



2003 Schedule of Events

Tuesday, July 1, 2003. JULY 1ST RACE

Due to the fact that July 1st falls on a Tuesday there will be no officially organized NSSA event. However if skippers wish to hold a race they should contact the Race Committee.

RACE WEEK. Hosted by, Chester Yacht Club & The Rope Loft.

Sunday July 20, 2003

NSSA schooner fleet arrives throughout the day.

Keg Welcome Party – (Aboard a schooner yet to be designated.) At The Rope Loft.

Monday, July 21, 2003

08:00 - 09:30h. Breakfast - CYC .

0930h Registration – CYC. Contact HFH. Nev Layton*

10:00 h Skippers Meeting - CYC .

20:00 h Wine and Cheese Reception - hosted by the CYC - Sponsored by L&P

Tuesday, July 22, 2003

08:00 - 09:30 h. Breakfast - CYC .

10:00 h Skippers Meeting - CYC .

1900h (Time to be confirmed). “Hip o’ Beef” Dinner followed by an evening with Tom Gallant at the Rope Loft.

Wednesday, July 23, 2003

08:00 - 09:30 h Breakfast - CYC .

10:00 h .Skippers Meeting - CYC .

20:00 h. A Naughtycal Trivia Night at CYC (Traditionally Wednesday evening is free of activities. However, the social committee has tentatively planned, for those wishing to participate.)

Thursday, July 24, 2003

08:00 - 09:30 h Breakfast - CYC .

10:00 h. Skippers Meeting for Single handed racers- CYC .

1600 h. BBQ – Location to be determined.

[Possibly Lynch or Quaker Island. Rain location CYC]

Friday, July 25, 2003

08:00 - 09:30 h Breakfast - CYC .

10:00 h. Skippers Meeting - CYC .

1830 h.. NSSA members are gracefully invited by Willa & Doug Creighton for an evening of Hors d’ euvres, couth and culture (A commodity sorely lacking among most of us wizened old farts!) at their most elegant home.

Saturday, July 26, 2003

08:00 - 09:30 h Breakfast - CYC.

10:00 h. Skippers Meeting - CYC .

1800 h. BBQ - CYC

1900 - 20:30h. Awards Presentations – CYC.

20:30h-‘Til we don’t wanna dance no more.

Alf Lohnes and the "Easy tones"- CYC .

Sunday, July 27, 2003

0800 – 0900h Breakfast – CYC. (To be confirmed.)

Departure of the fleet

*(His Fiscal Highness)

Mahone Bay Wooden Boat Festival.

Saturday, August 2, 2003.

Classic Wooden Boat Race.

Chester Race Week.

Wednesday, August 13 - Saturday, August 16, 2003

CYC plans to include a Schooner Class this year and in future years.

Lunenburg Fisherman's Picnic & Reunion.

Friday, August 15 - Sunday, August 17, 2003

Sail Lunenburg 2003 (Tall Ships).

Labour Day Weekend Regatta.

Saturday, August 30 - Monday, September 1, 2000

(Location to be determined during Race Week)

September Classic Race.

Saturday, September 20, 2003

(Location to be announced at Race Week)

Annual General Meeting.

Saturday, November 8th 2003. 1:30 for 2:00 p.m.

Location to be determined

Race Week 2004

The dates and location will be voted on at the Skippers meeting on **Friday July 25th.**
Race Week 2003.

The following proposals were presented at the Spring Meeting.

2004 Tall Ships Challenge Halifax. The organisational committee has invited us to hold our annual Race Week in Halifax Harbour during Tall Ships Challenge 2004. The Tall Ships will be in Halifax Harbour from 28 July - 2 August.

We could hold Race Week in Halifax from 25 - 31 July. Capt. Claude, who is on the organisation committee, has indicated that we would be docked on the Halifax side of the harbour. Expectations are for 35 - 40 Tall Ships.

Alternatively, we could hold Race Week in Lahave or Lunenburg during 18 - 24 July and then come to Halifax for Tall Ships.

Lahave River Yacht Club invited us to hold either Race Week **2004** or **2005** at their club.

Lunenburg Yacht Club invited us to hold our Race Week **2004** at their new and improved facilities.

Skippers, please discuss this with your crews. Of course, the decision is yours.

Please come prepared to vote.

Maritime Museum & Website Report

Greetings and I apologise for not being able to attend the NSSA spring meeting and provide this update in person. During the past few months, I've been meeting with Terry Shaw and Dan Conlin from the Maritime Museum and I'm pleased to report there has been a great deal of progress with regards to a potential website exhibit based on the Schooners of Nova Scotia.

The proposed project would be collaboration between the Maritime Museum of the Atlantic, The Fisheries Museum, the Bluenose Trust and the NSSA. There is still a great deal of work to be done before applying for the necessary Federal funding in

September, and meetings will continue over the coming months to finalise the details of the exhibit.

With regards to the Schooner exhibit and following up on the process I began at the fall meeting, the Maritime Museum still needs research information on the NSSA fleet and is looking for assistance from the following NSSA member Schooners: ADARE , ALEXIA , ANDIAMO , ATLANTICA , BETTY S , COMET II , ENCHANTRESS , ENDEAVOUR, HARMONA , KNOW KNOT II , NOBLE DREAM OSPREY, RAINDANCER II, RENEGADE, SANTORINA, SORCERESS, SURPRISE.

Would the owners of the above-mentioned vessels please take a few moments to complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to the address indicated on the form? This would be much appreciated by the museum staff and will streamline the process when the time comes to create the exhibit.

On another note, the museum is interested in trying to develop a regular “living museum” exhibit that would involve having one or two different Schooners at the Museum on a floating dock during certain weekends for *Schooner Saturdays*. The idea would be that the skipper (Or his representative.) would be aboard their Schooner during the afternoon and available to give a tour and to talk with visitors about their Schooner and the NSSA. At this point, the Museum is interested in determining how many Schooners would be interested in participating in such a project for this summer. To confirm your interest in participating in *Schooner Saturdays*, please contact me before May 30 at the following: Email: edwardpeill@eastlink.ca Tel: (902) 497-0888

I look forward to seeing you all in Chester for Race Week.
Respectfully submitted, Edward Peill. Museum & Website Committee.

Ship-Shape n' Sharp. NSSA Crew Shirts.

Summer is *finally* approaching with all of it's Schooning activities. (Did we ever doubt that it would?) I'm sure that we all want to look as ship-shape-n-sharp as we possibly can so let me take this opportunity to remind everyone that we still have a good selection of NSSA logo Crew Shirts, available in Beige and Forest Green.

Very good quality and a steal at **\$28.75 taxes in.**

We also have **Blazer crests, Cap badges** and NSSA logo **licence plates.**

We can be contacted via the web-site. www.nsschooner.ca or:

Mora Stevens @ h - 425 3890 w - 424 4494

Wendy Levo @ 4453830

Nev Layton @ 922 3775

A Tale from the Rocks

Life is nice and quiet out here in the rocks, which is why I live here. A fella can get through a day without bein' put upon by any of the odious blandishments of modern life. Cable T.V. didn't get here 'til last year. I'm the last holdout in the cove. Never saw anything on T.V. half as interestin' as sittin' on my wharf watchin' flatfish farts breakin' the surface of the cove. But modern times is 'ard to avoid.

I was out for a row one evenin' last July. Tendin' to me gustatorial proclivities, I was, mindin' me own business when I was near run down by these three big motor boats made'a some kinda plastic. Looked exactly like them new steam irons at Walmart, the

ones with teflon bottoms. Made more racket 'n Wobbley's old truck. A newborn could see that no one aboard knew a damn thing about goin' to sea. There they were blastin' the kind a' music that makes deaf mystics go friggin' postal. You gotta picture it off in detail to understand the gravity of the situation.

Right here is the prettiest little cove in a land of pretty coves. You come in the pass, rocks and ledges on both sides, and slide into a collection of coves and hidey holes. There's tidy houses and solid wharves and buildings. Everything's been here long enough to look like it belongs. Then three great big ugly, loud, goin'-too-fast-makin'-too-much-wake-and-not-payin'-attention-'cause-they're-drunk-'n-got-Shania-Twain-turned-up-loud-enough-to-melt-chrome-trimmed-arseholes, come stormin' into the middle of it all. Oh, the dear Lord.....they was TERRORISTS! Fundamentalist believers in the church of CONSUMATE CONSUMERS! ...I figger there's some arse'ole in a Roots shirt and Keiths hat, with clean white Nike sneakers and a trophy wife(if yer playin' triple-A ball), who runs this cabal of disrespecters of human life and natural beauty. They gotta be doin' it on purpose. Nobody's that stupid. Osama Bin Boatin', er what?!

I've got this nice little skiff, twelve and a half feet, flat bottom, lots o' rocker and flare up forward. Bastards damn near swamped me, you! You get three of those things in close water and you got yerself a serious chop. If they'd a kept goin' they'd a been alright, but they didn't. They threw out one stainless steel plough with about thirty feet o' half inch braid, rafted up and cranked up Shania. I kept a pile o' rocks between me and them, scullin' me oars and watchin'. They was all shoutin' like what they were sayin' was so smart that everyone in the world should hear. Choice musings like.....

"Mavis, you got a belly on yuh just like Shania.....only bigger! Haw Haw Haw"

"Yeah, well you couldn't stand up streight if it weren't for the Viagra! Haw haw hack hack"

One of the women had this diabolical cackle that ended in a racking, hacking cough as she lit another Matinee Extra Light King Size Menthol. I'm sittin' there in the skiff, lookin' down at the floorboards, the gaff, the bailer, the bucket with a half bottle o' rum. When I looked up I noticed that the sun was about to set. "Who's bed have your boots been under....." ain't what I'd call a fittin' soundtrack to a summer sunset here in the rocks. Something had to be done.

I knew for sure that they weren't payin' real close attention to what was goin' on so I rowed nice 'n easy over to Mike's place, pulled the skiff up on the beach and sat down on his and Susanne's sunset rock. Mike was beside me in about two minutes. He passed the rum. (Mike's featurin' Goslings Black Seal lately. Times have been worse.) We gazed at the deep purple ridge beyond the red fire of the sunset and listened to Shania and her fans trash the moment.

"Something's gotta be done." Says Mike, soundin' like Dirty Harry with a Black Rocks twang. "Something serious."

"How's your boat?" says I, tryin' to change the subject and avoid the conflagration that I could feel a-brewin' in Mike's fevered brain.

"That old boat, I gotta let 'er go." says he, "And you know I speak the truth." Mike had a big old Cape Islander, the real deal. Hackmatack frames, which is why she was alive at all. Thirty five hard friggin' years old, forty five friggin' feet long and a total friggin' shipwreck. Trouble is she was beautiful. Oh my, Oh my.....walkin' around her

with a keen eye would fill yer heart, if you knew what you were lookin' at. But the boat was beyond repair. Mike loved her and had made a dozen attempts to rebuild her. She was having none of it. She just kept sinking, no matter what he did. We sat, looking at those three wedge-shaped, stainless and glass, Shania blastin' insults to the nautical soul, and the old cape islander on the shore that was breakin' Mikes big old heart. We'd look from one to the other, back and forth.

"How much pot warp you got?" says I.

"Got a fresh coil in the building" says Mike.

Story gets a mite technical for a while here, but the long and short of it is, dawn broke over the cove, silent and mysterious. Three particularly handsome Mallards slipped under the strange, curved the wrong way sterns of the terrorist boats. The one with the cough was up first. Her most favourite artist in the whole world is Garth Brooks. That's what sent the ducks a-flyin'. Me'n Mike were set up to leeward o' "Marie & Me", Mikes old cape islander. I gotta tell ya, we were well supplied with comfortable chairs, Black Seal rum and whatever else seemed necessary. We heard Garth..."I got friends in low places....." The boys aboard were restless. Two big V-8s roared into life. Two more. Two more. Blue gasoline haze spread over the mirror calm water. Garth echoin' off the rocks. They musta woke everyone around the cove! Them boats got no sensible deck space, so they was slippin n' slidin' n' cussin' as they finally managed to pull the stainless steel anchor. They crawled back to their cockpits and roared away.

But wait.... What's happening?

Somehow, through some freak of fate or some n', they were tangled together, nose to tail so that they ended up in a line, churnin' up half the ocean. I swear, for a second there they stopped, all six V-8's roarin' like so many 747's. you should've seen the look in their eyes!..... But then, she moved. "Marie & Me". She took a start, and a start, and then away she went, towed by Garth Brooks and the fundamentalist consumers in their steam iron boats to a wet and welcome grave.

"That pot warp's strong stuff." Says Mike.

"You got that right." Says I, as, V-8's roarin' n' Garth's caterwaulin' fades into the distance, and mikes old boat becomes a lobster reef somewhere out there in deeper water.

"Maybe it'll quiet down some around here next summer" says Mike.

O. Geezer-Gaffney

e-mail addresses.

In an attempt to reduce mailing expenses for the Association, I propose to start sending out the "Scoon" via e-mail where possible. In order to facilitate this plan, I request that all members, who have an e-mail address, please send me a short e-mail. This is the easiest way for me to get your address in my address book. Also I welcome your comments, pro. & con. On this matter. Of course, those who prefer can continue receiving a hard copy.

My e-mail address is; **nev_389@hotmail.com**