



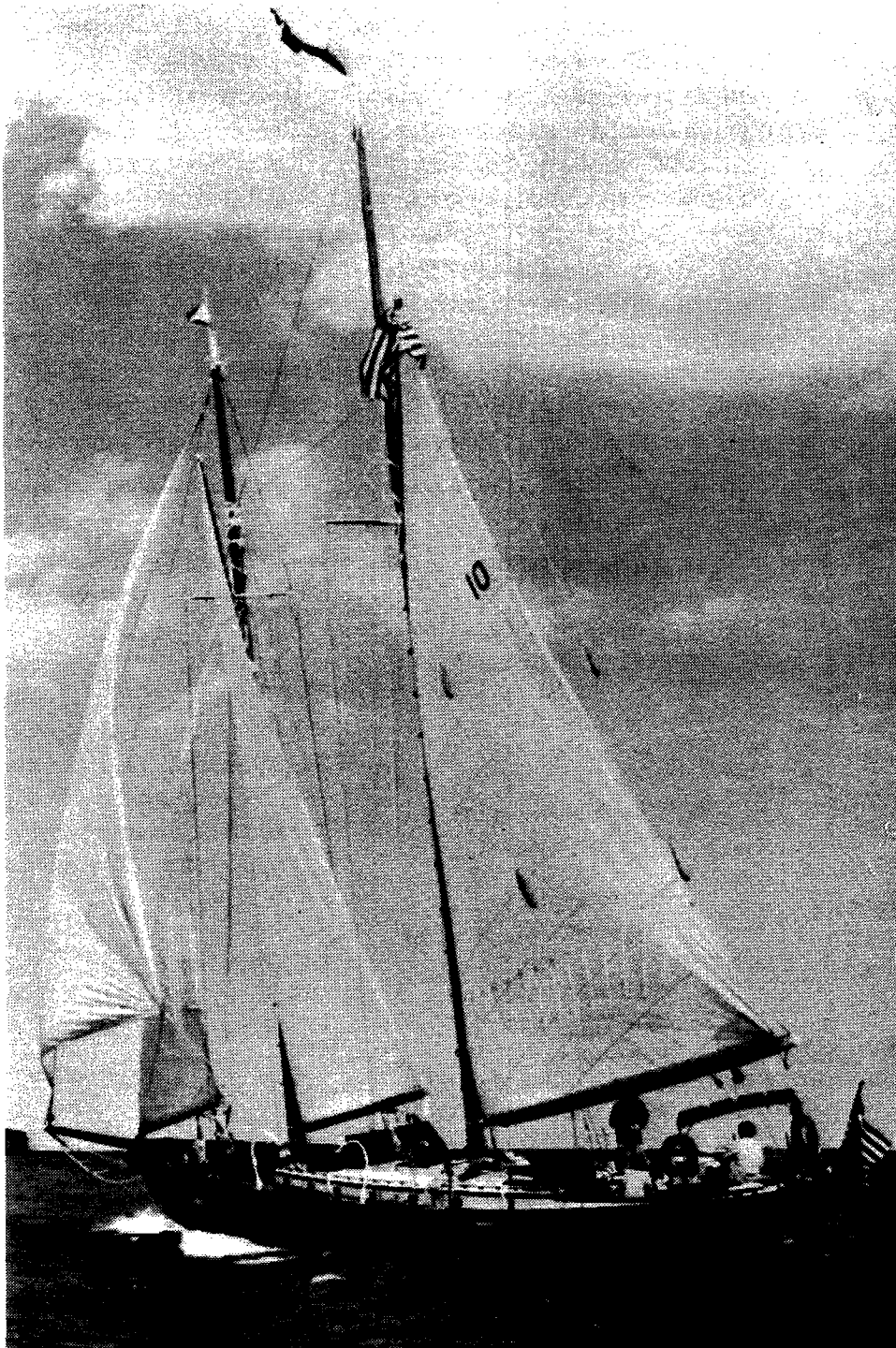
P.O. BOX 484

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355

WING & WING

Volume XX, Number 1 • Spring 1992

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association



MALABAR X (See Page 4)

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMODORE

Before any comment on the many exciting activities and details of this year, my first inclination is to thank all the current members of the Board of Governors for deciding to stay on another year. I particularly want to express my thanks (and I'm sure the entire membership's as well) to Roberta and Bob Pulsch for their many and continued efforts to keep the offices of the Secretary and Treasurer functioning smoothly. Their help in planning and organizing another successful Annual Meeting was substantial, and is also greatly appreciated.

Next, and most important regards your plans for this year's Quinticentennial Celebration. All of you who attended the Annual Meeting know of the Schooner Association's "Big Apple to Beantown Schooner Race." You also know how important it is to register your boat with either NY's OP-SAIL '92 or SAIL BOSTON '92, indicating you will be attending both harbor celebrations. Use either the ASA supplied forms or indicate that your vessel is a member of ASA on the form. Send us a copy of your form or call to let us know your boat will be participating in the race. Past Commodore Peter Phillipps has agreed to be the coordinator of the planning activities for our race to Boston and is working along with Vice Commodore Jim Lobdell and Rear Commodore Fred Sterner to be sure all the details have been covered.

Wing & Wing now has a new editor we all applaud and welcome. Gina Webster is a partner along with her husband Jim Mairs, and the Gannon and Benjamin Yard, in the

wonderful rebuild of the Alden schooner WHEN & IF. Although she could probably write volumes each and every week on the experience, that does not preclude your responsibility in making an effort to contribute to *Wing & Wing*. A photograph, a letter, an article, log entries, etc... Send them in to Gina. She will include them in the coming tri-annual issues of *W & W* that we all will be looking for. It is not a simple task, just ask all the previous editors.

Even as this issue goes to print, the Board of Governors will be meeting again to consider and vote on several issues and new ideas that came out of this year's Annual Meeting. Issues such as whether to have a booth

at this year's revived Newport Wooden Boat Show in June, the details of the ASA Award Plaque to be presented to Mystic Seaport Museum in September, and to pick the best of the designs to be used on the t-shirt commemorating this year's Quinticentennial and above mentioned race.

Just a note on the progress of the rebuild of ADVENTURER. For those of you that were not able to attend the Annual Meeting, she is the Alden Malabar VI schooner that appeared on the front cover of that last issue of *Wing & Wing*. We're into the replanking stage as this letter is being written, and the launch date is the second week in April.

— Captain Mark Faulstick

OFFICERS

Commodore
Captain Mark Faulstick

Vice Commodore
Jim Lobdell

Rear Commodore
Fred Sterner

Secretary
Roberta Pulsch

Treasurer
Bob Pulsch

Wing & Wing is published by and for the members of the American Schooner Association. Address correspondence to the editor: Gina Webster, 145 East 16th St., #20A, New York, NY 10003.

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ASA BUDGET REPORT

INCOME:

\$ 746.99	Cash in hand from 1990
1010.00	Annual membership dues
75.00	Back membership dues
250.00	Advertisements - <i>W & W</i>
<u>576.80</u>	Lunches - Annual Meeting
\$2568.79	

EXPENSES:

\$ 28.00	1990 P.O. Box Rental
35.00	1991 P.O. Box Rental
<u>20.00</u>	Postage
\$ 83.00	

\$2575.79	Cash in hand (Dec. 23, 1991 statement)
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Respectfully submitted,
Robert H. Pulsch

MINUTES FROM THE ANNUAL WINTER MEETING

CALL TO ORDER AND INTRODUCTIONS

The annual meeting of the American Schooner Association was held at the Youth Training Building, Mystic Seaport Museum on February 1, 1992. The meeting was called to order at 10:15 by Commodore Mark Faulstick, who noted that this was the twentieth year for the American Schooner Association. All members in attendance introduced themselves and gave a short narrative of their boat and/or sailing experiences.

Each Officer was introduced. Jim Lobdell, Vice Commodore, explained that cruising boats should let him know their schedule so that he could let them know if any other ASA member boats were in the area. He also noted that several towns were interested in having a rendezvous after Sail Boston '92. Fred Sterner, Rear Commodore, noted the racing schedule for the coming season which will be published later. He also announced that the ASA had received an invitation for a Race Week from a Yacht Club in Turkey. Roberta Pulsch, Secretary, stated that our membership is better than last year but noted it is still down. She requested that current members should spread the word and give out applications. Bob Pulsch, Treasurer, gave the financial report and noted that we are "solvent." Expenses were down because of our newsletter. A copy of the report appears in this newsletter.

Mark Faulstick introduced John and Dorothy Addicott who have agreed

to run a Chandlery for the ASA. There will be more to follow on this subject as soon as details are worked out.

NOMINATIONS AND ELECTIONS

A nomination was made, and seconded, to keep the present slate of officers. All nominees accepted, a vote was taken, and all members approved.

ASA AWARD

The Annual ASA Award will be given to Mystic Seaport and will be presented at the Mystic Seaport Schooner Meet Awards Dinner in the fall.

Suggestions were taken for consideration of next year's ASA Award. The nominations were Gannon and Benjamin, for all their efforts and considerations for schooners, and South Street Seaport, for their efforts in the rebuilding of the LETTIE G. HOWARD.

Ginny Lobdell made a motion to present Mystic Seaport with a standing plaque which would remain at the Seaport, and which would list each ASA Award winner; new winners to be added each year the award was given. This will be discussed at future meetings.

NEW MEMBERSHIPS

Valerie LaFrance noted the Wooden Boat Show would be coming up and it might be a good idea to put a membership booth there. It was decided to cover this at the next Board of Governors meeting.

WING AND WING

Gina Webster has graciously offered to be the new editor of *Wing & Wing*. She announced that she needed

input and/or articles from all members. She posted her address, which is 145 East 16th St., 20A, New York, NY 10003.

SAIL BOSTON '92

Jim Lobdell discussed Sail Boston '92 and noted that it is well organized and should be a great event. ADVENTURER, MALABAR II, SEBIM, and GRAY GOOSE have committed their boats to the proposed Big Apple to Beantown Race. Definite details have not been made as of this date. Mark Faulstick asked Fred Rhineland to be the liaison between the Nova Scotia Schooner Association and the American Schooner Association. He noted that the ASA would like the NSSA to join us in the Big Apple to Beantown Race.

Rendezvous after Sail Boston '92 were discussed and it was noted that several guests had joined us to invite us to Salem and give a presentation on their fine town. It was suggested that after the Boston Harbor Festival on Thursday, the schooners sail into Salem Harbor as guests of Salem, and have a bit of a celebration. They presented a slide show at the luncheon after the meeting. Other rendezvous locations were noted, such as Gloucester and Vineyard Haven.

ADJOURNMENT

A motion was made to adjourn, and the members went to a luncheon catered by Joni at the German Club.

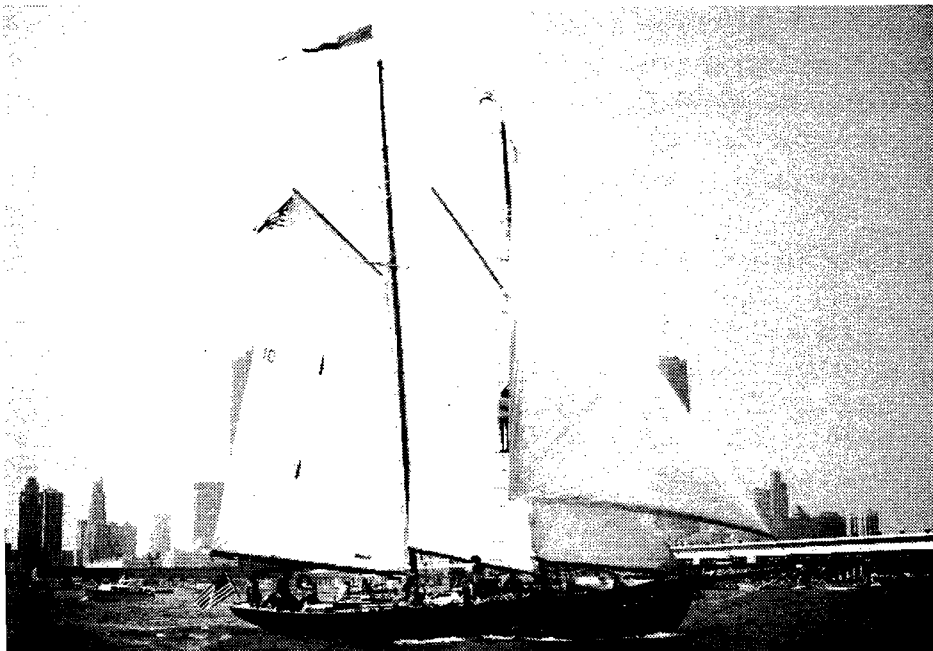
Respectfully submitted,
Roberta R. Pulsch

MALABAR X

The sea has no memory and no age and, alone and complete in itself, no need for man. To become whole with it man needs his boat and a friend or two to help him work it. These together can compete with the spectacle he has challenged, and it is not strange that his boat should become a live and almost living thing.

— Anon.

Hurricane Bob hit Sag Harbor, on Long Island, Monday August 19, 1991 with a ferocity seldom seen in the area. When it clocked over 100 mph, MALABAR X started dragging her 1,000-pound mooring. Within ten minutes, dragging south, she hit the Sag Harbor-North Haven bridge pilings stern to, demolishing her transom, then her boom gallows, and finally snapping her original 65-foot gaff-rigged main mast.



Above and Page 1: MALABAR X. Photos provided by Lee Pryor

As she was battered against the bridge pilings, the wind began to swing from north to northwest. With the wind still over 90 mph, MALABAR broke free from the bridge, and with her one-inch double-yoked mooring line still intact, she dragged slowly eastward on the bridge abutment, like a recalcitrant bay retriever on a leash. There she was pounded relentlessly until the 61-year-old lady finally gave up twenty feet of planking and six portside frames to the hurricane, listed to port and rested against the rocks, water to the floor boards, but no further. Her rudder, keel, starboard side, foremast, coachroof, and deck remained intact—a tribute to John Alden and the shipwrights of Hodgson Boat Yard in Boothbay, Maine, who constructed her in 1930.

Immediately after the storm Dave Whalen's salvage crew worked five days, unloading below, constructing a large patch above and below the waterline, erecting pilings and securing a DEA permit. Finally, at high tide on August 24, she was pulled free and

with the patch holding beautiful towed five miles from Sag Harbor to Steve Clark's Greenport Yacht Yard in Greenport, Long Island.

MALABAR X has been considered the height of Alden schooner design, the quintessential offshore racer. She's 60 feet on deck with a seven-ton lead keel drawing eight feet. Alden raced her himself in the 1930 Bermuda race to win both overall and Class A. In 1932 she won Class A again.

In 1983, in a piping westerly, it was our good fortune to refresh the glory of MALABAR's past achievements, by winning the New York Mayor's Cup, the Loomis Cup, the New York Yacht Club Trophy, and the Gaff-Rigged Schooner Trophy.

MALABAR X has been part of our family for twenty years. During that time she has touched the lives of thousands of people. We have always wanted to share her grace, dignity, and beauty with old and new friends. She is a significant part of American maritime lore, and we have treated her as such. Over a three-year winter program beginning in 1978, we had MALABAR restored by Palmer Johnson in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Ninety-eight frames were sistered and her double-planked mahogany was replaced from the waterline down. New teak decks, cap rails, cockpit, engine, and wiring completed the program.

All of us who have gone aground, dragged an anchor, or come close to losing our boat have asked, "What could we have done to have avoided this mishap?" Surely others last August asked the same question: the schooner next to us and many other vessels in Sag Harbor and six miles away in Deering Harbor, Shelter Island, ended up on the rocky beach, or in a marsh.

Because Barbara and I were both busy with new endeavors in the summer of 1991, we had a paid hand aboard who was a hard worker, but not licensed. We also had our mooring moved from an open bay in front of our house in North Haven to a "better protected" spot in Sag Harbor. The swinging room is limited there as in most harbors in the Northeast. Increasing scope in anticipation of a storm would have caused mayhem with other boats. We were out of the country when the hurricane hit. As it approached, the Sag Harbor police insisted that everyone aboard a boat come ashore. We could not have expected one semi-experienced hand to risk himself in the face of an order to the contrary.

In retrospect, we feel that the only way to have saved MALABAR would have been for at least two experienced crew members, in anticipation of the hurricane, to move her out of the harbor into one of the larger bays in the area. Double-anchoring with a lot of scope and powering up would have been logical. In fact, that is what was done in Hurricane Gloria. However, then we had two licensed crew members aboard and plenty of warning. Still we almost lost her and only the crew's incredible devotion to the task saved the boat.

Today MALABAR X is in a Greenport, Long Island, yacht yard, in a shed, blocked, and awaiting an insurance settlement. We are researching various options for rebuilding her. These include having the work done where she is or moving her to Massachusetts or Maine for reconstruction, aiming for completion by the summer of 1993.

For years, people have been sending us pictures of MALABAR

X and several old salts have sought us out to recount the glory of the Bermuda races, when they were aboard as crew. Making a new harbor is always a thrill for sailors. For those on shore, the sight of her seems to strike a special chord. As she slips into a harbor under full canvas with her sleek black hull, beautiful shear, and sparkling varnished masts, there seems to be a silent voice whispering across the water saying, "Here comes the real thing." —Lee Pryor

BIG APPLE TO BEANTOWN SCHOONER RACE

Plans are moving ahead for the New York to Boston schooner race to be held in conjunction with the Columbus Quincentenary OpSail events in those two historic seaports. Commodore Mark Faulstick and past-Commodore Peter Phillipps have been talking with the Harbor Festival people in New York and the Sail Boston people, all of whom have indicated that they will be happy to cooperate.

Pending approval by the Coast Guard, present plans call for a start in New York Harbor on the morning of Monday, July 6. There will be one mark on the course—Nantucket Lightship, which must be left to port—

1992 Schedule of Events	
6/26	Wooden Boat Show, Newport, RI
7/6	Big Apple to Beantown Schooner Race
7/16	Schooner Rendezvous, Salem, MA
7/25	Nova Scotia Race Week, Mahone Bay, NS
8/8	Eggemoggin Reach Regatta, Brooklyn, ME
8/16	Opera House Regatta, Nantucket, MA
9/5-6	Classic Yacht Regatta, Nantucket, MA
9/12	Mystic Seaport Schooner Race, Mystic, CT
9/19	Mayor's Cup, New York, NY
10/11	Race Rock Regatta, Niantic, CT

and all vessels are strongly advised to finish by noon on Friday, July 10, in order to be berthed in plenty of time for the Boston events.

Tentative plans call for two classes: schooner yachts in Class A and larger/charter schooners in Class B. The organizers are contemplating finding sponsors in order to be able to offer the charter schooners cash prizes.

Firm commitments to race have already been received from ADVENTURER, VOYAGER and SEBIM. Late word from the South Street Seaport still maintains that LETTIE G. HOWARD, presently undergoing major reconstruction on Pier 16, will participate. Early indication of intent to participate would be welcomed.

—Sam Hoyt

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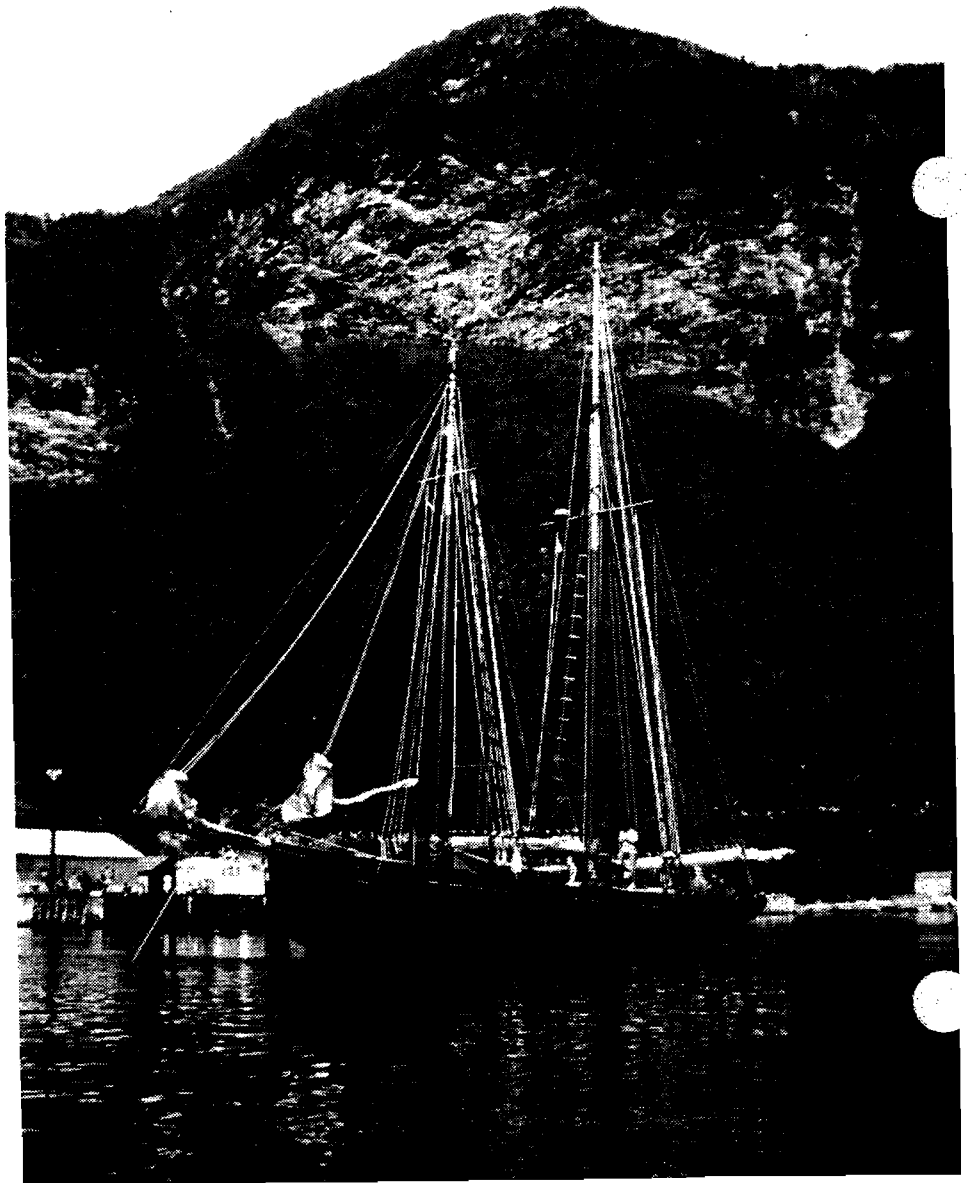
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FROM THE LOG OF VOYAGER

Cape Dauphin and the Bird Islands on the north side of Cape Breton Island lay astern. In the early hours as the sun ducked in and out of a low cloud cover, we sailed within a quarter of a mile in a sea of cliffs ravaged by wind and sea for centuries, watching sea gulls, puffins, egrets glide, ascend in thermals, beat to windward and land on precarious ledges. The wind was light: ten knots, northwest. VOYAGER slid quietly at five knots easterly towards Newfoundland. Our landfall: La Poile, a fjord on the southwest coast would take but twenty-four hours in light air and so provide us a daylight approach. The land slipped below the horizon, as did the clouds, and by noon there was only the soft, reflected blue above and an intense, ever-changing deep blue to green beneath the hull. After all these years sailing between land masses I am still in awe of these two elements—the wind and the water—the relationship these two forces exact on one another and with which a sailing vessel owes its existence. That the liquid provides the necessary floatation and the wind the means for movement upon that liquid continues to amaze me.

“Whale off the port bow!” Those crew not on deck clambered topsides and in silence focused on the broad back of a forty-foot mammal which spewed a mist some fifteen feet upwards and with a graceful arc disappeared beneath the surface. We all aligned ourselves on deck peering at the spot we each believed the whale’s underwater trajectory and time interval might result in the next surfacing. Within five minutes and far further down range than my estimate, the large head of a sperm whale, its port eye monitoring our presence, broke the



VOYAGER at anchor. Photo by Jim Mairs.

surface and with a slow deliberation repeated the process. Several years ago a similar whale off the Canarie Islands altered course and so timed its approach, perpendicular to ours, as to dive directly under our keel, twisting a few degrees so as to be able to watch the seven human heads hanging over the rail, exhibiting both exhilaration and fear. Under sail our progress was only slightly more aggressive than the whale’s and there being no harpoons in evidence, it turned and headed for us again, this time clearing our seven foot draft seemingly by but a few feet. Thence a third pass before coming alongside to rub against our starboard planking. But on this day we each held course; we continued to observe its

rhythmic passage until well out of range. No one spoke but with smiles resumed their tasks.

VOYAGER has twice sailed to the south of Newfoundland, eastward bound, and both times in heavy wind and thick fog. Although until this summer we had never planned a landfall, one could feel the presence of this large land mass, the planet’s sixth largest island, even when enveloped in fog. In passing I had looked at the charts to be sure to clear any offshore dangers, taking in the steep-to, southern coastline broken at intervals by deep bays and narrow fjords. Deep water, several hundred fathoms deep, carries in some fjords fifteen miles inland as narrow as one-half mile in width, with walls on

both sides approaching one thousand feet in height. The forces of the Ice Age that formed these fissures were indeed awesome. I will admit to some apprehension so we closed on land just prior to daybreak. Our first image was a black darker than the night: black on black and becoming less subtle as light slowly dissolved the darkness. On this July day there was no fog. La Poile Bay loomed large between high walls of rock east and west. We checked our position once again, sheeted in the working lower sails and headed north. We had seen no lights ashore during the night and as we closed on the entrance, there was no architecture in evidence. There were also no trees, rather rock faces, in places surmounted by low scruffy vegetation, from this distance rather like moss. A moon-scape! Once in the bay the terrain became more abstract, there being no man-made forms, no trees to give a sense of scale...yet singularly powerful. Even though this land of rocks had been gorged by glaciers exposing the raw sides of fjords, there was also a softness to the landscape with gentle

knolls inland. There being but a handful of settlements on this coastline, called "outports," the new watch was directed to remove their eyeballs from single reflex apertures and to take in a broader field of vision. There are no airfields, railways, or for that matter roads, connecting the outports whose only umbilical cord is a ferry service. The usual scars that one sees when approaching land, that man affects to facilitate the movement of machinery, were nowhere to be seen. When the bow relayed the presence of a few houses tucked into a narrow cove on the west side of the bay, we dropped and furled our sails and cranked up Mr Perkins, our auxiliary engine. While cleaning up, coiling lines, banding on dock lines and fenders, we steamed to port and headed for a grouping of brightly-colored houses terracing up a gentle slope on the right side of a long narrow cove. The outport was protected on all sides from wind and sea and the only land configuration not vertical in the area, permitting relatively easy construction. I had expected clusters of rectangles having steeply

pitched gables, naturally-weathered siding connected by elevated wooden sidewalks. Instead, the houses appeared to be but a few years old, brightly painted: a light blue, a bilious green, a yellow screaming for recognition, and all with a low ranch-like gabled roof. Although the individual structures were uninspiring, the overall composition was: two dozen wood frame houses in run-down order, but so placed as to provide some sense of privacy and yet some protection from a vastness of terrain thoroughly dominated by nature. When within a few hundred feet, we could see two or three dozen people, half the town, either sauntering down a dirt trail, standing adjacent to a large rock outcropping, or in a frozen position on a wide, vacant quay. Either the mail boat was to arrive that morning or the arrival of a gaff-rigged schooner with an American flag was an uncommon occurrence for this quiet, tucked-away community. In the event the former might occur, we steamed by the government dock and rafted to a fishing boat, MORNING STAR hand-lettered in blue on her white transom. Some ten people, young boys to old men, lined up to catch our lines. Few words were exchanged but smiles that animated well within greeted us. Little girls and the younger women watched from a distance. The working waterfront was most appealing with numerous wooden docks, many with fish shacks or "stores" (from storage) as they call them, of unpainted, grey planks, black tar paper, steep gables, elevated docks with neat rows of half round lobster pots: my preconception for the fishing villages. Wood skiffs, oars, fishing nets, lobster floats, and fisherman anchors adorned this painterly composition.

For Jeanette and me these land-falls, having a unique perspective, a

(Continued on page 9)

La Poile harbor. Photo by Jim Mairs.



MAYOR'S CUP, NEW YORK

9/21: Mayor's Cup Race Day. Crew: Patti Metz, Tom & Ellen Schiller, Jay & Lynn Farrell, Bruce & Lee, Sam Hoyt & Megan, and Art & Ruth (friends of the Schiller's from DC).

Off the dock at 09:30. Clear, sunny, wind NW 15-25, gusty and shifty. Set full working sail—genoa is allowed this year, but not gollywobblers.

Start was downwind with the ebb tide. Schiller on helm, Captain doing sail trim, foredeck, navigation, timing and yelling! We were first across the line—about two seconds after the gun—so I abused Schiller for being late. The rest of the fleet followed but we were soon blanketed by VOYAGER and TALISMAN—we can never seem to get clear of these guys. While we "3" were tripping over each other, FORTUNE, who was a late entry, slipped by on the outside.

We were fourth around the downwind mark, which was on the Brooklyn side, just north of the Verrazano Bridge. We tacked back to Brooklyn for clear air. (Fisherman was up since just after the start.) We did a pretty good headsail change (#2 jib to #1 genoa) thanks to the twin headstays and two halyards. Wind was the most

baffling and frustrating that I have ever seen. We were getting 90-degree windshifts, sometimes tacking through 180 degrees! Everyone seemed to be out of phase with the shifts, except, of course, FORTUNE, who short-tacked up the Jersey shore and finished about 2:30 pm. We just tacked and tacked and tacked. One sloop ran aground on the Jersey Flats—we laughed. Then, two hours and five tacks later, we were passing him for the fifth time...and no longer laughing.

The wind would go from 0—no steerage way—to 25 knots, shift about three times in five minutes, then drop to 0 again. The only thing that was steady was the ebb tide, pushing us backwards at 2.8 knots!!! Thanks to the puffs, we blew out one fisherman sheet block and one of the fisherman halyards either blew or popped open its snap shackle so we couldn't dip the peak. We sailed with the fisherman aback on the "short" leg and set good on the "long" leg for quite a while, but finally dropped it to save the sail.

At one point, off Governor's Island, the 27' MYTH passed us. We were ready to quit, but we were still about even with VOYAGER and TALISMAN. Then we got a good wind shift and caught up with TALISMAN. VOYAGER didn't get it and dropped

out. We were right behind TALISMAN near the last mark when the wind died. TALISMAN was anchored, but the tide had just turned and we were almost set down on her before they realized it and pulled the hook. Of course, the wind came back again at 20 knots and almost put us into Liberty State Park pier before we got sails trimmed and SEBIM under control.

We rounded the mark in tight company with TALISMAN and two yawls. Tom turned inside them and we got about a boat length ahead of TALISMAN. As we zeroed in on the finish line—across the river by the Battery—we sighted the SS HORIZON, a LARGE cruise ship, coming down river heading for the sea. You want to talk about "horizon jobs," this was A BIG BOAT! We were not about to give up now, and in fact SEBIM and TALISMAN stood on and cleared her by a comfortable (?) margin. Of course, the "racers" from Washington were heard to raise some slight objections: (Ruth) "I don't want to die—I have two small children." Art: "You [Schiller] turn this boat around now!") Needless to say, none of it pleased Tom—hell, he doesn't listen to the "Captain," much less the crew! The two yawls tacked back to the Jersey shore, lending credence to the axiom, "Yawls got no balls."

The net result of this most exhausting and difficult race was FORTUNE first, SEBIM second, five seconds ahead of TALISMAN, third. SEBIM took the Loomis Trophy for best corrected time by a gaff rigger. At least this time the Race Committee knew we were gaffrigged. The party was a flop—terrible chili and a poor band. Schillers and Farrells went to dinner with the mutineers, trying to mend fences (and egos). KJ went to dinner with the crew from TALISMAN, and I ended up eating Dinty Moore aboard SEBIM. The high point of the day may have been Sam Hoyt and Bob Kasindorf (of MYTH) dancing a reel at the party on PEKING.

— From the log of SEBIM



MYSTIC SCHOONER RACE

A set of new race courses forced skipper to consult charts they hadn't used in many a year. But the new course sailed—from the start off Seaflower Reef west to Long Sand Shoal, thence to the buoy off Silver El Pond on Fisher's Island, and return to the finish—provided some of the same old Mystic bugaboos. This year it was the ebb tide through The Race.

Nevertheless it was a gorgeous early fall day with light to medium northwesterly breezes that sent Class C off down the Sound. MALABAR II immediately established a solid lead and was soon to be joined by VOYAGER from Class B. Both schooners, owned by veteran skippers Jim Lobdell and Peter Phillipps, who have been around this course a few times, stayed well to the south of the rhumb line, a strategy that put them around the mark with a commanding lead.

In Class B, SEBIM and TALISMAN rejoined the neck and neck battle that had commenced in Newport a couple of weeks earlier and was to continue throughout this race and for the rest of the season. The two boats were so close that more than insults could have been passed back and forth. The two became a crowd when they were joined for a time by TOTEM, looking good under the command of a new owner but with former co-owner Bill Graves aboard as sailing master.

Once around the mark, it was a reach back to Silver Eel Pond. VOYAGER and MALABAR II had stayed well to the south after rounding the mark. With the wind lightening, this proved costly as they were both carried on a course towards Cerberus Shoal and Block Island. The Race wins again.

Meanwhile, SEBIM had opened up a lead on TALISMAN and was

actually leading the fleet most of the way back to Fisher's Island. But, as was inevitable, FORTUNE and BRILLIANT, waging yet another of their close duels, were rapidly closing the distance, and FORTUNE rounded the mark at Silver Eel Pond first. FORTUNE, followed by SEBIM, carried in towards Fisher's Island and short-tacked to the northeast before tacking for the finish. BRILLIANT and TALISMAN tacked around the buoy and headed for New London. They tacked when they could lay the finish line, setting up the classic match-racing scenario of two (groups of) converging on the finish from two different directions.

BRILLIANT got there first, and George Moffett, with an enthusiastic if inexperienced crew, took home the Brilliant Trophy. TALISMAN beat SEBIM to the finish by just over a minute to take Class B. In Class C, with MALABAR II out of it, GOLDEN GOOSE, owned by Jim Raftery, took the honors. After the Race Committee briefly forgot that SEBIM was gaff rigged and mistakenly recognized GOLDEN GOOSE, SEBIM and owner Vernon Brady won the Soundings Trophy for best corrected time by a gaff rigger. A special prize was awarded to NINA.

—Sam Hoyt

ASA Flag Officers for 1992: (From left) Fred Sterner, Jim Lobdell, Captain Mark Faulstick, Roberta Pulsch, and Bob Pulsch. (Photo: J. Addicott)



(VOYAGER Continued from page 7) way of life, an architecture and landscape quite different from ours, are as exciting as the means for getting there. A little boy followed us up the trail and at first seemed confused by the numerous photographs taken of homes, the spaces in between, the docks, boats, views he saw every day. "What's the big deal..." and when later bemused by our apparent appreciation for the turf, began to talk.

"Where are you from? Wow, I hear it is very big...and buildings as tall as our rocks! And lotsa, lotsa people...sorta scary!" As we wandered about this tiny hamlet, it occurred to me, there were no restaurants, no bank, no hospital, no police station, no town hall. Aside from small one-and-two-storied houses, there was one country store and a church adjacent to which there was a tiny cemetery plot.

It was not my intention to overwhelm this young man with the complexity and scale of New York and its modernity. The boy's father is a fisherman, as was his grandfather and great grandfather. Those Newfoundlanders I have met who wandered off the Rock, were crew or captains aboard commercial vessels, harbor pilots, or working in shipyards. Their lives are inexorably intertwined with the sea. I would have like to stay put in La Poile, through winter and another summer, to better know these people and their seemingly simple ways, but by midday my crew was anxious to move on.

— Peter Phillipps

STARBOARD TACK

I spent several hours this dull, gray afternoon reading back issues of *Wing & Wing*. Not that there aren't other things to do in New York City, but I'm assuming that an organization that is almost as old as I am might have an interesting history. Founded in 1972 under the guidance of Chuck Gregory, Jr., a small group of schooner enthusiasts met at Mystic Seaport Museum and formed the American Schooner Association. The organization's goals—no surprise here—are "to promote and encourage interest in the preservation, traditions, and enjoyment of schooners and other traditionally rigged vessels, by providing a record of these vessels past and present, and coordinating a program of racing and cruising."

This newsletter is an ideal outlet for promoting and reflecting the group's goals, and perhaps more importantly, keeping the membership informed and in touch with one another. I married into the ASA three years ago, and many boats and the faces that accompany them have become familiar. But in reading the old issues of *Wing & Wing*, I come across people and boats who are heard from rarely or who seem to have disappeared from the scene. Most of the loudest ASA members are in the Northeast, so at the annual meeting, or during summer-autumn cruising and racing, I get to hear what people are up to. But, what about the others?

Along with your copy of *Wing & Wing*, I'm enclosing a loose sheet (as it were) with a few questions. It'll take you less than 5 minutes to answer them—unless you've had an especially exciting year. Please send your responses back to me. I'm still researching the history of the ASA, but must confess that my issues of *Wing & Wing* only date back to the mid-1980s...Can anyone loan me the early issues? —G.W.

Special Offer to All Members—

The editor's husband, through child-like enthusiasm and a misunderstanding, cornered the market on copies of the out-of-print classic, Wanderer, by Sterling Hayden. This clothbound collector's edition can be had by sending \$5 to the editor, to cover postage and handling, and contributing \$10 to the charity of your choice. (Please do so directly, not through ASA; of course, if the ASA is your favorite charity, so be it.) One copy per member please.

NEWS FROM THE NORTH OF THE CAPE

What an incredible and disastrous fall we have had. The serious storm and its follow-up, Bob, did incredible damage. Most of the yards in Massachusetts have been running at full steam just to keep up with the repair business. See if this shows up in your insurance premium this year.

A sad moment of reflection is appropriate for the loss of ANNE CHRISTINE, a lovely turn-of-the-century Brigantine. I remember coming into Gloucester harbor alongside her this fall. We fired a salute, and they responded enthusiastically with a barrage of water balloons. She looked lovely under sail. All hands saved by the Coast Guard when she sank off North Carolina last fall. She will be missed.

Speaking of the Coast Guard, have you paid their user fee? Be sure to keep the little sticker with you to prove that you have paid, for they intend to enforce the new fee this year.

The SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS is back in action after brief repairs due to an accident in Newburyport. Nothing hurt but some pride and lumber. She was back in business after only a few weeks of repairs.

This year will be one of the most exciting. The parade of Tall Ships in Boston will follow the New York parade. Be sure to get your paperwork in soon. The Coast Guard will have a somewhat relaxed view of the chartering rules for some vessels. Don't tell them you heard it here, but give the Coast Guard a call if you are interested in chartering for these events.

Don't forget, there are also smaller events in Salem, Newburyport, and Fall River later in the summer. Call the respective Chambers of Commerce to get on the mailing list.

In June, Salem hosts a maritime festival and the opening of Pioneer Village, one of the largest 17th-century reenactments in the country. Quite a sight to see all those musketeers at work. The MAYFLOWER OF PLYMOUTH is now a passenger vessel for hire, and may do some work this summer. Dave Mullen tells me she really fly downwind. During her first trials last summer, she was overtaking her tow boat, and the press boat had to race through a Buzzard's Bay chop to keep up with her, dousing quite a few of the reporters on board.

Don't forget the Labor Day race in Gloucester. The Maine schooners make this a beautiful event, and sometimes there is even a little wind. But not often.

Let me know any news you have from Maine or points north. I don't get much news from there, so apologies to anyone whose news didn't get reported.

We'll be at all the big events this summer, so if you hear some cannons, that's us. If you are planning to come up this way, please give GLAD TIDINGS a call at (508) 468-3869 or (617) 962-3021.

Good sailing!

—Keating W.

Letters

Hi Roberta,

I'm sorry for not making the meeting. I was in the middle of a refit in Florida. We hauled the boat, removed the rig, stripped the masts, repainted, revarnished (9 coats), retarred the rigging, reserved the rig where needed, plus new shafts and bearings. Lotsa work.

Now we're ready to sail over to the Bahamas, then back to Maine for summer chartering.

Hope to see you this summer at some of the events.

David Stickney
HEART'S DESIRE

Dear Gina,

I promised to send you the dates of the schooner races in Nova Scotia this summer. The official word is that the schooners will gather in Mahone Bay harbor on Sunday, July 26th, and the first day of racing will be the 27th. There is a chance that one of the races during the week will finish in Lunenburg. Last race is Saturday.

We hope to see some of the ASA boats in our waters — and I am doing my best to convince some of ours that they should make the trip to Boston.

Fred Rhineland

Dear Sirs,

I'm writing to inquire into what is going on with the ASA and its newsletter, *Wing & Wing*. I wrote requesting information about ASA back at the beginning of the year and received a copy of the Winter '91 issue. Have y'all managed to get things sorted out? I sincerely hope so!

I love schooner-rigger vessels, both as a romantic and from a love of



As architects, we've been in constant pursuit of the ultimate flush deck. As you can see, we've refitted VOYAGER accordingly.

sailing capabilities. I do not own one, but hope to one day.

I am in federal prison, doing time for a drug-smuggling charge. Because of this there is a dire lack of funds in my account. I would dearly love to be a member of ASA and hope to become one when I can save up the money. Until that time, if there is any way that I can be of assistance, please feel free to ask. I sent a poem about sailing ships to you for possible publication in *Wing & Wing*. Did it see publication?

Anyway, I hope ASA prospers and I look forward to hearing from you soon.

Larry L. Roney

(Ed. Note: Mr. Roney's poem, "Free Spirit," was published in the Summer 1991 issue.)

Roberta,

TRADITION II is spending the 1991-92 winter laid up ashore, and will sport a new set of rope-stoppered blocks in the Spring, manufactured by Arthur Dauphinee and sons in Lunenburg, NS. She is otherwise hale and hearty except for a touch of salt-induced rust on her (original!) galvanized rigging. She sends to her sister schooners and their masters a cheery (if shivering) greeting.

Guy de Puyjalon
TRADITION II

(Letters may be condensed. Please write legibly.)

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DOG WATCH

The traditional introductory go-round of all attending the Annual Meeting disclosed the following fascinating facts: Humphrey Barnum was the sole founding member in attendance...Fred Sterner reported that Sail Boston's August '91 event was very well-run and a pleasant, if low key, occasion...Ron Lankshear of THIRSTY MAJOR was represented by his sons, who reported that the Lankshears and the vessel are now in Florida, soon to depart for the Bahamas, and having a delightful time. Ron is apparently debating whether to return for the OpSail festivities in New York and Boston.

Major and minor construction notes: Dave and Nancy Clark have a 38' William Atkin (Chantey design) to

be called the NANCY CAROL under construction...Phil Smith, yet again, is putting a new interior into BLUENOSE JR on the Vineyard...The Nova Scotia Schooner Association was ably represented by Fred Rhineland and wife, who reported that their fine gaffrigger CONSTANCE is getting a new head. Which brings to mind the ancient Caribbean axiom, "Head dead, de body die."

Shock of the meeting: BRILLIANT will not race in '92, except for the Mystic Schooner Race. What a shame, especially since Captain George Moffett has the boat going so well. He even won his class in the Off Sounding series last summer against all the pointy boats. All members should be encouraged to register their vessels in the Registry of Wooden Yachts being compiled by WoodenBoat Magazine.

— Sam Hoyt

FOR SALE/WANTED

For Sale: Classic 72' Sparkman and Stephens schooner. Recently fiberglassed hull, deck, and trunk cabin. New formica interior with microwave. Volvo-Penta inboard/outboard conversion. Rerigged as a trawler in 1991. Contact: Mystic Seaport.

Wanted: Pair of mother-of-pearl handle, silver six-shooters and holsters for authenticity to complete restoration of vintage schooner. Will trade husband. All inquiries c/o Newsletter Editor.

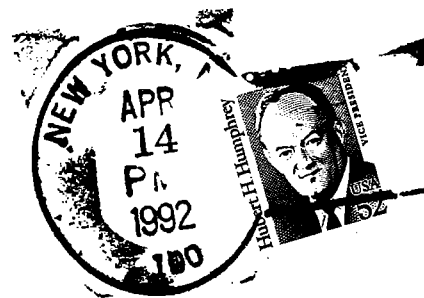
Please remember to send your dues to the secretary, if you have not already done so.



American Schooner
Association

P.O. BOX 484

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355



Vernon Brady
136 Main Street
Port Monmouth, NJ 07758