



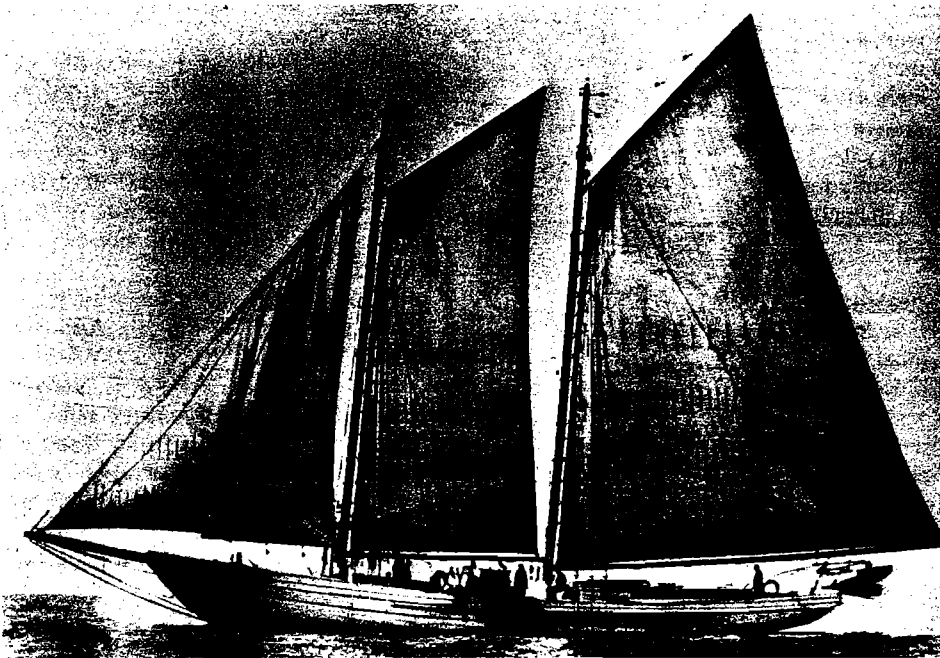
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WING & WING

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The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association



At left: A. J. MEERWALD - CLYDE A. PHILLIPS. Photo provided by the Delaware Bay Schooner Project.

THE DELAWARE BAY SCHOONER PROJECT

In Bivalve, New Jersey sits the partially restored A. J. MEERWALD - CLYDE A. PHILLIPS, an 85-foot LOD two-masted oak oyster schooner. Her restoration is the result of the unflagging energy of Meghan Wren and her organization, the Delaware Bay Schooner Project.

The schooner was built in 1928 by Charles H. Stowman and Sons, in Dorchester, NJ, and called the A. J. MEERWALD after the oysterman who owned her. After her tenure in the Second World War as a fireboat, she was fitted with a diesel engine and renamed the CLYDE A. PHILLIPS after her new own-

er, who used her as an oyster dredger. In 1957 when a disease caused the oyster industry to collapse, the CLYDE A. PHILLIPS was refitted for surf clamming, a fledgling industry which employed the vessel until 1979.

In 1986 she was found rotting by a dock in Maryland by John Gandy, a Merchant Marine Officer. Recognizing her for the historic vessel she is, Gandy bought her and had her hauled to the Maurice River in New Jersey. Busy with repairs to another boat, Gandy had not been able to begin work on the CLYDE A. PHILLIPS when she sank. A crew of volunteers worked furiously to raise her, finally succeeding on their fourth attempt. Meghan Wren assumed responsibility for

restoring the schooner, founded the Delaware Bay Schooner Project in 1988, and began restoration work.

In February 1992 the schooner was lifted by 275-ton crane from the Maurice River and set on a cradle at Bivalve, where she is undergoing a complete hull and rig restoration.

To date work has mostly centered around stabilizing the vessel, removing non-authentic materials (steel booms and deck plating), researching and compiling plans, and trying to raise money.

The Delaware Bay Schooner Project has been funded by several grants (one, from the New Jersey Historical Trust, is a matching grant of \$215,000), as well as private and corporate donations, and fundraising events, such as art auctions with local artists donating their work.

Once work is complete, plans are to rechristen the CLYDE A. PHILLIPS as the A. J. MEERWALD, and keep her in the area of the Delaware Estuary, where she will be used for daysails, sea semesters, and programs to teach school children and interested residents about the region's ecology, maritime history, and folklore. There is hope that the vessel may be sailing by 1994.

The Schooner Project has recently opened a Maritime Exhibit for Delaware Bay at the Schooner Center in Port Norris. For more information, or to make a donation of time, materials, or money, please contact the Delaware Bay Schooner Project at P.O. Box 57, Dorchester, NJ 08316, or call 609/785-2060.

MINUTES: BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING JANUARY 16, 1993

In attendance: Mark Faulstick, Nanette Woodcock, Fred Sterner, Mary Anne McQuillan, Roberta and Bob Pulsch, and Joe Davis.

T-Shirts: It was noted that the Big Apple to Beantown t-shirts were a big success—meaning we did not lose money. Mary Anne will contact Paul Bradley for leftovers (given to him by Phillippses) and ask him to bring them to the winter meeting. We are also looking into getting some ASA shirts in time for the winter meeting.

Burgees: Bob is to contact the manufacturer to price/order more. Note: We sold nine burgees in 1992, and we have nine on hand.

New Slate of Officers: No decision has been made for a new slate of Officers. Jim Lobdell made it known to Mark that he did not want to step up. Fred wanted to remain Rear-Commodore in order to work on the Bermuda race in 1994. Mark suggested Joe Davis join the slate. Roberta suggested that John Turner from EASTERN PASSAGE might be interested. Bob would step up if there was opportunity, but did not particularly want to be Commodore this year.

Wing & Wing: There was discussion regarding making a binder out of all back issues of *W&W*. Bob is to contact Vern Brady to see how far back his collection goes. After that is established we will try to find missing issues from members.

Cruise-in-Company: Possible date could be the last week in August. Possible rendezvous discussed were Block Island for southern boats and Tarpaulin Cove for northern boats, on Saturday or Sunday, and Monday. There would be a get-together each evening. Cruise-in-company would possibly end up Thursday at New York Yacht Club in Newport. Joe Davis suggested that Thursday night could be an ASA get-together and he would try to make these arrangements. Friday there would be a party at the Museum of Yachting. Joe also stated that this year the Museum was having a separate race for schooners. It was also discussed that if this cruise-in-company was successful we could make it an annual affair and try a different area next year—possibly the Gloucester area. Joe Davis suggested we contact SHENENDOAH to see if they wanted to join us in the cruise as a charter. This would be for members who would rather pay to cruise on a larger boat instead

of their own.

Block Island: Joe Davis made us aware of a problem at Block Island. There is a salvage company called John Andrews Marine Rescue that has been caught watching boats at anchorages for drifting. He has a gadget that catches the anchors and he then claims the boat for salvage. Roberta suggested Joe write an article for *W&W* alerting people.

Respectfully submitted,
Roberta Pulsch

1992 FINANCIAL REVIEW

Income:

Dues	\$1650.00
Advanced Dues	400.00
Dinners	573.00
Burgee sales	225.00
Donation (t-shirts)	500.00
T-shirt sales	1334.00
Race entry fees	175.00
Cash in hand (Dec. 91)	2575.79
Total	\$7432.79

Expenses:

Mystic Seaport Award	\$703.62
Annual Meeting lunch	625.00
Hall Rental	185.00
<i>Wing & Wing</i>	1505.32
Insurance (race)	448.80
T-shirts	1168.00
Annual meeting exp.	48.97
Membership: Mystic	30.00
US Sail	300.00
Postage and stationery	265.46
Total	\$5180.17

Cash in Hand December 1992: \$2252.62

Respectfully Submitted,
Robert Pulsch

BUD MCINTOSH

David C. (Bud) McIntosh, boatbuilder and designer, died in December in Dover, NH, after a brief illness. He was the author of *How to Build a Wooden Boat* (published in 1987 by WoodenBoat Publications), which details the process of building an ocean-going sailboat. Born in 1907, in 1931 he established a small boatyard on the Bellamy River near Sawyer Mills, NH. He moved in 1935 to a site on the Piscataqua side of Dover Point, where he worked with great dedication on designing and building boats. The family has suggested that memorial contributions to the American Cancer Society would be appropriate.

MINUTES: ANNUAL WINTER MEETING FEBRUARY 6, 1993

Call to Order and Introductions: The American Schooner Association's Annual Meeting was held at the Youth Training Building at Mystic Seaport on February 6, 1993. The meeting was called to order at 10:15 a.m. by Commodore Mark Faulstick. In spite of the snow storm the previous evening, the meeting was well attended. As usual, all members in attendance introduced themselves and gave a short narrative of their boat and/or sailing experience.

Officers' Reports: Bob Pulsch gave the Treasurer's report, which is included in this issue of *Wing & Wing*. He stated that the ASA is solvent.

Roberta Pulsch noted that the Minutes from the last meeting had been printed in the Spring 1992 issue of *Wing & Wing* and asked for them to be approved as printed. Membership voted approval. Roberta mentioned that membership was up and that there were several new members in attendance.

Fred Sterner announced the winners of last season's races. In the Big Apple to Beantown Schooner Race, VOYAGER took first place; MALABAR II, second place; TOTEM, third place. Fred reported that the Classic Boat Regatta in New York had been terrific except that there were few schooners. PAGAN MOON won by one minute and Fred delightfully noted that this was probably her first award in sixty years. TALISMAN won the Mayor's Cup in New York. Fred also said that the schedule for races this summer is printed in *WoodenBoat Magazine*, to which members could refer. The ASA has received an invitation from the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club to sail in the Newport to Bermuda Race in 1994. Fred is looking into the requirements for this race.

Jim Lobdell spoke about other events this past year, beginning with the excellent *WoodenBoat Show* in Newport, followed by *OpSail* in New York during which Manhasset Yacht Club hosted the ASA. The *OpSail* festivities were excellent, and the organizers really wanted our participations (as Jim put it, "because they know we have the prettiest boats"), however, the turnout was poor. Next was the Big Apple to Beantown Race, followed by *Sail Boston* which was the finest event of all. Small and large boats sailed together in the parade, and the City of Boston treated everybody very well. After Boston Jim MALABAR II went on to Salem, but

OFFICERS

COMMODORE
Jim Lobdell

VICE COMMODORE
Fred Sterner

REAR COMMODORE
Bob Pulsch

SECRETARY
Roberta Pulsch

TREASURER
Jim Mairs

NEWSLETTER
Gina Webster

not participate in any of the festivities there. He then tacked home to Martha's Vineyard, before spending the rest of the summer in Maine.

Then Jim talked about plans for the upcoming season. The ASA plans to have a gathering sometime around the end of August, with stops at Tarpaulin and/or Kettle Cove. There could be a cookout on the beach and evening get-togethers. A suggestion was made that members who wanted to sail on a larger boat could join SHENENDOAH (if available) to sail in company with the ASA fleet. Plans are being made for a cocktail party at the end of the week at the New York Yacht Club in Newport. The boats could then proceed to the Museum of Yachting for weekend festivities. Jim asked for a show of hands of interested boats. The response was good and it was decided to go ahead and make plans and try to have a captains' meeting to iron out details.

Wing & Wing: Gina Webster requested that people remember to send her information about their trips, repairs, and so forth,

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even if only a postcard. Feedback and suggestions for articles are always welcome.

Newsworthy: It was reported that Jeanette and Peter Phillipps on VOYAGER had an incredible sail to the Azores (see log excerpt later in this issue). They are presently in Casablanca, soon to sail for the Canaries, then Cape Verdes, and back to the Caribbean.

Fred Rhinelander, our liaison with the Nova Scotia Schooner Association, reported that the Novis plan to cruise in the Bras d'Or Lakes this summer (details appear elsewhere in this issue.)

ASA Award: Last year's nominations for this award were Gannon & Benjamin of Vineyard Haven for their significant contributions to schooners, and to South Street Seaport for the restoration of the LETTIE G. HOWARD. A vote was taken and the members elected to give the award to the Seaport. The award will be presented either at the Mayor's Cup Race in September or at the ASA rendezvous in August.

Nominations for next year's award are Gannon & Benjamin, the City of Gloucester (for their interest in schooners, and also for hosting several past rendezvous), and Ernie Bennett from the West Coast (for extensive involvement in sail training for children). Please note nominations are still open, and if anyone has suggestions please call/write any member of the Board of Governors. The annual award, although not necessarily presented each year, honors an individual or an organization whose efforts best exemplify our

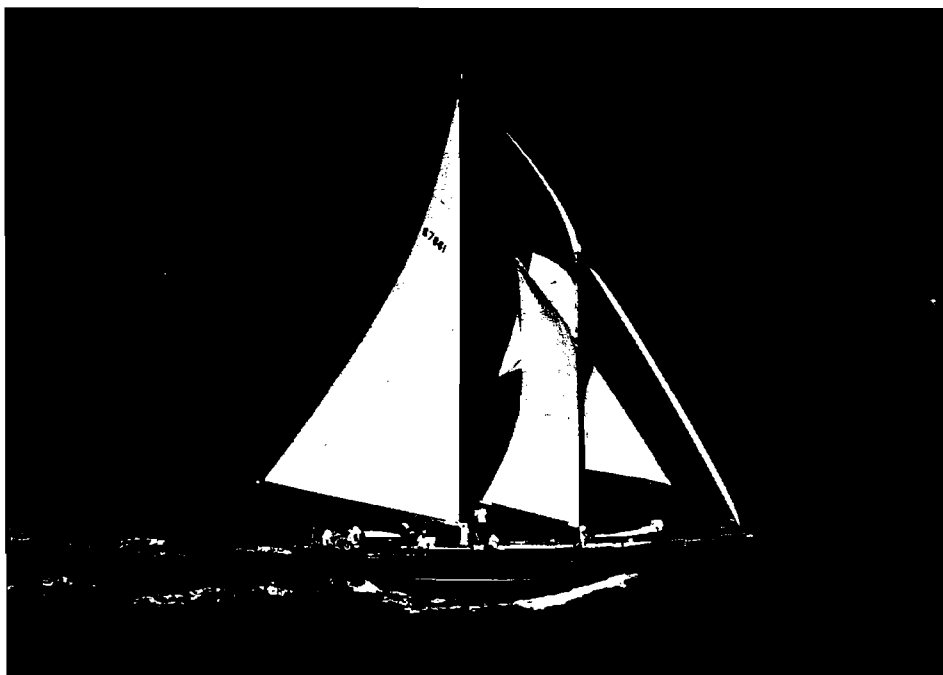
goals, these being the promotion and encouragement of interest in preservation and enjoyment of schooners.

Memberships: A motion was made and passed to renew membership in the Mystic Seaport Museum and in the Nova Scotia Schooner Association. A motion was made and discussed regarding joining other associations, and the motion was then withdrawn. This will be reevaluated at the next Board of Governor's meeting.

ASA Archives: Fred Murphy and Phil Smith were appointed historians and will be in charge of the ASA Archives. The ASA would like to put together a twenty-year compilation of issues of *Wing & Wing*. Fred and Phil will be contacting members for past issues. In addition, they will be working on a directory of current members. Fred and Phil will also be working to update our register of schooners (last printed in 1984). This will include member's boats both in and out of the water, as well as non-member boats, in so far as the necessary information can be ascertained. Please, please, please help out by taking a few minutes to complete the questionnaire included with this issue of *Wing & Wing*, and return the form to the address indicated at the bottom of it.

Nominations and Elections: Nominations for officers were as follows: Com-
(cont. on page 7)

Below: ROSE OF SHARON, owned by Byron Chamberlain on the West Coast, was featured in the Fall 1992 issue of Wing & Wing. Photo by Geri Conser.



FROM THE LOG OF VOYAGER

The wind whose shrill sounds and force had so dominated our lives the past fourteen days had abated. A double-reefed main and foresail were sheeted in for the first time to steady VOYAGER's progress under power as we closed in on a small but imposing land mass dead ahead. All eyes scanned the abstract volcanic formations rising a thousand or so feet above the sea, newly formed land from a 1957 eruption: black ash with streaks of russet ore, devoid of any vegetation and seemingly too hot for thin-soled shoes.

The south coast was quite rugged. To the east, cliffs punctuated by steep-to plains, forming a hard edge with large exclamation points at both extremities, could be seen.

Although this was our third such approach to Faial, located midway along the Azores archipelago, our excitement, although somewhat restrained, was equal to that in 1974. Have automobiles replaced the mule? Would there be a skyscraper in place of the three-storied stone dwellings? From our position we recognized Pico, 7617 feet above sea level and a scant five miles eastward of the island, and thus Faial should have been visible. But it was not, until Jeanette remarked that the blue-grey form dwarfing our landfall, so out of scale as to be lost in a layer of alto-cumulus clouds, had been evident for some hours. The sun had dropped below the horizon behind us as the volcanic cone of Pico melted into the darkness.

Although it happened a million years ago I could almost see the violent formation of this mid-atlantic range: squirting through the steam fissures, red lava rises then cascades seaward from caldeiras belching black rock and flames hundreds of feet upwards. Dense dust clouds laced by lightning, the ensuant claps of thunder almost deafening, the screech of two-hundred-knot winds wrenching off the tops of one-hundred-foot high waves intersecting in random patterns soon to become tidal waves so immense that shorelines in all directions, no matter how lofty, will be altered by their impact.

Ben's voice: "Whale to port one hundred yards!" severed my reverie. "Two more intersecting our course just ahead." Jeff spun the helm to port, then to starboard as we snaked our way through eight sperm whales who seemed unconcerned with our presence. Once we were clear of

the whales, the night was upon us, with a waning moon ducking in and out of the clouds.

Once abeam the southwest punctuation mark we were but a mile offshore and the city lights of Horta were visible. One of three urban centers of the nine islands comprising this Portuguese archipelago, Horta has a population of some 7,000. The soft incandescence illuminated a row of two- and three-storied dwellings on a mile of waterfront nestled between high promontories. Small trees served as sentinels on either side of the narrow street defining the waterfront. The lighting was softly washing a low row of white dwellings, paralleled by a stone breakwater. A flashlight popped on close to port outlining a fisherman standing astride a brightly painted wooden rowboat. Having established his presence the light went out... "Hello" from the darkness.

The next sound on ear drums that had heard little but waves and wind was less favorable: a two-cycle high-frequency snort from an outboard somewhere inland. Then another, this time changing gears: a bicycle with an outboard crudely fashioned to its frame. I could make out a three-wheeled contrivance backlit with a load of hay bales lumbering over cobblestones. So much for the mules. Sadly, an offshore breeze carried the exhaust of an internal combustion engine to us. We had arrived to an island purportedly having the cleanest air and water on this planet, except for the polar regions. I was fearful of venturing further for fear of seeing all the native population with outboard motors on their backs... as in Westchester, to blow leaves and dust from our yards to theirs.

A custom's man took our lines in the new marina facility. We were designated yacht number 1079, distinguishing us from cargo vessels and the fishing fleet that makes Horta such an active harbor. The town was as charming as ever. The cobblestone streets which were laid out in the sixteenth century, just wide enough for the passage of two horse-drawn carts to pass abreast, were choked with tiny cars and motorcycles. Three-foot wide sidewalks, made up of two-inch black-and-white stones depicting lateen sailing vessels, monks, and flowers, were covered with strollers and shoes of all sizes as families ambled, stopping to look at window displays.

Peter, a cafe owner, greeted us warmly, bought us a round of drinks, exchanged our currency, and asked why we had

returned. Even though it was too late for restaurants to be serving, a quiche and a crepe with an unknown interior quietly appeared. It was pleasant to be ashore after a turbulent passage and to receive such a warm welcome.

We had left Mattapoisett, Massachusetts on October 22, 1992, in the late afternoon. The wind was north, fifteen to twenty knots, and held for the next three days, affording us a smooth ride out of Buzzard's Bay, past the Nantucket Shoal buoy and into the North Atlantic. On the third day we talked to the Canadian-bound tanker PIONEER, whose weather fax reported that all was clear other than a low to the southeast, moving northeast.

Our first gale, force ten, came at us with a south-westerly at 0200 hours. For the next two days we ran before the low with only the forestaysail, logging three hundred miles. At daybreak on October 29, as the sun warmed our coffee mugs, the wind moderated and with working lowers we surfed on twenty-foot waves for a two hundred-mile day noon to noon. But the barometer was falling again.

The second gale built quickly. We felt another quadrant of a large low-pressure system. The waves mounted in ten-foot increments, their tops breaking into rollers and froth, the white and blue sections slamming us midships, inundating our deck and cockpit. We took in the topsails. Jeanette and I have endured force-twelve winds before and I cannot recall either of us being terribly gleeful during the storm or even afterwards. At least the wind direction was favorable, although difficult to harness.

VOYAGER knew what she had to do to pull us through, and lived up to the thoroughbred cruiser she is. We crew did our part arriving on watch early without a wakeup call. We were four hours on, six off, with a staggered rotation for more varied conversation, if one could hear above the storm and had the energy for talk. With the wind aft to abeam we steered close to our rhumb line. We knew our forward momentum would sail us clear of this front one day.

There was only minor damage to the hull and rig, but the strain around both fore- and mainmasts opened seams, allowing gallons of raw water into the peak bunks and the engine room. Our pumps lightened our bilges, but Jeanette's and my double bunk aft was cold and wet through. Our sleeping bags were quite soggy.

well, offering no radical contrast. I thought of wearing my damp, salt-encrusted oilies and seaboots to bed, but once years ago I crawled into bed with shoes, pants, a pullover, and rigging knife, and was promptly pushed out.

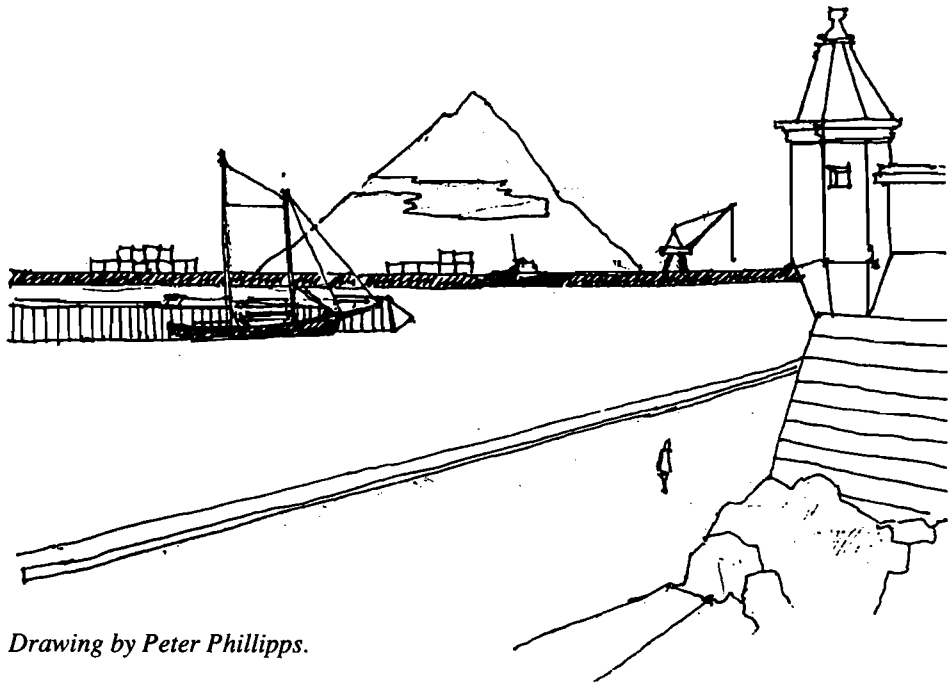
There were five experienced helmsmen aboard, and with a reduced sail plan and a favorable wind direction we were able to stay on course, riding up waves seemingly as high as our six-storey main mast. The crests were blown horizontally across our decks and then we began the long slide downhill into the more quiet valley of water.

We experienced a second lull on November 2, but with almost no chance to rest and de-salt our encrusted eye sockets, a third gale came in from the south. Our strength was waning, and a standby stamina switch self-activated, although the energy derived from it was not real with so many calories expended on so little sleep. Had it not been for a stir-fried vegetable and rice dinner, with fresh ginger, prepared by our galley acrobat, Andrew, our morale might have taken a serious dive. Jeanette tried to sing above the storm's din. She was helming with her feet, both hands struggling with chopsticks and a teak bowl, when Jeff appeared topsides in his red arctic-survival suit, with dozens of black velcro pockets and an interior flotation system. But with no air vents to alleviate perspiration, he was quite red-faced. Ben too appeared on deck praising Andrew's culinary achievement, only to lose it to leeward moments later.

All hands huddled in the cockpit discussing the clear sky to the east, a scant 150 miles downwind, and whether we should cancel our Halloween party because of the weather. We knew that we were in a strong low-pressure system, but unaware of its name. It was not until we landed that we learned the storm was called "Francis," and that Mike Plant's boat, the eighteen-meter COYOTE, had been found along our course, upside down, without keel and Plant.

As other boats limped in, with lost rudders, jury-rigged masts, thirty-five degree lists, all with horror stories considerably more painful than ours, we began to feel we had had a relatively pleasant passage.

And now, as of this writing, Jeffrey has returned to his painting in Castine, Maine, and Benjamin, our point man for the B.B.C. news has flown to the continent to join Ellen for a month. VOYAGER will



Drawing by Peter Phillipps.

sail soon for San Miguel, then Casablanca.

Postcard from Morocco:

We are varnishing our brains out here in a quiet, clean harbor twelve miles north of Casablanca where we spent one week. A very exciting but filthy place, with narrow winding streets, bins of spices, dried fruits, vegetables, and beautiful oranges (four to a kilo for 30 cents), sinister people with long robes and hoods, ten-year pickpockets. We have met some lovely people who have given us tours, taken us home for tahini and couscous. Friends from the States arrive on 1/28, and we will travel a bit with them, then on to the Canaries, Cape Verdes, then St. Lucia. ETA early April.

Letter from San Vincent, Cape Verdes:

It has been blowing a gale ever since I told Peter Reid over the phone not to worry, there are no storms here. We will be okay with only three onboard for the next leg. Incidence of storms is zero in March. The air is filled with a fine sand, the decks are covered with dunes. We have two anchors set and are riding comfortably in pretty flat water, though we heel with the gusts.

We plan to leave on Wednesday. It is 2220 miles to St. Lucia. If we were out in this we would fly with just the foresail.

We had a terrific tour of inland Morocco for about ten days: incredible beauty and

architecture. We returned to VOYAGER to find that Alex had been arrested at the airport for smuggling arms (in a 4-foot long gun case with a 4-inch x 8-inch red tag which stated "FIREARMS, NOT LOADED"). He had gotten into the wrong line at the airport and the custom's officials decided that he should be arrested. The U.S. Embassy assured him that at his hearing in one week he would be let go, weapons confiscated, and asked to leave. No one could visit him, except the embassy, once, to make sure he was being well treated. No one could be at the hearing.

The hearing turned into a trial and Alex was sentenced to five years in a military prison. Pete and I went straight to Rabat, checked into a hotel with a telephone, and called Jim Lobdell (who had introduced us to Alex). At 2:00 am Thursday night we spoke to Alex's father. He knew someone in Senator Ted Kennedy's legal department, who contacted the foreign affairs advisor. Senator Kennedy was so outraged by the incident he got personally involved, spoke to Peter from Hyannis on Friday and Saturday, and back and forth to the U.S. Ambassador.

By 11:00 pm Saturday night Alex came shooting out of prison with a pardon from the King. He was presented with all his possessions and a police escort. (We had *(cont. on page 7)*)

LETTERS

Dear W&W,

I was on my way out Phil Smith's door at Martha Vineyard Marine Brokerage, having just purchased GOOD FORTUNE, when I realized I still had \$25 left in my pocket--enough to join the ASA.

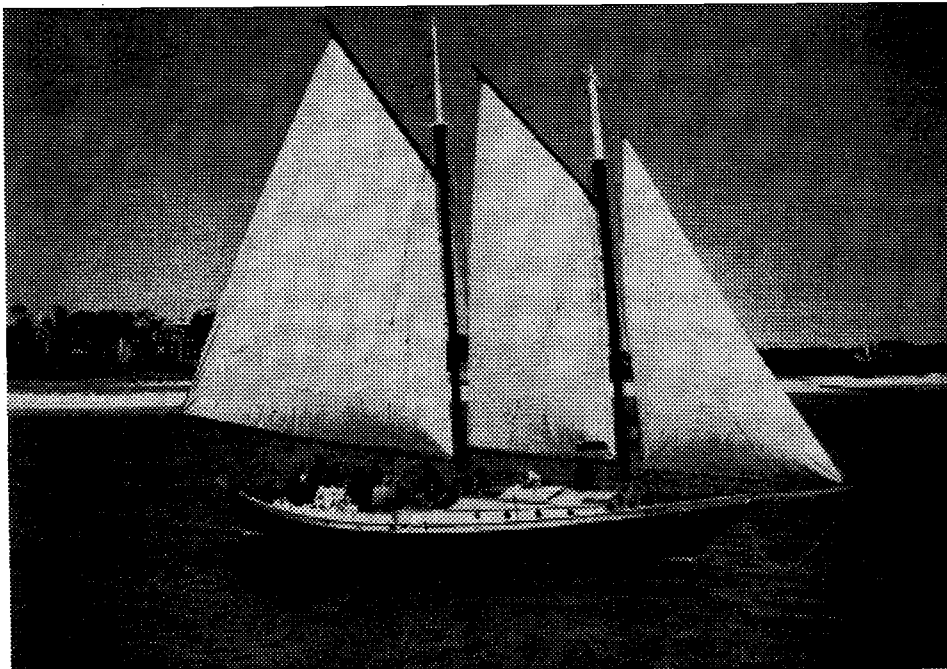
Built by Lee Shipbuilding, Harwichport, Massachusetts in 1939, GOOD FORTUNE was designed by S.S. Crocker. Her former name was LAURA S. She was modeled after the Tanook Whalers of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. The design evolved around 1850 and the boats are noted for their seaworthiness, safety, speed, and maneuverability.

GOOD FORTUNE has a long history of chartering, having been originally designed for the Snow Inn of Harwichport. She was purchased by us from Arnold and Ellie Brown, who bought her around 1986. We will be chartering out of Edgartown this summer, mostly doing daysails, but also some overnight bed-and-breakfast charters. GOOD FORTUNE has overnight accommodations for four, in two separate cabins.

I would love to find out more about the boat's history. If anyone can tell me more, please contact me at 508/627-3445, or c/o the Mailroom, Box 9000, Suite 170, Edgartown, MA 02539.

Richard Hamilton

Below: GOOD FORTUNE. Photo provided by the Hamiltons.



(The following is from a letter from Lynne and Greg Sager in British Columbia, Canada.)

PASSING CLOUD's crew have been working at a blistering pace since last February and only now life seems to be affording us the time to catch up with friends and schooner folks.

Well, "we succeeded in ruining a perfectly good fishhold!" This was Brian Walker's comment upon viewing the new interior we built in his beautiful schooner.

We built three private staterooms (single upper and lower berths). The top berth can slide out to be a double. There's a sink in each. Main head with shower (all teak louvers on cabinetry, brass fixtures, and custom shower with plexy curved door.)

And of course the Grand Salon: This includes a beautiful Wedgwood-blue Vermont fireplace, persian carpets, wing-back chair (skillfully hung from bulkhead to endure even the most vigorous racing conditions!) and Ralph Lauren "Dundee" leather settees. Greg masterminded such unique features as a curved false library to conceal the tv, stereo, etc. (He cut off beautiful old leather-bound books and glued them to doors and drawers.) The overall effect is simply the warmest, coziest salon that I have ever seen.

Anyway enough of building. Seven days before the start of the Victoria-Maui Race, Dave Setiker and Bill Taylor flew to Victoria with three new skylights, which were hastily mounted and then off to the Race. Greg's brother, Mark, had chartered the boat with eight friends. Sponsors

donated all new electronic equipment (radar, GPS, depth sounder, single side-band, VHS, etc.), so PASSING CLOUD's electronic amenities are now A-1.

The charter also raised enough money for "Canuck House," a new hospital that is to be built in Vancouver for terminally ill children.

PASSING CLOUD unfortunately blew out her mainsail the first day of the race, which cost eight to ten hours for repair time. (This was on top of a handicap problem: the race committee wouldn't allow her Pacific Handicap rating of 180, and cut it to 90.) PASSING CLOUD was the only wooden boat competing, and fun was had by all. The passage took fifteen-and-a-half days; final standing, second to last.

Four boats lost rudders. FOXFIRE, one of the unfortunate boats to lose her rudder, hit a deadhead on the return trip and was lost completely.

All the crew flew home, and Greg, Hayden (eighteen months), and I stayed in Oahu for a month until our son Jason (twenty) and his girlfriend could join us for the return trip. We just missed the Kawai hurricane by ten or twelve days. We experienced light airs most of the way home, and so got to enjoy PASSING CLOUD's 6000-mile cruising radius (she can hold 1600 gallons of diesel). It took the better part of fifteen days to return home.

We are now ready and excited for local cruising and charters. We are having brochures made soon and will send some pictures.

Greg and Lynne Sager
PASSING CLOUD

(This is excerpted from a letter from Captain Andrew Yellen.)

I'm 63 years old, retired, and have been sixteen years living aboard and restoring the LIBBY ROSE.

The good news and the bad news is: my son, Jon, who built our ninety-foot wooden mainmast, forty-foot main boom, thirty-one-foot bow sprit, and installed all standing and running rigging from mountain climbing gear, and who single-hands this eighty-four-foot LOD, one-hundred-seventy-foot LOA, schooner, and who double-handed her, with me, in fifty-mph winds, gusting to fifty-five, has returned to finish her restoration in order to do day charters in the Virgin Islands next year.

Please keep us in your hearts, if not on your mailing list...

Captain Andrew Yellen
LIBBY ROSE

STARBOARD TACK

After a number of rather depressed years for the sailboat industry, things are picking up, if February's SAIL EXPO in Atlantic City is an indicator. (Attendance was estimated to be over 21,000.) While the emphasis on power boats in recent New York shows has virtually swamped the sailing folks, the Atlantic City show, organized by the newly formed American Sail Advancement Program (ASAP) was a love-in of manufacturers, charter representatives, sailing schools, and thousands who came to see, hear, touch, and go on board. We were graciously given a tour of the show (which was held at the Atlantic City Convention Center) by one of the show's organizers, John Southam of *Cruising World*.

Among almost 200 exhibitors were the full range of boats, from 50-footers to windsurfers. There were sailmakers, electronics companies, auxiliary power suppliers, and booksellers. Everything you could want. Even the good folks from WoodenBoat were there building a plywood Lapstrake dinghy in their booth. While schooners were not obviously represented*, this show was a triumph for sailing, and therefore good for us. Support for ASAP and representation at their future shows seems wise.

(*with the exception of the Delaware Bay Schooner project, see article page 1.)

FOR SALE

The new two-buttoned, collared golf shirts were a big hit at the Annual Meeting. They are 100% cotton, Outer Banks label, made in USA, heavy knit, and well made. They are available in hunter green with an ivory logo, or white or ivory with a green logo. Sizes available are men's small, medium, large, and extra large. Only \$25.00. Order yours now and be ready to proudly show your ASA affiliation during the coming boating season. Please send orders prepaid (cheques payable to ASA; please specify colors and sizes) to Mary Anne McQuillan, 66 Chipaway Road, East Freetown, MA 02717. She can be reached at 508/763-2391. Burgees are also available for \$25.00.

If you wish to have the shirts customized with your boat's name, you can contact Denise Hubbard at 508/636-6850. Denise designed the Big Apple to Beantown t-shirts, and speaking of which, we still have a few of these collector's items left; only \$10.00. Contact Mary Anne McQuillan.

NOVI NEWS

There was a meeting in Lunenburg in late January of those interested in a Bras d'Or cruise this summer. Five schooners were represented and another three or four were reported to be interested in participating (CONSTANCE, AMASONIA, ELLEN, ADARE, HEBRIDEE II, OSPREY, AVENGER, SORCERESS, WILLIAM MOIR, ATLANTICA). There will be an attempt to coordinate some activities, although individual boats will be free to do as much or as little in company as they wish.

The schedule, which was discussed and given preliminary approval, has the fleet departing Halifax waters on July 5, and meeting at St. Peter's on the 8th to pass through the locks together. A rendezvous at Dundee and at Maskell's Harbor on the 10th and 11th was planned, and then arrival in Baddeck on the 12th for several days of R & R.

After this, most will start to work their way home. I plan to take advantage of this location by taking CONSTANCE across the Cabot Strait for a week to ten days of Newfoundland cruising, before returning to Lunenburg. We would be delighted to have as many ASA vessels in our company as can make it.

The Cruising Club of America will be in the Mahone Bay area around July 20th or 21st. They will be celebrating their 75th anniversary. BRILLIANT is expected to be in the fleet.

The annual NSSA Race Week will be the week of August 2, and will be hosted by the La Have River Yacht Club. Again, any ASA vessels in the area would be welcome to participate.

Those who know the Gallants will be happy to hear that Melissa has progressed to the point where she is moving back home to Stonehurst after so many months in the hospital in Halifax. It looks now as if Tom and Melissa and AVENGER will all be with us in the Bras d'Or.

The NSSA spring meeting is to be held April 3 at Oak Island Inn. A report will follow.

Fred Rhineland
CONSTANCE

(Minutes: Feb. 6, cont. from page 3)

modore, Jim Lobdell; Vice Commodore, Fred Sterner; Rear Commodore, Bob Pulsch; Treasurer, Jim Mairs; Secretary, Roberta Pulsch. All nominees accepted. A vote was taken and all nominations were approved.

The meeting adjourned at 12 noon.

Respectfully submitted,

Roberta Pulsch

Addendum:

Following the meeting, a buffet lunch was served in the Youth Training Building. A slide presentation was given by South Street Seaport on the restoration of the LETTIE G. HOWARD. The presentation was excellent in spite of projector difficulties.

It was disappointing that Ed Yoemans, author of *Amberjack*, was unable to make the meeting due to inclement weather. He had planned to show some vintage movies of schooner races, including some from Nova Scotia. Luckily, Larry Mahan, a new member from the Cape Cod area, brought slides showing the twenty-year-long construction of LARINDA, a sixty-foot ferrocement schooner he is building. The project is a fascinating one and his talk was greatly enjoyed as he described a number of humorous and fascinating excursions to Panama and Cuba to research and find materials for the vessel. Larry's experiences were quite unique and we hope to hear more as work on LARINDA progresses.

(VOYAGER, cont. from page 5)

four officers cast us off the next morning.)

We are still confused about this country where there are no rules, but relieved and happy to feel free. Who knows, we may have been arrested for conspiracy.

It is really blowing now, the gusts are almost continuous at about fifty. This is a real Hemingway-type town with a beautiful row of renovated coal warehouses along the beach, painted in pastel colors. The people are warm and friendly and love America. There is not much work available, so there is a lot of poverty.

Pete is writing, Alex is too (on his computer, which is now hooked up to the house battery system). Peter Forbes is making tea. I am sitting cross-legged on my bunk, trying to stay upright. We will need anchor watch again if this keeps up.

We plan to hang out in the Caribbean and Grenadines for a bit.

Jeanette Phillipps
Peter Phillipps
VOYAGER

DOGWATCH

More new faces than in recent years at the annual meeting in Mystic, and some new boats as well, including the subject of a post-meeting slide show. You had to be there to appreciate it, but Larry Mahan, who is building a 60-foot ferro-cement replica of the 1767 British schooner SULTANA in his Hyannis backyard, has done more for the legend of Wolverine engines than anyone. While Larry's work on LARINDA looks first rate, the frog figurehead and head fixtures might be a bit much, for any purists that is.

The '93 schooner racing season can be viewed as a kind of spring training for the big event, this being the 1994 Newport-Bermuda race which is offering a special schooner class. Seems like BRILLIANT and NINA should be prime contenders.

Don Glassie has had FORTUNE in for some work at Frank McCaffrey's yard in Newport. Rumor has it that exploratory surgery disclosed an excess of frames and fastenings in addition to a mast held together with hose clamps. Would a rebuild slow her down?

A former ASA member vessel, SERENDIPITY, a 45-foot Rosborough design, has been abandoned in Cove Haven Marina near Barrington, RI. Fred Sterner reports that the vessel is beginning to fall apart, but that a friend of his is try-

ing to take title and save her.

Upcoming events of possible interest: April 30-May 2, wooden boatbuilding workshop with Mike Bull at South Street; June 25-27, 1993 Wooden-Boat Show at Newport Yachting Center.

A new schooner? Your correspondent's farflung eyes and ears have "unsea-ed" (if you can un-earth something on land, you can un-sea it on water, right?) a previously unknown schooner in Sag Harbor. She's about 60 feet overall, three masted, and possibly answers to the name BLOODY MARY. I kid you not.

Browsing through a back issue of *Sea History*, an obit of note. Those of you who hung around South Street in the late '70s and early '80s will remember Edmund Francis Moran (1916-1992) who provided a colorful presence on Pier 16. Ed knew schooners. After all, he sailed with Biff Bowker (author of the *Sea History* obit) on coasters and was instrumental in bringing the L.A. DUNTON to Mystic. He also worked long and hard on the LETTIE G. HOWARD. Ed scared some people, amused others, but he was dead serious about schooners. As Biff says, "Ed was his own man."

Heartiest plaudits and congratulations to South Street Seaport, its president Peter Neill, and the restoration crew now in the process of completing a magnificent

rebuilding of the LETTIE G. HOWARD. With new spars, new sails, and, for the first time in her long life, powered, the LETTIE will hopefully become an active participant in sail training and all events for traditional sailing vessels. South Street is richly deserving of the ASA award, not solely for this restoration, of course. But it will be a grand thing to see LETTIE underway once more.

Here's the first movie review you've ever read in these pages, and the first time a review's been penned by a reviewer who hasn't yet seen the flick. Anyhow: Francis Ford Coppola's *Wind* is a cinematographic masterpiece (even if the boats aren't schooners and aren't even wooden) but, in terms of realism, the film is a hoax perpetrated on a decidedly unsalty viewing public. First, sailors aren't nearly as good-looking as these actors and they probably smell worse, too. Even the most well-off schooner sailor doesn't sport foulweather gear as expensive as that depicted. And finally, real sailors don't talk like these film characters, especially during the heat of a hotly contested race. So, while the picture is probably entertaining, it sure ain't real sailing. But only we know that and who cares, anyway? Besides, nothing can ever top *The World in His Arms*.

Sam Hoyt



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