1883, is Hamburg's last seagoing wooden ship from the era.

The cause of the collision at about 12:30 GMT on Saturday is being investigated.

“If we hadn't been in the vicinity there could have been fatalities,” fire service official Wilfried Sprekels told the local newspaper Stader Tageblatt.

Rescue vessels were dealing with a minor incident nearby at the time.

Despite all their efforts the schooner sank, but its passengers and crew were rescued.

Passenger Almut Koerting, told the BBC that she wanted to thank the crew for their “prudential and sober-minded action before, during and after the terrible crash”.

“We have experienced a wonderful, lovingly maintained ship, which beautifully drove us down Elbe River, and then, incredibly enough, still took her people to port in spite of being severely damaged in the collision.”

The 37m (121ft) boat had just recently finished a €1.5m (£1.3m; \$1.7m) refit in a Danish shipyard.

~ 9 June 2019

Retrieved 26 December 2019 from

<https://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-48572308>

## Stuffing Worms Back in the Ground

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The 30th running of the Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race (GCBSR) did not go off without some hitches.

The October 17 start had been moved up two hours to allow for more daylight hours during the race. But a “bomb cyclone” hit the region with gusts in excess of 40 knots. The decision was made to delay the race

until dawn on the 18th, when the winds were forecast to settle down.



The result was a photogenic dawn start, although the schooners had to toss lines in the wee morning hours in order to reach the start at the Whitehall Bay No. 1 buoy. Winds at sunrise were 15-20 knots, decreasing throughout the day.

We spoke to GCBSR race committee member Duncan Hood shortly after the race.

**Marlinspike:** It's hard enough managing a big event like this, what with starting up in Baltimore and finishing 120 miles away, in another state! But this year the weatherman handed you some additional challenges to overcome. Can you talk about the impact that has?

**Duncan Hood:** It's frustrating. You're at the mercy of the weather forecasters. You look at the weather and you say, “Well, it looks like the winds are going to go down in three hours.” And then somebody comes around and goes, “I don't think they're going to go down in three hours. I think it's going to take six hours.” And somebody else walks up and says, “I can't take kids out if there's a gale warning!” Right? So on and on you go, and it's a very delicate balancing act.

*~ Reprinted with permission from Capt. Mike Rutstein, Publisher, “Marlinspike”*

## Notice of 2020 Annual Meeting

**Friday, 31 Jan**

- All hands Gam - 1700 (give or take)
- Conference room, Hampton Inn & Suites Mystic

- Come join us for an evening of tall tales, tall drinks and great camaraderie. Start the weekend catching up with old and new friends. Bring along your instruments and voices and join in!

### Saturday, 1 Feb

American Schooner Association Annual Meeting  
@Latitude 41° Restaurant and Tavern  
101 Greenmanville Avenue, Mystic, CT

#### Meeting Agenda

- 0900 Coffee and pastries
- 1000 Meeting comes to order
- 1100 Meeting Closes
- 1100 Social hour before lunch and presentation
- 1200 Lunch
- 1300 Featured Presentation
- 1400 Meeting Concludes

#### J.M.W. Turner: Watercolors from Tate

- Members will be given the opportunity to visit the Seaport exhibition devoted to the watercolors of one Britain's greatest painters: J.M.W. Turner (1775-1851) at a discounted museum entry fee.

#### Educational Seminars

Conference room, Hampton Inn & Suites Mystic

- 1600 Details to follow

#### "Captain John Eginton" Dinner

- 1800 Details and signup will be available at the annual meeting

#### Saturday Night Gathering

- 1900 Conference room, Hampton Inn & Suites Mystic
- Picking off where we left off Friday night

#### Featured Presentation

- "The Alden 309s and Blackbird's Restoration"
- Peter Thompson will speak about the Alden 309, perhaps the most prolific serial design to come from the boards of John Alden's firm, and the restoration of **Blackbird**, the last 309 built.
- The scope of **Blackbird's** exacting 2001-2015 restoration included removing and preserving her original interior, removing ceilings to access and replace frames, wooden and metal floor timbers, butt

blocks, keel timber, centerboard and trunk, sternpost, horn timber and rudder, refurbishing the iron ballast, removing and replacing all deck beams, laying a new deck, king planks, garboards, molding a new oval mahogany cockpit as well refabricating hardware including travelers, bob and whisker stay fittings, chain plates and keelbolts.

- Peter will also be sharing 1930's vintage letters, listings and period 8mm movies.

**Come join us for what is sure to be a fascinating presentation!**

#### Accommodations

Hampton Inn & Suites Mystic  
6 Hendel Drive  
Mystic, Connecticut, 06355  
860-536-2536

- The Association has blocked 25 rooms at a negotiated rate of \$94 a night, if booked prior to January 1st. Use code "ASA" when booking.

## Who wouldn't want to see Greenland?

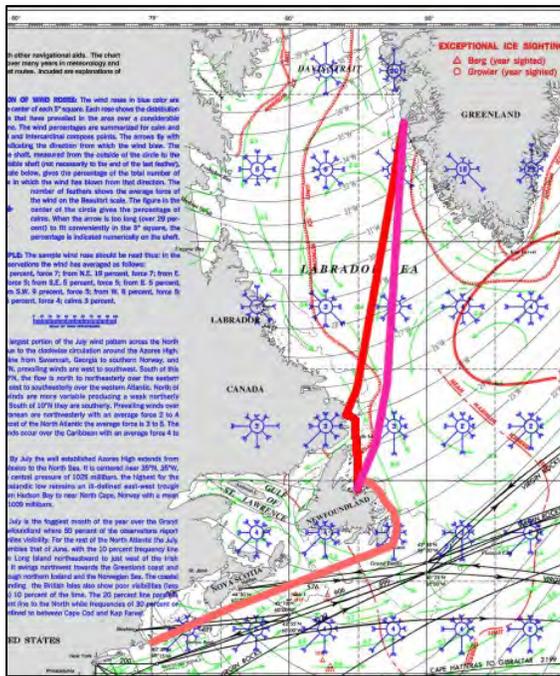
~ By Richard Hudson

Stark, spectacular mountains, glaciers calving massive icebergs into the sea, seals, whales and polar bears. Who wouldn't want to see Greenland?

Greenland is not an easy place to sail to—think cold wind, ice and fog, possibly all at once! Sailing there requires planning and preparation. I first sailed to Greenland in 2011, as part of sailing through the Northwest Passage (across the north of Canada &



Alaska). This summer, I'm returning to Greenland, taking people on sailing adventures.



**Route Planning:**

Pilot charts are great for initial planning of ocean passages. They show historical averages of weather conditions, per month, per ocean. Historical averages are, of course, not predictions, so you definitely need to look at weather forecasts and adjust plans accordingly—the pilot charts are only for initial planning. This can be done with software as well, such as OpenCPN and the Climatology plugin (except it doesn't show ice), and the principles are the same as for planning with pilot charts.

The Pilot Chart shows ocean currents in light green. Average wind speed and direction are shown in blue “wind roses”. The circle in the center shows a number with the percentage of time the wind is gale (34 knots, Beaufort Force 8) or above. The length of the blue “arrows” around the blue circles indicate the frequency with which the wind blows from each direction. The feathers on the shaft of the arrows indicate average wind speed in Beaufort Force.

On the Pilot Chart for July, there are three routes that I've drawn in:

1) In red, a ~900 mile route from northern Newfoundland (where my boat is) to Nuuk, Greenland, with a stop at the fascinating, historic fishing outpost of Battle Harbour, Labrador.

2) In purple, ~900-mile route from northern Newfoundland to Nuuk, that goes around the Maximum Ice Limit (jagged red line).

3) In light red, a ~1,100-mile route from Cape Cod to northern Newfoundland for reference.

Nuuk was chosen as the destination in Greenland because, as the capital, it is relatively easy to fly to, with daily flights to Denmark (there are no regularly-scheduled flights from North America to Greenland that I am aware of). Nuuk is also the biggest city in Greenland, with a population of about 17,000, so is likely the best choice for supplies and services. While the ocean passage would be shorter if the destination was farther south, the southwest coast of Greenland tends to have more ice, so whether or not one could make landfall there would depend on ice conditions at the time. For my purposes, Nuuk seems a better landfall than one further south.

The route in red that stops in Battle Harbour, Labrador takes longer, due to the stop, and involves more icebergs, but it's an interesting place to stop.

How much of a problem icebergs will be depends on the weather. In light winds, with good visibility,



icebergs are awesome to look at, and it's easy to keep a safe distance away. With poor visibility, or with high winds (or both), ice can be a problem. While icebergs show up on radar, for smaller pieces of ice, it depends on whether the ice has a large enough vertical face to bounce the radar signal back—they often don't show up on radar. There is often poor visibility, so if there is ice around, you need to slow down enough to be able to avoid the ice after you detect it.



July is a good month to sail to Greenland. In June, there is more ice blocking entrances to harbours, and late in August, the autumn storms start.

**Equipment:**

Radar is hugely useful around ice, and for navigating in areas where satellite positions don't agree with the charts.

A cabin heater is really nice to have!

**Forecasts:**

Within range of the coast, VHF radios can receive weather forecasts in Newfoundland and Labrador, and weather warnings in Greenland.

GRIB (Gridded Binary) forecasts are available by email, for those with satellite or SSB transceivers.

For those with weatherfax receivers, weather faxes from the UK Met Office cover most of Greenland (weatherfaxes from the US National Weather Service cover only the south of Greenland), and Canadian ice charts are also available by weatherfax.

Ice forecasts for Canada and Greenland are available online, and via NAVTEX for those with NAVTEX receivers.

**Supplies:**

You're pretty much on your own, here. Most settlements will have a general store that sells a limited amount of hardware items, but if you need parts, you need to bring them, and the necessary tools. I carry a lot of tools and a lot of spare parts, including oil & filters, belts, alternator, gaskets for the engine, rope, cord, rigging wire, sailcloth, polyurethane adhesive sealant (for sail and other repairs).

**Provisions:**

A wide range of food is available in Newfoundland stores, even hardtack (Hard Bread / Ships Biscuit) and salt beef for those with a taste for traditional seafarers cuisine.

**The Crew:**

Warm layers (synthetic or wool) of clothes are essential, as is a warm hat. Rubber boots, with removable wool liners for insulation, can be bought in Newfoundland, as can waterproof, insulated gloves. Thermal floatation coats (Mustang, Stearns) are really nice to have, especially when getting in and out of dinghies, with the risk of falling into cold water.

More information is available in the Royal Cruising Club Pilotage Foundation's Arctic and Northern Waters.



Greenland is an awesome place to sail a schooner to. If you're interested in sailing there on my schooner, ***Issuma***, please contact me at [rhudson@issuma.com](mailto:rhudson@issuma.com).

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## In Memorium

**Warren William Eginton**  
1924-2019



The Honorable Judge Warren W. Eginton, died 7 October 2019 at the age of 95-1/2. He passed peacefully at his home at Meadow Ridge, Redding, CT with Andrea, John, and Pat holding his hands. He had been diagnosed in August with pancreatic and liver cancer.

As is his style, my father was active to the end. He spent a full day at work at his chambers the Monday prior. That Friday evening, he hosted — and spoke at — a dinner gathering of most of his law clerks from the past four decades. He went into Hospice Care the following afternoon on 5 October.

I have never known anyone who enjoyed their life as much as my father did his. He was often described as the Energizer Bunny and was always on the go. We always knew all was well if we couldn't find him, except when he was sailing with us on the Mystic Whaler. His appointment calendar was always filled a year out, and he packed more living into his nine-plus decades than anyone could imagine. He loved his work (he was the longest-serving federal judge in the history of Connecticut) but he lived to travel, to learn, and to cultivate friendships.

We were very lucky to have this wonderful man in our lives for so much of our lives. He is the greatest man I have ever known.

~ **John & Pat**

**William K. Comella**  
1941-2019



Bill Comella, 78, passed away peacefully at home on September 20, 2019. He was the son of the late William and Ruby Comella. He lived most of his life in the Highlands before moving to Farmingdale six years ago.

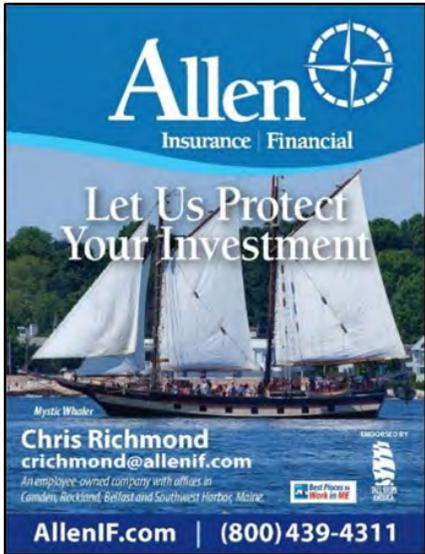
He was a graduate of the University of Colorado and Columbia University, Bill was

an AT&T Pioneer and worked as an Electrical Engineer for AT&T Bell Labs in Holmdel, NJ and retired after 32 years of distinguished service.

Bill enjoyed being a member of the Monmouth Boat Club (on his Flying Scot), a former Commodore of the North Shrewsbury Ice Boat & Yacht Club of Red Bank, a member of the Whales Home Brewing Club and the Austin Healey Sports & Touring Club.

He is survived by his wife of 25 years, Barbara (Costa) Comella; his sons: William Jr. and Freddy Comella; his step-children Gina Condos, David Pollara, Cindi Carbone, Andrea Pollara and Darren DiMare and all of their families including 17 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren whom all loved their "Papa Bill."

In the American Schooner Association circles, Bill was known as a great sailor and trusted crew on ASA's past Commodore, Bob Pulsch's schooner, **Heron**, participating (and winning!) in many a race along with his co-crew: Walter Sodon, Bill Carton and Frank Johnson.



### The Association Wants You!

We will soon be working on the first 2020 issue of *Wing & Wing* and are looking for articles and photos. Working on a winter project? Let us know about it. Traveling to exotic (or not so exotic) locales? Tell us your story. Have updates about any museums or organizations you may be associated with? Send them along! Remember an interesting experience you had? Share it with us.

Articles should be around 700 words. A plain text or MS Word document is fine.

Please send the articles to: [secretary@amschooner.org](mailto:secretary@amschooner.org).

