



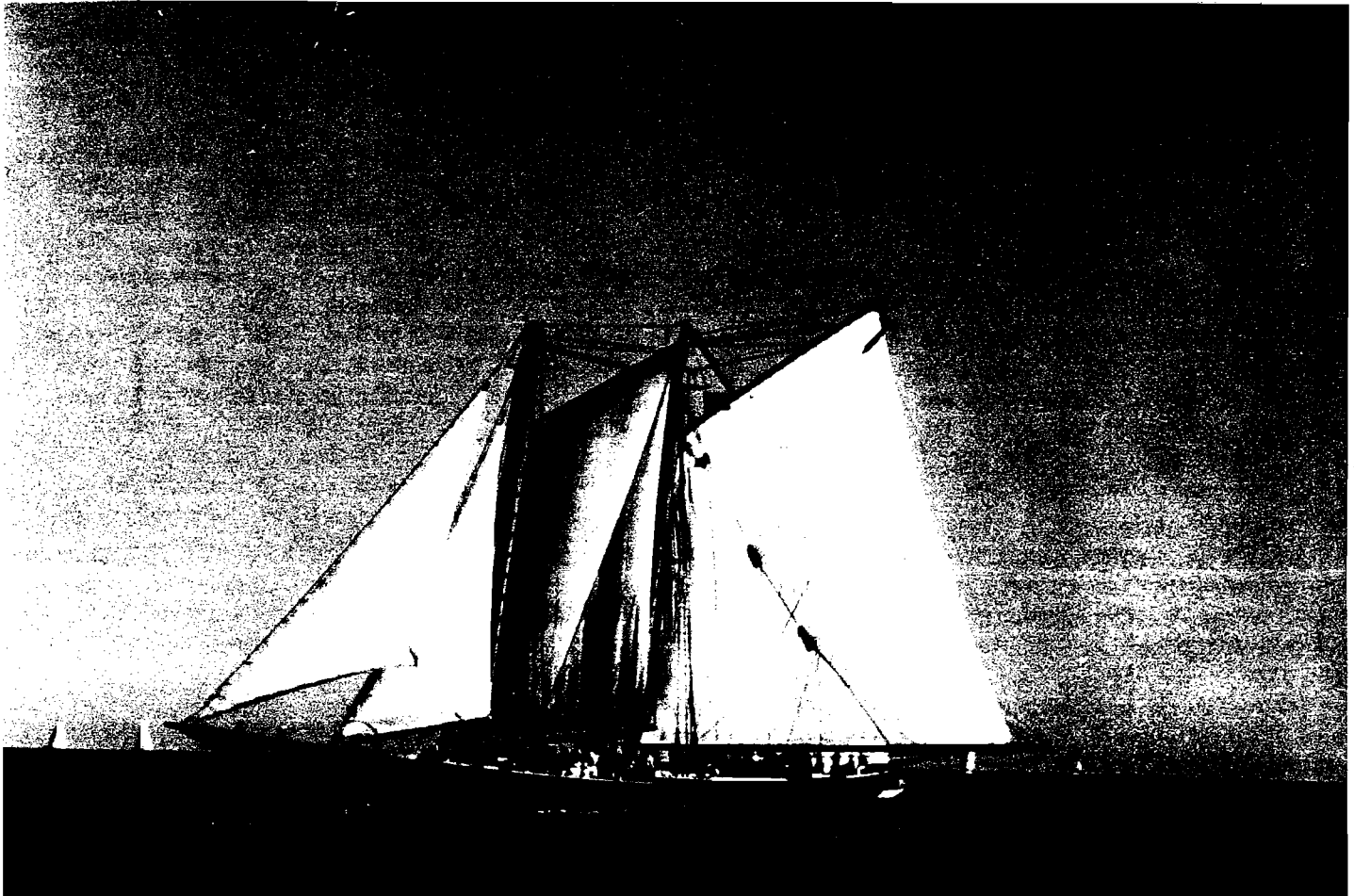
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WING & WING

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ERNESTINA in the 1995 Gloucester race. Photo by Jim Mairs.

ERNESTINA (ex-EFFIE M. MORRISSEY)

On February 5, 1894, a single line of type in a corner of the *Gloucester Daily Times* recorded the addition of a schooner to the Gloucester, Massachusetts, fishing fleet: "The new schooner for J. F. Wonson and Co. has been named EFFIE M. MORRISSEY." This was the commonplace birth of a

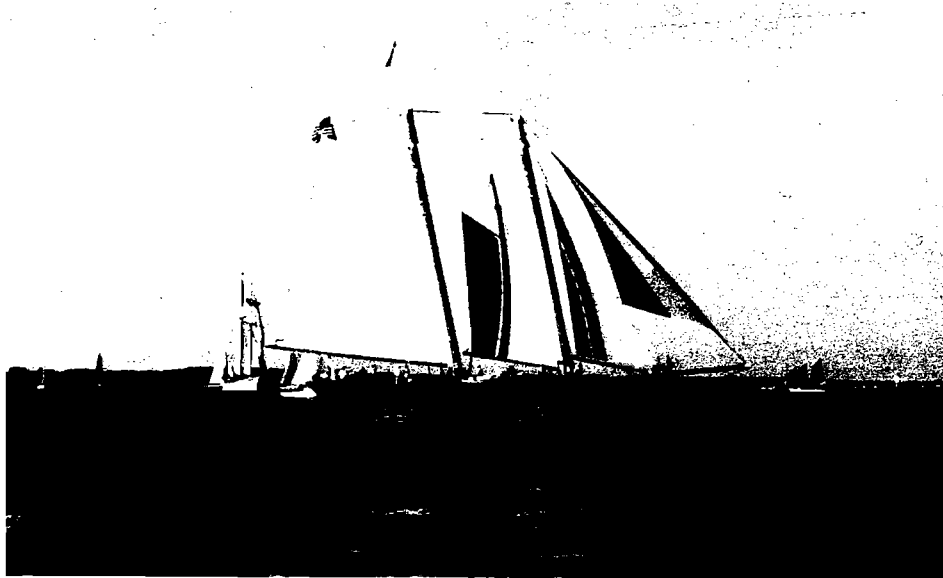
schooner that would soon become famous as a fisherman.

It was on February 1st of that year that the white oak and yellow pine hull of the EFFIE M. MORRISSEY slid down the ways of the James and Tarr shipyard at Essex. It was a time when the Gloucester fishing schooner was in her heyday.

George McClain of Gloucester was one of the pioneer designers of a new type of fishing schooner whose fine lines offered

extra speed to market for the best price, and a deep, heavily ballasted hull for stability to withstand North Atlantic gales. McClain, a former schooner skipper and prominent public figure in 1890's Gloucester, designed the 112-foot MORRISSEY with a 13-foot draft and 8,500 square feet of sail. ERNESTINA's one hundred years of active service attest to the quality of the McClain model.

(Cont. page 10.)



The newly launched AMERICA, who was profiled in the last issue of Wing & Wing, during this year's Chesapeake Bay Race.

THE GREAT CHESAPEAKE BAY SCHOONER RACE

Lane Briggs and his friends decided to have a race from Baltimore to Norfolk in 1990. The first two years saw 7 boats, but as word spread the numbers went to 12, 17, 29, and in 1995, 30 schooners started the race (including 11 in class AA, the 100-foot range).

Mark Faulstick took ADVENTURER down to the race this year and I was lucky enough to help crew. We left the weekend before the race and despite ripping the fore on a gybe in New Jersey, we arrived in Baltimore October 18 and got our first view of the new "low, black schooner" AMERICA.

After Lane welded a part for us on his fully equipped tugantine, NORFOLK REBEL, we went to a great party in Fells Point.

The race started on October 19, near the Bay Bridge. We were in class B, so we started ten minutes behind AA- and A-class boats. We crossed AMERICA (by about six feet) soon after the start, but after a few tacks she got ahead of us. Norfolk was about 130 miles upwind, in fairly light air. The boats spread out but we were still up with PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II at 0300. A few boats would make it to Norfolk by the following afternoon, but we still had a long way to go.

Just before dark on Friday night, bad weather was forecast: very high winds and lightning. We double-reefed the main and

proceeded with main, fore, and jib stay-sail. About 0300 we dropped the fore and around 0400 the wind was about 45 knots with blinding rain and lightening. (The good news was that we were doing over 7 knots upwind)

At dawn the wind lightened up and finally came around. We finished at about 1000. Only 10 boats finished.

At 1500 we got to the docks in Norfolk, where there was a pig and oyster roast and parties of various sorts for the rest of the night.

The first boat to finish, and winner of class A was WOODWIND, a 60-foot LOD schooner built by Scarano. LEOPARD was second in class A. About two minutes behind WOODWIND, AMERICA crossed the line and won class AA. PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II was second in this class, followed by KENNEBEC and TOLE MOUR. ADVENTURER, the 50-foot Alden, won class B with SARACEN second, and FAREWELL, a 40-foot schooner won class C, with MARY BRYANT second.

It was a great race with huge numbers of volunteers and sponsors. It was nice to race in an overnight long-distance race—seems like it suits schooners. I certainly want to go back and would encourage everyone else to be there October 16, 1996.

Fred Sterner

FROM THE WEST COAST

We hear from Byron Chamberlain, who says he has been too busy buying and selling property to do much sailing...

We did have a new engine put in ROSE OF SHARON—a Perkins 4-236, so now I run out of fuel sooner now. Had the bottom wooded and iron keel sandblasted and epoxy coated. The varnish was all stripped and four coats applied, including a coat on the spars. So though I haven't been sailing, the boat has had some maintenance and upgrading.

We did a wooden boat race in Port Townsend, Washington, in May. BARLOVENTO was first to finish in all three races. ROSE OF SHARON was second. We corrected out to fourth and BARLOVENTO to third. A French t.v. company filmed the race from the air and sea. Scott and Marilyn Richardson, owners of the Alden 43-foot schooner MARILYN were sailing with me. They were in France and happened to see the film on t.v. last month.

Roy Wildman, A.S.A. member from Port Townsend, flew to the Caribbean in time for three or four hurricanes. Roy's brother has a boat in Puerto Rico and they planned to do some sailing. Instead they tried just surviving and were successful.

I have a computer at home now, so no more excuses—you'll be hearing from me more often!

Byron Chamberlain

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JOHN GARDNER DIES AT AGE 90

John Gardner, renowned boat builder and former curator at Mystic Seaport, died peacefully in Haverhill, MA, on October 18. He was 90.

"John Gardner is not easily captured in words, his true nature is obvious in the boats he had built. He was an extraordinary blend of craftsman, historian, leader, scholar, teacher, activist, author, and mentor," said J. Revell Carr, Director of Mystic Seaport.

John Gardner was born in Maine on June 18, 1905. He graduated from Maine Normal School before earning his master's degree at Teacher's College, Columbia University, in 1932. During the thirties he worked as a teacher, a counselor at the Pine Island Camp in Maine, and was a labor organizer.

Mr. Gardner remained a social activist throughout his life. From 1954 through 1965 he wrote under a nom-de-plume for *Contemporary Issues*, a quarterly publication devoted to political and social opinion, on topics such as atomic policy, the Rosenberg case, and the Hughes campaign.

He worked as a boat builder in Marblehead, MA, in 1940, and in 1951 he began writing for *Maine Coast Fisherman* (now *National Fisherman*) and was its technical editor from 1959 until his death.

A historian of boat design and technology, John Gardner joined the curatorial staff of Mystic Seaport in 1969. He initiated the first recreational boat building classes in the country the following year. This program continues to prosper at

Mystic Seaport, having served as a model for numerous schools across the United States.

"He was an inspiration to me and many people in the 60s and 70s," said Barry Thomas, the boat builder at Mystic Seaport who now teaches the boat building classes Mr. Gardner began. "He inspired people to look at and build and use wooden boats. And he began a renaissance. John was the man behind the movement that affected people around the world. He was the spring, the source."

"And a true populist," added Thomas. "If I read something in the newspaper and I needed more information, I asked John. Nobody had a better vocabulary, nobody was better read."

While working at Mystic Seaport Mr. Gardner wrote for numerous publications including *The Log of Mystic Seaport*, *WoodenBoat*, *Yachting*, *Small Boat Journal*, *Sea History*, and *Outdoor Maine*, covering topics such as heritage, hand tools, traditional boats and boat building, maritime history, and the environment. He was the first to call attention in print to chemical hazards in the boatyard.

Mr. Gardner co-authored *The Adirondack Guide-Boat* with Helen and Kenneth Durant. He wrote four books: *Building Classic Small Craft*, *More Building Classic Small Craft*, *The Dory Book*, and *Classic Small Craft You Can Build*. A new book in Mr. Gardner's how-to-build series, titled *Wooden Boats to Build and Use*, will be published by Mystic Seaport in June of 1996.

"He had a great affect on those who shared his interest," said Sharon Brown, who assisted Mr. Gardner with his last two books and oversees the boat livery program which he inspired at Mystic Seaport. "People—families—from all over the world sent him snapshots of boat building projects in their backyards and their basements. He was unique in that every time he published his boat designs he gave them away and made it possible for someone to build a boat."

Mr. Gardner was predeceased by his wife, Beatrice in 1990. He is survived by his daughter, a great grandnephew, his sisters, and other family members.

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

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

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MINUTES

Minutes of Event Committee (formed to figure out what to do about the cancelled Mystic Race) meeting 10/28/95.

Present: Jim Cassidy, Fred Sterner, Howard Hopps, Roger Walworth, Jeanette and Sam Hoy, Nanette Woodcock, Mark Faulstick, Mary Anne McQuillan, Bob and Roberta Pulsch, and Jim Mairs.

The meeting began with discussion of Mystic Seaport's position, which includes:

- they want the schooners there
- offer of free docking Labor Day for the event and after
- they are celebrating the 75th anniversary of the DUNTON
- they don't want to run the race

This was followed by a wide-ranging brainstorming session which considered all our options, which include:

- holding an event in Mystic on alternate years
- holding a week-long rendezvous in Mystic
- having events to attract land-based members (e.g., Saturday dinghy races/dory rowing with prizes, party Saturday night, boat tours/displays, no race on Saturday)
- keep Bill Ames involved
- Seaport promotes our event
- a special presentation to the Seaport in honor of the DUNTON
- the Race Rock committee will run a separate schooner class for us for which the Mystic Schooner Race trophy will be awarded (late October)
- the ASA should have a presence in Gloucester on Labor Day weekend
- a race from Gloucester to Mystic, leaving Labor Day
- what department at the Seaport will be our contact? not the Education dept., perhaps Special Events?
- Fred Sterner will contact Mike Costello in Gloucester
- Jim Mairs will contact the Seaport (Revell Carr)
- Howard Hopps will chair the Event Committee meeting 11/7/95.

Mystic 1996 Event Committee: Howard, Mark, Jim, Roger, Jeanette, Fred. Sam will handle publicity.

Thanks to Jim Cassidy for the coffee and pastries.

Mary Anne McQuillan

LETTERS FROM THE SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS - Part 2

Fred Sterner spent from December 1994 to May 1995 as third mate/engineer on SPIRIT. His letters, begun in the last issue of Wing & Wing, continue...

1/30/95: St. Thomas to Tortola—West End. Went to Jolly Roger for a few Guinnesses.

1/31/95: Pulled boat. Very small yard with railway. Guys swim down and arrange blocking under boat. Bow is up over office, bowsprit was in road. Had to back up boat three feet so a cement truck could go up the road. Red flag on bowsprit. Stern above water.

A pelican just flew by.

The SPIRIT is starting to look better. Got a few coats of paint on the topsides. Bottom paint on Monday.

2/1/95: Worked on pulling prop and plate on both sides of deadwood below prop.

2/2/95: More of the same. Party on Canadian 106-foot motorboat, BELLE ISLE SEA. They invited us over for prime ribs, baked potato, and Caesar salad. Kelly brought desert—Piña Colada tarts. Five full-time crew—captain, mate, engineer, cook, and hostess. Private boat, two motors, two generators, watermaker, etc.

Engineer likes Spam. We were telling Spam stories. I told them about the Olympics in Austin, Texas, and really got them going. Wore my Spam shirt the next day. A guy in a boat asked how to get one. Kelly wants to borrow mine the first day the students come aboard, to set them straight (“Hi, I’m the cook. Hope you like Spam”).

2/3/95: Finally got prop off and pressure-tested the area in shaft log—between prop and inside stuffing box—with plugs and hose. Seems ok. Must be the smaller holes causing problems. Jeff seems relaxed.

2/4/95: Reinstalled shaft and did plate.

Made beer, since I had watch—make sure no one steals anything. Borrowed good water from the Canadians’ watermaker. Will have to add yeast in the morning when it cools.

At least they have showers in the boat-yard. No hot water, but the cold water is over 70°.

Got usual dents and bruises. Got my finger slightly with the grinder—said “waaah!” Yard is hard work. Gaff about back together.

We’ll probably launch on Tuesday. Go to St. Thomas to pick up group on Wednesday.

Haven’t been to Bombas yet. About a 20-minute cab ride. Maybe Sunday. A local told me a full moon is best.

Found an interesting bar in town. Ok to stop for Happy Hour (5-7). Get a Guinness after dinner for \$2.00 (usually it’s \$3.00). Not a cheap place (the bars or the island in general).

The bar was right next to a charter base. Today was interesting. People bringing their boats back after a week and still couldn’t pick up a mooring on the first few tries.

Down to the last notch on my belt. Just distributing my weight a little better, but feel a little lighter. Better to be thinner and stronger. Eating good, just no snacks and not as much beer—at least at sea.

We have an erasable marker board in the saloon. Good place for a Quote of the Day, or graffiti, or watch list, or whatever. Samples: Since we are in town, Jeff put up a Needs list. Entries include: winning lotto ticket, Kathy Ireland, professional help, sheet music for the 1812 Overture, waterless hand cleaner or clean hands, rat (actually, we have acquired one), Elle MacPherson, world peace, rum rations. The other day Kelly wrote: How can you tell a schooner bum? Entries for that list include—best shirt only has 7 holes, yard does not mean mowing grass, shower is a fond memory, sorts laundry into a) not bad, b) not good, c) combustible, and d) wonder what this is. Also—comes to your home for dinner and spends a week (mostly in shower), can say “beer” in several languages, thinks rum is beer concentrate, found clothes in ragbag that were in better shape than some of theirs (I actually got two t-shirts this way).

Forgot to mention that Jeff and I got on RAINBOW WARRIOR—the Greenpeace boat—in St. Thomas. They are here trying

to raise awareness about plutonium shipments through the Caribbean.

What an interesting boat—about 500 tons, all steel, three masts, steel booms, mast, and gaffs. The gaffs stay up and the sails roll into the masts. Said that by installing the sails they have cut their fuel bill in half. Thirteen crew and another dozen press people, environmental specialists, etc. Go all over the world. Have about five or six inflatables. Captain was from Vancouver. Serious boat.

Tortola—and the rest of the Virgin Islands—are very hilly. Some rock beaches and a few very sandy areas. Lots of goats. Lots of chickens too (here and in the Dominican Republic).

More schooners than you might think. ROSEWAY is down here all winter and looks well. Saw a couple of 45- to 55-foot schooners, at least one from Maine, a few big boats too, FLYING CLOUD, and a huge high-tech four-masted cruise ship.

A lot of big charter cats. A local guy, Mark, was a deckhand on SPIRIT about a year ago. He met a woman and now lives in Tortola with her. They do some deliveries and pick up odd jobs for some of the charter companies—do captain for a day or two, check out people on the boats. They are trying to get a permanent captain/crew job on one of the big charter cats and just stay on that. It is not easy to do.

2/9/95: Got a new group on board. Nineteen men ranging in age from 25-70.

Coast Guard came aboard to do some checking and questioned us about being a sailing-school ship. We told them that the group was on a sail training week.

2/10/95: Long upwind sail to St. John’s. Four lowers and jib topsail. Anchored without motor.

2/11/95: Motored over to West End, Tortola, to clear customs and register for the race. (Forgot to tell you, when we cleared customs leaving St. Thomas the customs guy looked at my passport picture and then at me and then laughed. Guess I look saltier with my beard.)

Sailed off the hook. ROSEWAY was the only other boat in the big schooner class.

The starting line made you start upwind, but you had to bear off on port tack as soon as you crossed the line. ROSEWAY tried to start on port, but we came charging in on starboard and she was forced to tack.

The usual tactic down here is to distract the other crew. Our charter crew had a few guys in drag and the crew from ROSEWAY got their first close look at them about the time they realized they would have to tack or hit us—so we must have really distracted them. ROSEWAY got to within 15 feet of us before she completed her tack to starboard. Of course we tacked to port and once she got way on, she had to tack back to port. We had a nice lead by then.

Both boats had four lowers up. We went around a little island, gybed and put up our jib topsail. It was blowing about 20 to 25. We slowly pulled away from ROSEWAY (she has no topsails). We reached over to Jost Van Dyke, then along it, then started the boat back to Tortola. After two long tacks ROSEWAY was ahead of us. Then we caught the favorable shift and were ahead the next time. Then we did about 6 more short tacks to the finish line. We covered ROSEWAY (stayed between her and the finish) and beat her handily.

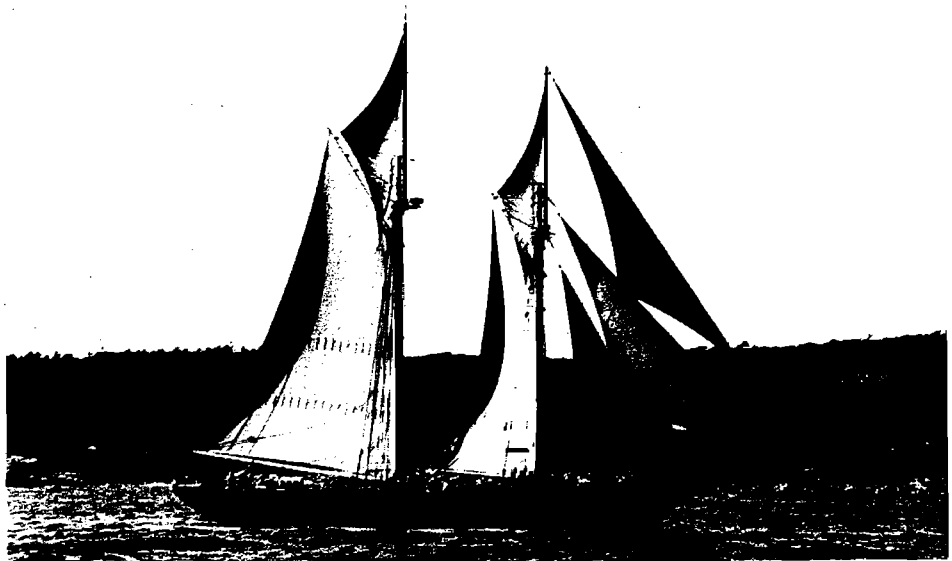
Then we went to the Jolly Roger and I got a lot of Guinneses. We saw our buddies from BELLE ISLE SEA.

2/12/95: Sailed upwind to Norman Island (18°19'N; 64°37'W). Norman is uninhabited but there is a nice anchorage here. Some of the group is snorkeling. About twenty boats anchored here now (1500 hours). There is an old boat anchored here permanently and is now a bar. Will investigate later. No great beach here. Couple of short rains. Water is 82°. Lots of bare-boat charters seem to be here.

2200 hours; 70 boats here. Went to boat bar, 75-100 people there. Also a restaurant. Had two Becks and went back to the boat.

Having trouble with control circuit on battery charger. Turns itself off permanently.

2/13/95: Sailed to Cooper Island—another of the BVIs. Cove had a nice small sandy beach, a little bar/restaurant right there, a scuba shop, and most of the rest was private. Got here by noon. About everyone



SPIRIT in the Gloucester Race, 1995. Photo by Fred Sterner.

went to swim or snorkel. I had 2 Heinekens and came back for a nap. Then watch from 1900-2300. Roric, Bruce, and Kelley are in at the bar.

We may go to Virgin Gorda tomorrow. The baths are supposed to be spectacular.

The weather is great—occasional little rain squalls. A little too hot for sleeping, so some people sleep on deck where it is a little cooler.

Lots of tacking and gybing this week. Good thing—we really need the practice because we really haven't done that much so far.

No accidents and no seasickness this week. Waters are quite protected here. Lots of charter boats. Great water—many colors, blue to green. Could see something on the bottom in 50 feet of water. Haven't snorkeled yet—soon.

2/14/95: Went to Virgin Gorda. Anchored in 27 feet of water and could see the bottom, also a large barracuda swimming around in our shade.

Got two hours off in the afternoon. Went into the harbor and walked 1.5 miles to the baths. Beach with granite boulders the size of a house here and there. Almost makes private pools (or baths).

Gorda, as well as a lot of these other small islands are very dry. Some big cactus around.

Slightly twisted my ankle running around the boat. Just enough to be annoying.

Getting quite a tan. Have my shoes off

a lot and shirt off some, so it is not just a farmer's tan.

2/15/95: Tortola, West End (Frenchman's Bay). Went to Bombas—full moon party. Big crowd that kept getting bigger. People came in from St. Thomas and St. John's for the party, and a small cruise ship, SEA FEVER, was in. People dancing in the streets. I left at 11. Talked to the ROSEWAY crew. They were impressed by our race tactics.

2/16/95: Had a good but short sail to St. John's—beam reach, 10 knots. Stopped at Canal Bay. I walked around and visited a plush resort and went on a few trails. Saw two black hummingbirds, 10-foot cactus, and 6-foot aloe-type plants.

Our group is leaving tomorrow. They had a little ceremony tonight, songs and poetry. They voted Roric most likely to become a pirate, and I was voted most likely to have been one—maybe they have us mixed up.

We were here at anchor when HARVEY GAMAGE came up and was going to tack and go in front of us, but the tack was slow and so they started to bear off and go behind us, but then they got a puff of wind which made them start to accelerate. The puff on the main didn't allow them to bear off as expected, so they steered back up to go in front of us. I ran down to start the engine so we could possibly jockey forward a little if we had to. They started



All sails up (approximately 7600 square feet). Photo by Fred Sterner.

their engine and red-lined it, and finally passed in front of us. Kind of a helpless feeling to watch a 100+ ton boat come at you.

Only two other big schooners down here and almost crashed into both this week.

2/22/95: Students finally here (twenty, as well as two profs.) The profs are a couple of older guys that seem to be having fun. Tomorrow we're dropping them all off on one side of St. John's and they will hike over to the other side (we will take the boat around).

Watched a couple of goats wandering around the island. The students did some snorkeling.

Head for Guadeloupe on Friday. Hope it's not all upwind.

Got a new control board for the battery charger and now it works ok. But having trouble with the generator fuel solenoid cutting out. Had to hotwire it. Still trying to find the problem.

About half the students got seasick the first day, but most are improving.

2/23/95: Got around the island about noon and are waiting for the students. There is an old sugar mill on shore in the weeds.

Quite a few schooners down here. A lot of new fiberglass ones as well as a few wood ones down for the winter. Another month to the first day of spring.

Caught a small albacore tuna while

trolling, but threw it back. Thought about sushi.

We may sail by Virgin Gorda tomorrow or stop there overnight.

My ankle is feeling better but still somewhat swollen. Replaced macerator pump after dinner.

2/24/95: Went by Virgin Gorda. Short-tacked down Sir Francis Drake Channel and finally out into open water.

St. Croix to starboard, big reef running out about 10 miles. Could break in rough weather. Wind light. Went over very end of reef. Watching distance on radar (range to St. Croix).

2/25/95: Had to fix Kelly's galley stove this morning. Also made working macerator out of three broken ones in stock so now have spare again.

Going upwind to Guadeloupe. Offered to take the 2300-0300 watch instead of the 1900-2300, so it works out better for Lynn and Roric to sleep. Starting tonight. I will miss David Letterman.

Saw a big flurry of small tuna feeding but didn't hook up. Light air, motorsailing, 4 lowers, jib topsail, and fisherman up.

Only a couple of kids seasick now. A little sun burn.

Saba is dead ahead. We'll tack and motorsail down the rhumb line. 120 miles to Guadeloupe. Night watch real quiet. Could see Saba and St. Eustatius about 15 miles to the east. One squall went by to the

west. Watched the radar every half hour or so. Saw a couple of big ships, one fishing boat at the south edge of Saba bank.

2/26/95: Wind better, motor off by 0400. Close reaching on rhumb line. Need more wind. Starboard tack about 155°. Need about 25-knot northeast trade. Four lowers now.

Fishing is slow. Trolling two lures, the crew doing one and Doug, one of the profs, the other. These two profs have it made. Teach a couple of classes a day, have dinner, play a game or two on the computer (no printers) and go to bed.

There is a boat washdown every morning with the fire hose.

I had the "B" watch last night. The students are assigned to A, B, C, or D—five kids each. B watch has been given the unofficial name of "Baywatch." The four girls and one guy could easily walk onto the set of the t.v. show and not look out of place.

Four lowers and jib topsail up, fisherman next. Only about 4 knots. Heading for Basse-Terre and sacrificial assault into the crater of Mt. Soufriere. Then to Rosseau, Dominica, west of Monserrat, maybe to Guadeloupe by the early a.m. Guess beer in French is biere, or bier? Should be able to make ourselves understood. Ours should be ready to test soon. One of the profs, Doug, also makes beer.

We are going to stop at St. Eustatius on the way back, and then Puerto Rico.

About halfway through the SPIRIT trip. Still not sure whether I'd like to do it again. Four months is a long time to be away. But it is a great way to see some new places and learn a lot about sailing.

Jeff is starting to teach a course in celestial navigation now—actually just a continuation of basic navigation. It's easy to see why the sailors are so interested in the stars. Night watch is a time when you really look at them. You must be getting some nice, noticeably longer, days at home—doesn't change much here.

The USVI didn't really seem like much of a foreign country and the British VIs aren't that different. The Dominican Republic was different, and Guadeloupe and Dominica should be very interesting. We will stop in a bay in Puerto Rico that is known for sparklies—be fun to swim there at night.

Motorsailing again. Four lowers. Disconnected the speaker on the high/low voltage alarm that is in the nav. station next to the captain's quarters. Working on a small circuit board before lunch and more work on the primitive cookstove after lunch. Finally got it so that it runs hotter. Got to keep both the captain and the cook happy.

Beard is getting longer. Not all white from the salt spray.

2/27/95: Mardi Gras in Guadeloupe. Went into town in the afternoon for a couple of good stouts. Had night anchor watch 1900-0700, with kids so I didn't have to stay up. Came back to clogged head. Tore it down and found out it was worse than I thought—clogged outlet line. It was jammed tight. Took hours to finally rig out a section and replace it. Finally got clean line by 0100 and then gasket in head leaked. Took a swim and hit the sack.

2/28/95: Basse-Terre. Day off but finished the main saloon head and had to fix the crew head. Finished at noon. Now off until 0700.

Big parade last night. Could hear the music from the boat until at least 0100. Neat island. Students hiking into volcano today. Big parade again tonight. I guess I will go in for that. Having some of the homemade beer and relaxing first.

Got some French francs yesterday that I have to use up today. Getting the francs was a major project. The banks were all closed for Mardi Gras, but I found a clothing store that would change money (5.1 f to the dollar). No one speaks English—not a tourist area. People seem friendly. Open-air market with live music about 1400 yesterday. Anchored off big concrete dock. Getting water with dinghy, fifty gallons at a time.

3/1/95: Close-hauled, heading for Dominica.

Went in for the Mardi Gras celebrations yesterday afternoon. Like the Westport parade, only different. Groups would come by, all in costumes and sponsored by businesses or groups (for example, the corn or pineapple growers, a mosquito netting place, or an AIDS awareness group). All French, very little English spoken. Bars aren't like home. Not a tourist

area. There are mostly little sandwich shops that serve beer (12 francs or \$2.25). They have a local white rum for 5 or 6 francs. One ounce is served in a 5-ounce glass. You add your own water or lime juice. It is served warm. Had good French bread and coffee.

I went up the hill a little and found a sandwich shop along the parade route where I could sit under the awning with a beer and take a lot of pictures. Good music, mostly island type, but one group was doing "When the Saints..." There were some French vacationers around. Some of the groups had one or two guys in front slapping the pavement with big whips—sounded like firecrackers.

Passing Iles des Saintes. Dominica is in sight off port bow, twenty-five to thirty miles away. Four lowers. Force 4. Lazy day. Everyone is tired from the party. Got back to the boat about midnight. Roric, Kelly, Chris, and I ran into about ten students about 10 p.m. They were having fun. One of the locals was infatuated with one of the students. He kept hanging around—thought he was going to swim behind the dinghy back to the boat.

We met two couples from Dominica who spoke English and were glad to talk to us. They said Guadeloupe was nice but we would love Dominica. English and some Creole is spoken. We'll be there two days.

The kids are learning a lot about the sails now, except the fore and main topsails.

This is the furthest south I've ever been.

Arrived at Dominica at sunset. Can't go ashore until customs tomorrow. Very hilly. Would like to go to Trafalger Falls on Friday. Have daywatch (0700-1900) tomorrow and then off for twenty-four hours.

Flew the main topsail for a while today.

3/3/95: Yesterday was pretty exciting. After clearing customs in the morning we backed up to the beach. We had a 280-lb anchor ahead to port with 135 feet of chain and some rode, and a 100-lb Danforth out 100 feet ahead to starboard. There were two lines off the stern to palm trees. One of the profs said that they had done this before here. The water drops off real fast and so have to be close to the beach. Had a boat on either side of us.

I had the 0700-1900 "A" watch with five people and Chris, the deckhand. The only other person on board after lunch was Rajib, one of the professors. Everyone else went into town. There was a line for the rubber rafts with a tag line so people could just pull themselves in or out.

As soon as everyone else was ashore the wind came out of the south and started blowing us sideways. We hauled back on the big anchor, which moved us back a little, but that shortened the scope a little too. Logically it seems that it would be hard to drag an anchor up a steep slope, but we kept getting closer to the boat on our starboard side. I gathered everyone and we went over a plan in case we began to drag. I also told them that it would be hard to drag. Then I stood on the anchor



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chain between the hawsepipe and the drum. Nothing happened for thirty seconds, so I told a student it felt good—then I felt it slip twice, thought “Oh s---,” and knew I had to go for it. I dropped the line for the rubber raft, got Chris in the dinghy on the starboard bow pushing upwind and had the Danforth on the drum so the students would crank them both up. I put the engine in forward, with the professor loosening the stern lines and dropping them into the water. We were just able to get out without hitting the boat next to us. Chris said our boom just missed the other boat’s forestay, and I could see their anchor line very clearly. If we had waited any longer we would have probably hit him and very likely got our prop into his line and gone aground with a row of boats.

In the meantime the students are cranking like mad and the one tailing the chain got an overlap. So I had to run up, hook the chain, free it, and unhook it quick, and get back to steer. The prof went up to help crank. Chris got the dinghy up to us and hopped into SPIRIT with the bowline and tied it on by herself. Then she could tell me what was happening forward. (There are disadvantages to a 100-foot boat).

Basically I pulled the anchors loose by going over them. By this time we are in deep water, past the line of moored boats and I knew we were ok.

It takes two people on each end of the crank and two people tailing, so it was

tough going but we got both anchors up and secured. Then we flaked out 135-feet of chain, motored to another area, and dropped the big anchor in 40-feet of water, let out another 70-feet of rode, and backed down on it and got secure. Next, Chris and a student took the dinghy back to get all the lines we dropped. Finally I had two of the “A” watch crew go put some of the homebrew in the freezer for 1900, when we got off.

Roric and the Baywatch team relieved us at 1900 and we had a cold one. Kelly and I went to town and had a few Guinnesses. Jeff and Lynn showed up. Jeff asked me what happened and I told him that I took the kids out to show them the fore topsail. When he didn’t believe that, I tried telling him that I didn’t know what happened because I was down below fixing the head. After I told him what really happened he was happy we could and did get us out of a scrape. Said he would sleep even better now with me on watch.

Went to trafilger falls with Kelly, Roric, and Chris today. Took a bus up as far as possible and walked it. Very steep. They are big waterfalls down to a pool. Then the water tumbles down a steep rocky area with little pools.

On the left side there are hot springs feeding into the pools from the side of the hill. You can go sit in a pools of hot water, then move ten feet over into cool water. The area looked like a set for a Tarzan movie.

This island is unbelievable. It is no wonder that none of the early explorers could take over the island—such steep terrain.

The students went to the falls after we left. One of the girls slipped and went about fifty feet down the steep rocky area and landed in a deep pool. She’s ok except for a few cuts and bruises.

3/4/95: Found a flying fish on the sole in the crew’s quarters (murder or suicide?). Passing Monserrat. Beam reach, starboard tack, 7-8 knots. St. Eustatius tonight. A day there and then Ponce, and Puerto Rico by Tuesday.

Been watching squalls around us, but we are sliding by. Passing St. Kitts and Nevis, St. Eustatius in sight. Netherlands, just what I need, a new type of money. Have a little Eastern Caribbean money left from Dominica. Did stock up on Bay rum, enough for a few gifts. Didn’t find any remarkable gifts yet. Dominica had some nice straw stuff, but I don’t need straw stuff.

Going by Nevis. Waved to Phil LaFrance.

It is so nice to reach for hours and hours—been going upwind too long.

Students are raising and lowering sails. We do mostly supervising work there, but usually add some muscle on the main. Still fixing stuff. The bilge pump/fire pump that runs off the main engine needed a clutch adjustment this morning. The heads are a pain in the ass (no pun intended!), Kelly’s stove was thermonuclear this morning.

If we get there about 2000 I’ll have watch until 0700 and then twenty-four hours off. We won’t clear customs until morning anyway. It would be nice to find a laundromat.

3/5/95: Left at 1700, on the way to Ponce. I got into St. Eustatius in the afternoon. Quiet, quite neat. Supposed to have great diving. Few tourists. Lots of goats and chickens. It is a transfer port for oil. Big tankers drop it off at a tank farm and small tankers take it further.

Some of the kids walked up 1800 ft to the crater. Lots of birds, steep trail.

Went to a pub with Jeff and Lynn and had a couple of German beers. Walked around town.

About 11-12 knots, water coming in the scuppers, and one of the students getting seasick. Photo by Fred Sterner.



3/6/95: Reaching all night 7-8 knots, four lowers, Southern Cross just forward of port beam.

Clutch still isn't right on the bilge pump. Will change oil and filters tomorrow on generator. Slight leak in our head now. Had to unplug the exit line in the fo'c's'le head yesterday.

New business card: Fred's International Marine Plumbing, Ltd. Successfully completed projects in Dominica, U.S. and British Virgin Islands, Guadeloupe, Dominican Republic, St. Eustatius. Coming soon to Puerto Rico and the Bahamas.

Jeff is doing navigation classes every day. Now doing the basic celestial stuff. Sun sights today. I'll pick it up but have no plans on buying a sextant and the books that you need. A G.P.S. is cheaper.

There is some talk about us doing some shorter trips with Massachusetts Maritime, possibly in the summer and December or January (between L.I.U. trips). I still don't know if I would do this again. It's very interesting and fun most of the time. Good sailing. But a lot of responsibility between the engineering and the kids' and boat's safety. Also a long time away from home and little money. Don't think I would want to be captain of this.

Am getting into great shape—leaner and stronger.

School of dolphins joined up for about five minutes. First ones for the students—they were happy.

3/7/95: Ponce. Went past Isla Caja de Muertos (a place for coffins?). Squall nearby last night on my watch and had just finished reading *The Serpent's Coil* by Farley Mowat—about a boat in a hurricane.

Got people up and took in the main. Didn't hit us, but was breezy enough.

3/9/95: We're anchored at the Ponce Yacht and Fishing Club. Nice place. Plain snack bar and bar, nice restaurant and bar, pool, showers (hot and cold), lit jogging track, tennis, etc. We are their guests. Don Q (of the rum Don Q) is one of their members. Lots of 30-to-45-foot sportfishing boats (also bigger and smaller ones and quite a few sailboats).

Didn't get time off during the day this time but went in for cold beer in the

evening. Heineken was available, not much else.

We had left at 0300 for here and had arrived by 1000. Narrow channel, lots of coral reefs, and wanted morning light to get in. Anchored in about 14 feet of water (we draw 11) inside some reefs. Looks like a small resort town. There is a university research station here. About twenty students going for their Master's in marine studies (of some sort). Three of them swam out to the boat today and I showed them around. One was from Framingham, Massachusetts.

I'm working tonight 1900-0700 but then have twenty-four hours off—if nothing breaks.

Lots of coral reefs and mangroves around, and Phosphorescence Bay—high concentration of sparklies.

The kids are starting to be able to set and strike the four lowers by themselves. We just watch and make sure they don't get hurt or really screw up. We also handle the sheets when we gybe.

Got the ship's and crew's laundry done in Ponce, so back to fresher clothes. Have stained some with pine tar, among other things.

Ponce was great—two showers in two days. Just got first report back from town. A couple of bars, fairly quiet, no unusual beer—rum, maybe?

3/10/95: The local beer is not good. Would rather have lemonade or Heineken (which I did). Got invited to the university island. Saw a big 2-foot iguana. The place used to be a zoo. The iguanas were from Cuba and they stayed when the zoo was disbanded. Apparently the iguanas in Cuba had all been eaten and so these were endangered. Also saw a manatee in a tank. There are some manatees in this area.

This town is a small summer resort for Puerto Ricans. Seventies disco music in one bar and salsa in the next.

Everyone is going to take a local tour boat to Phosphorescence Bay (thirty minutes from here) at 2200. We leave here tomorrow afternoon for Mona Island (an overnight sail). More reef studies there for three days, then Santo Domingo.

Fred Sterner

LIVERPOOL EXHIBIT

Long before it was popularized by the Fab Four, Liverpool, England was famous for another reason—shipping. Located near Lancashire and the Midlands, this industrial city by the Irish Sea was an important 19th-century port for ships from both sides of the Atlantic Ocean.

The transatlantic voyages of these merchant marine ships come alive again in *Across the Western Ocean: American Ships by Liverpool Artists*, an exhibition at the Peabody Museum in Salem, Massachusetts, which runs until December 31, 1995.

Featuring the finest ship portraits of the 19th century, this exhibition captures in lively detail the comings and goings of American ships, the wealthiest, most successful merchant ships to sail into Liverpool.

"Artists in the Liverpool school painted the finest, most detailed ship portraits of the 19th century," says Daniel Finamore, Russell K. Knight Curator of Maritime Arts and History at the Peabody Essex. "These artists were intrigued by ships and seafaring and their works demonstrate a high level of technical accuracy. The American captains who purchased the paintings routinely hung these portraits of their ships onboard and in shipping offices."

The 39 paintings in *Across the Western Ocean* include works by such notable British marine artists as: Robert Salmon (1775 -c. 1845), who traveled extensively and eventually immigrated to Boston; Duncan McFarlane (1818-1865), whose detailed ship paintings are among the best; and Samuel Walters (1811-1882), a prolific painter whose paintings and lithographs decorated many Liverpool merchants' shops and shipping office walls.

The exhibition includes works from the Peabody Essex's extensive permanent collection of maritime art, other museums, and private collections. Funding for the exhibition is provided in part by the Boston Marine Society.

For more information about *Across the Western Ocean* call the Peabody Essex Museum at 800-745-4054 or 508-745-9500.

(ERNESTINA: cont. from page 1.)

The black-hulled MORRISSEY first set sail for the Grand Banks on March 14, 1894, just six weeks after her launching. William E. Morrissey was the ship's skipper (Effie was William's daughter) and on that first trip he kept the MORRISSEY out salt-banking for four months.

When the schooner returned to Gloucester in July her hold held 250,000 pounds of salted cod. This was the biggest catch that any schooner brought in that month and it fetched a decent price: \$4.00 per quintal (100 pounds) for large fish and \$3.50 for small.

The MORRISSEY worked most often as a dory trawler. The crew of twenty fishermen would pair off in each of the ship's ten dories and trawl for cod, haddock or halibut from lines paid out of tubs. When the dory was full of fish the men would row or sail back to the schooner, which in the meantime was manned only by the captain and cook.

On occasion a storm would blow up, sending the dories away from the ship with only a handful of crew, yet the records show that in all her years of fishing the MORRISSEY lost only one man.

The MORRISSEY's high performance was due in part to the skippers who sailed her. Beginning with William Morrissey, a succession of Gloucester's best fishing schooner captains guided the MORRISSEY on her voyages. John McInnis, Josh Stanley, Henry Atwood, and most famous, Clayton Morrissey who went on to skipper the racing schooner HENRY FORD) were all masters of the MORRISSEY during her Gloucester years. (It should be noted that the captain at the wheel in the statue on

Gloucester's Western Avenue is Clayton Morrissey himself.)

In 1905 the EFFIE M. MORRISSEY began fishing out of Digby, Nova Scotia under the command of Captain Ansel Snow (Snow was later a skipper of the Canadian BLUENOSE). Snow and others continued to fish and occasionally carry freight with the ship out of Canada for twenty more years.

In 1912, the MORRISSEY made such a record run that a ballad, sung by many a Grand Banks fisher, was inspired. Frederick William Wallace, a writer and photographer, wrote an account of this voyage that appears in his book *Roving Fisherman*. Sailing from Portland to Yarmouth, the ship logged two hundred miles in twenty hours, reaching at times a speed of sixteen knots and carrying only her foresail for the last eight hours.

In 1924 Captain Robert Bartlett bought the EFFIE M. MORRISSEY from his cousin, Harold, who had been fishing the ship out of Brigus, Newfoundland. Bartlett was an experienced captain and ice navigator who had skippered Admiral Peary's ship, the ROOSEVELT on the famous expeditions searching for the North Pole.

During the summer of 1925, "Captain Bob" took the MORRISSEY on a fishing trip to Labrador. The MORRISSEY sailed into coves where her crew set traps for cod, or later in the season, jigged for fish out of motor boats. Icebergs posed a constant threat; Bartlett recounts several episodes when the engineless MORRISSEY just missed wrecking by approaching bergs.

In 1926 the charismatic Captain Bartlett persuaded George Palmer Putnam, a well-known publisher, to fund an exploratory trip to Greenland. This was the beginning of the MORRISSEY's twenty-year career as an arctic exploration vessel. After the installation of her first diesel engine and sheathing of the hull with the Central American hardwood, greenheart, the MORRISSEY voyaged north with George Putnam and his son David. The voyage inspired David Putnam's *David Goes to Greenland* (1926), the first in a series of popular children's books reporting on David's trips to the north aboard the MORRISSEY.

The MORRISSEY, sailing out of New York City, went as far as eighty degrees north latitude (within 600 miles of the North Pole). Captain Bob took both stu-

dents and scientists with him on these expeditions sponsored by the American Museum of Natural History, the Museum of the American Indian, the National Geographic Society, the Smithsonian Institution, the Explorers' Club of New York, and others.

The MORRISSEY's adventures, including running aground and becoming icebound, are chronicled in several books, including Bartlett's autobiographical *Sails Over Ice* (Charles Scribner's Sons, 1934) and in the Pathe Newsreels shown in movie houses throughout the country. Films produced during Captain Bob's trips are available on video, narrated by Fred Littleton and Austen Colgate, men who sailed with Bartlett as teenagers.

Hundreds of experiments and studies were carried out from the MORRISSEY's decks over the years, including charting Greenland waters, oceanographic sampling, Arctic plant and animal collections, and anthropological studies of Inuit life.

During World War II, under joint command of Captain Bartlett and Commander Alexander Forbes, U.S.N., the MORRISSEY charted northern waters and carried supplies to Arctic naval bases commissioned by the Army Air Corps and the Navy. Commander Forbes describes this vital joint American-Canadian effort in *Quest for a Northern Air Route* (Harvard University Press, 1953).

With the death of Captain Bartlett in 1946, the MORRISSEY was sold to two brothers who planned to fit her out as a yacht and sail to Tahiti for a charter business. She never made the trip; the ship caught fire at the dock in Flushing, New York, and was scuttled to save her.

The MORRISSEY was raised and towed to Rowayton, CT, where Henrique Mendes, of the Portuguese colony of Cape Verde, purchased her for \$7,000 and towed her to New Bedford for repairs. After six months of work by Henrique's son, Adilino, to ready the ship for her new service as a packet schooner, she sailed under Captain Jose J. Perreira for Sao Vicente. Henrique Mendes placed her in inter-island packet trade in the Cape Verdes Islands. At this time, he also changed the schooner's name to ERNESTINA, after his daughter.

Between 1948 and 1959 ERNESTINA made regular trips across the Atlantic

Don't forget that the ASA Annual Meeting takes place the first Saturday in February—that'll be Sat. Feb. 3 this year—in Mystic, Connecticut. More info about the meeting will be hitting your mailboxes soon.

between the Cape Verde Islands and Providence, RI, carrying cargo and passengers. As a result of an agreement between Henrique and the cranberry growers on the East Coast, many of the immigrants came to America to work in the cranberry bogs.

In the spring of 1949, ERNESTINA began her service as a transatlantic packet schooner under the command of Captain John Baptista, Jr. Henrique's son, Arnaldo, was among the crew. The ship left Brava on May 14 and stopped at Fogo and Praia before going to Dakar.

Finally, after 53 days at sea, the ship arrived in Providence on August 6, and anchored off State Pier. Immigration officials ordered passengers to stay aboard until their claims to U.S. citizenship were investigated. Once one member of a family was given immigrant status, he or she could bring the immediate family into the country.

The ERNESTINA's second trip to the U.S. was made in 1950 with six women passengers, seven men, and fourteen crew members. She arrived on July 18 and after a 38-day passage. During the trip over, Henrique Mendes taught his passengers some basic English phrases and the Pledge of Allegiance. They had fresh vegetables, lobsters, live pigs, goats, and cows aboard, and a good cook, Michael Rosario. They celebrated the saints' days and everyone's birthday, the young sailors making cakes and serenading the women. A romance started between Henrique's son, Arnaldo, and his wife-to-be, Maria. They were married several years later, in 1953.

There are stories of hurricanes and dismastings, calms, and other challenges of crossing the Atlantic under sail with such captains as Pedro Evora, Lucino Fortes, Arnaldo Mendes, Joao Baptista, Ricardo Lima Barros, Nonauto Brito Raimundo and, for the last voyages to the U.S. in 1964 and 1965, Captain Alexander Fortes.

After the inauguration of regular steamship service to the Cape Verde Islands there was less call for ERNESTINA to make transAtlantic passages. In 1965 she made her last trip to Providence as a packet. Nevertheless, she kept busy carrying passengers and goods among the islands and the coast of Africa, even working as a "school bus" for high school children from Fogo and Brava to Praia and Mindelo.

By the mid-1970s ERNESTINA's activity as a packet schooner was winding down. The schooner was getting old and could not compete with the motor vessels that plied the islands.

In the United States interest in saving the historic ERNESTINA ex-EFFIE M. MORRISSEY was building. An initial attempt to return the ship to the U.S. failed due to a dismasting in 1976 and ERNESTINA ended up in the hands of the government of the newly formed Republic of Cape Verde.

The government decided to rebuild the ship and give her to the United States as a symbol of the ties of friendship uniting the two countries. Groups called the "Friends of the ERNESTINA/MORRISSEY" were formed in several areas on the East Coast of the United States. They sent money and materials to Cape Verde to assist in the rebuilding. The Cape Verdean government spent over \$300,000 on the ship.

In August of 1982 the ERNESTINA, her hull completely rebuilt, sailed to the United States with a crew of Cape Verdeans and Americans. The ship was met with magnificent fanfare; thousands of people had been waiting since 1976 to see ERNESTINA return to her country of origin.

Since her arrival in the United States, the ERNESTINA has received in excess of 1.5 million dollars for her restoration, and in 1986, as a result of award-winning preservation efforts, she was granted designation as a National Historic Landmark.

As of 1994 ERNESTINA has been U.S. Coast Guard certified for operation as a sailing-school vessel and as a passenger-carrying vessel. This dual certification allows a versatility in operation and a wide range of services, which are the basis of her funding. She now sails with a licensed staff from her home port of New Bedford.

ERNESTINA's restoration was complete in November 1994, with ceremony on Veterans' Day. A bronze plaque was installed on her deckhouse acknowledging the efforts made in her restoration and noting the bonds that stretch across the Atlantic to the Islands of Cape Verde.

(This article came from a brochure put out by the Massachusetts Schooner ERNESTINA Commission.)

NEW BOOK BY BARFIELD

The Outer Banks of North Carolina have had a lively and sometimes lurid history going back four centuries. These barrier islands, frequently battered by storms and hurricanes, were the site of the first English colony in North America and figured prominently in the Civil War.

The hundreds of shipwrecks off their shores have earned the Outer Banks a reputation as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic."

In his new book, *Seasoned by Salt: A Historical Album of the Outer Banks*, Rodney Barfield has assembled more than 150 historic photographs and drawings, most of them never before published, to create a remarkable visual portrait of the Outer Banks' history and the people who lived it.

Focussing especially on the nineteenth century, but including some images from earlier and later periods, the book is a family album of life and work on the Banks.

The photographs, accompanied by substantive captions and introductory text, document both the well-known and obscure elements of the islands' past, including lighthouses, shipwrecks and rescue crews, fishing, whaling, porpoise hunting, boatbuilding, and home life."

Excerpted from the University of North Carolina Press Review

Copies of Seasoned by Salt: A Historical Album of the Outer Banks by Rodney Barfield can be order from the Museum Store at the North Carolina Maritime Museum, 315 Front Street, Beaufort, NC 28516 (919/728-7317).

Books are \$34.95 for the cloth edition and \$19.95 for paperback.

RACE RESULTS

On September 3rd, the 12th Annual Schooner Cup Race (held during the 18th Annual Victoria Real Estate Board Classic Boat Festival) took place in sunny but calm conditions off the Victoria, British Columbia waterfront. Despite conditions which included a light fog and an eight-knot southerly breeze at the weather mark, ten schooners competed for the Maritime Museum of British Columbia Trophy. Results were as follows: first place, SOPHIA CHRISTINA; second place, FORBES & CAMERON; third place, BARLOVENTO.

THE AMERICAN FISHING SCHOONERS

(The following has been excerpted from Howard Chapelle's The American Fishing Schooners: 1825-1935, published by W. W. Norton. © 1973 W. W. Norton. It is reprinted here with permission from the publisher. Copies of the book can be ordered by calling 1-800-233-4830.)

The development of the American fishing schooner apparently began about 1720. Earlier than this the characteristics of the colonial fishing craft have not been established with certainty. It is known from colonial records that craft called "shallops" were used in the shore fisheries, and "barks" and "catches" in the offshore fisheries, after the makeshift fishing boats of the early years of colonization had ceased to serve the needs of the colonists.

There is no contemporary information available by which the hull forms and rigs of the shallops, barks, and catches of the seventeenth and early eighteenth century can be described with technical precision... In the early eighteenth century the shallop classification seems to have included a type called a two-mast boat, with two gaffsails and a raised-deck cuddy forward. Some of these had square sterns, but others had "pink" sterns, which will be described later. The barks and catches were succeeded by the schooner, and a special type, the Marblehead schooner, gradually developed for use in the offshore fisheries. Also, in this period, the pinky schooner came into being; these were commonly smaller vessels than the Marblehead schooners. It is not possible to date their first appearance in the fisheries.

Long before the American Revolution, the Marblehead fishing schooners acquired a reputation for sailing well. After 1745 the American fishing fleet was a convenient target for French cruisers. A number of notices to mariners in colonial newspapers mention that Marblehead fishing schooners that had been taken were being used by the French as raiders. During the Revolution this type of schooner was used by Canadian-based privateers to attack American vessels. Colonial fishing schooners offered for sale were occasionally described as "prime sailers." As late as August 5, 1799, President John Adams wrote the secretary

of the navy that "... we must have Bermuda sloops, Virginia Pilot Boats or Marblehead Schooners..." for light cruisers against the French...

The fishing schooners need not have been of extremely large capacity for their dimensions. The full carrier in the fisheries would be most profitable only when the fishing grounds were a great distance from the home ports. Before the Revolution the New England fishermen did not need to fish the eastern Grand Banks and most of the colonial offshore fishing was on the banks in the Gulf of Maine, or on the banks between Cape Cod and the Bay of Fundy, relatively close to home.

It is also true that rather large carriers, for their dimensions, could be designed so as to be prime sailers. This was always difficult, but recent research had shown that eighteenth-century ship designers were capable of producing such vessels in both merchant and naval craft.

The Marblehead schooners were called heeltappers because of their imagined likeness to a shoe in appearance, according to government publications in the late nineteenth century. This claim had not yet been verified in the very limited contemporary documentation now available. The type went through a normal refinement, and in the period 1825-1830 still had a raised, short quarterdeck, by then at the height of the main rail rather than above, as in the original type, with solid, rather high quarterdeck bulwarks. It is possible that the name heeltapper was applied to the schooners of 1825-1830, rather than to the earlier type. The recollections of heeltappers, described by old fishermen and shipyard hands, living in, say, 1880, and recorded by the authors of government publications, could hardly reach back to the eighteenth century. It seems likely, therefore, that the name heeltapper was applied locally to the 1825-1830 schooners rather than to the earlier type, if used at all.

After the War of 1812, there was little need for fast-sailing fishing vessels. Hence, full-modeled craft were usually built, though some were evidently good sailers, the pinky schooners in particular.

The craft used on the inshore banks, during the last half of the eighteenth cen-

tury, were usually two-masted boats, fitted with the foremast stepped in the eyes of the craft and the mainmast placed just abaft mid-length—the foremast the shorter of the two. No bowsprit or headsail was employed. The fore and main sails were gaffsails; the mainsail with a boom; the foresail sometimes boomed, but might be loose-footed, with its clew slightly overlapping the main. These boats seem to have been 24 to 38 feet long. The larger boats, by 1800, were decked, usually with three hatches. Two of these were cockpits or "standing rooms," in which the fishermen stood to fish. The middle hatch was to give access to the fishhold. The after hatch doubled as the helmsman's cockpit. Forward there was a low raised deck, under which were spartan accommodations for the crew. As the boats grew in size, a fireplace and chimney were fitted to make the cuddy more comfortable and to give greater range of operation. The crew of a large boat was commonly two fishermen and a boy. The smaller boats had a short raised deck forward for the cuddy, with the washboards from the break aft for rails. The long cockpit probably was divided by bin-boards, to form a standing room and a fish bin. These small craft were employed in the inshore fisheries and were not intended for more than a two-day operation; the crew was usually a man and a boy.

The hulls of these boats were generally rather sharp-ended, but with the entrance fuller than the run. As a result, many of them apparently sailed well, in spite of a rig restricted to two gaffsails. The freeboard was rather low and the draft moderate. Sometime before the Revolution the two-sail boats were improved by adding low log bulwarks running from the break in the deck to the stern with chock rails on the raised deck. Some of these boats, the dogbodies, were built with square sterns, having lower, middle, and upper transoms, so as to allow the rudder stock to pass through the middle transom. The lower transom raked with the rabbet of the sternpost, the upper transom was abaft the rudder stock and raked more. Boats were also built with pink sterns, the log rails being carried to the tombstone transom abaft the rudder head, with the top of the log rail swept up sharply aft to permit the tombstone's top to be high enough to form a

boom rest. The boats grew in size during the late eighteenth century and the large craft were fitted with log windlasses, placed afore or abaft the foremast.

The Revolution practically destroyed the colonial fishing fleet and capital was lacking to build schooner replacements. As a result, the low-cost two-masted boats became very popular and were built in large numbers, particularly at Essex, then part of Ipswich, Massachusetts, and called Chebacco Parish. As a result the two-masted boats became known as Chebacco Boats, or Jebacco Boats if pink-sterned; Chebacco Dogbodies or Dogbodies if square-sterned. The origin of this name is unknown. Another name of these boats was Ram's-head Boats; some had their high sternposts raked aft above deck or rail level in profile, which suggested some slight resemblance to the horns of a ram.

As substitutes for schooners and pinkies, the dogbody and Chebacco Boats continued to grow in dimensions. The common size in 1790-1800 seems to have been 22 to 23 tons register, or about 36 to 38 feet on deck, 11 to 12 feet beam, and 5 to 5.5 feet depth in hold. By 1810 the common size had apparently grown to about 30 tons register, or about 38 to 40 feet on deck, 11.5 to 12.5 feet beam, and 5.5 to 6 feet depth in hold. By 1814 a few boats, at least, were built having a length of 40 to 48 feet on deck. A British naval officer, serving on the British blockade of the American coast in 1814, wrote of a "beautiful sebacque [Chebacco] boat, schooner, called the RAMBLER" cut out and fitted as a naval tender, and armed with one 12-pdr cannon. She seems to have been a satisfactory tender, large enough to carry a rather heavy gun and fast enough for that service. A mention of a Nantucket Chebacco voyaging "from Virginia" is also made; all of which suggests Chebacco Boats well over 40 feet on deck and sharp enough to sail fast. These large Chebaccos had bulwarks instead of low log rails, but the bulwarks were sometimes cut down to deck level on each side of the high stemhead, and a wooden chock fitted there as a hawse for the anchor cable. These boats would have windlasses; the high stemhead was commonly employed as a mooring bitt.

Local tradition in Essex had it that the first Chebacco Boat was built there, in the attic of a house. In view of the weight and

the known dimensions of a Chebacco, this is obviously false. There can be no doubt, however, that the Chebacco owed much of its popularity to the skill of the Essex ship-builders.

The Gloucester Custom House registers began in 1789. The data available from this source is generally unsatisfactory since schooners, pinkies, Chebacco Boats, and dogbodies are all registered as "schooners." However, pink-sterned craft and square-sterned vessels can be identified by the register descriptions. Nevertheless, without additional evidence it is impossible to reach a conclusion as to which type the register of vessel represents: a pinky schooner or a Chebacco Boat, in one case, perhaps, or a small square-stern schooner, or a dogbody in another. In the early registers before 1800 it is probably that the Chebacco and dogbody are those vessels under 40 feet Custom House register length. However this probability becomes an uncertainty in the later registrations, particularly after 1810, when boats up to about 50 feet register length may have been in use.

Fast-sailing Chebaccos and dogbodies certainly existed, but these types were handicapped in some degree by their rig, which had no provision for any light sails. Some small boats were fitted with an overlapping foresail in order to obtain increased sail area. Only in a hull of relatively light displacement would fast sailing

be possible with such a rig. These clipper-built craft would be of small capacity for their dimensions, and in hull lines would be somewhat similar to a small pilot-boat schooner in lines and proportions.

The Chebacco Boats and dogbodies continued to be employed in some of the smaller New England fishing ports and many were built during the business depression that followed in the War of 1812. Boats of these types were in use as late as the 1850s in Maine, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia, and in the more isolated fishing ports. On the other hand, they disappeared rapidly in the large fishing ports, replaced by pinkies or small square-stern schooners in the inshore fisheries. The last boats of the Chebacco type in the fisheries seem to have been the Gaspé boats on the Gulf of St. Lawrence...

The early 1850s were years of active ship-building; many fishing schooners were laid down in Boston, Gloucester, Essex, Ipswich, Newburyport, and along the coast of Maine. Essex, by 1845, was the leading town in fishing schooner construction and between November 1, 1850 and November 1, 1853, 170 schooners were launched there. One builder, Andrew Story (builder and modeler of the ROMP in 1847) launched 32 vessels, and another builder, Aaron Burnham, launched 26 schooners in this same period.

Though a small town located on a nar-

AT THE NORTH CAROLINA MARITIME MUSEUM

Lots happening at the North Carolina Maritime Museum these days...

The museum has just received the award for excellence for its exhibit on *North Carolina Working Watercraft* from the Southeastern Museums Conference. The exhibit, which traces the history of the wooden watercraft that dominated coastal waters in the 1800s and early 1900s, opens December 10. There are currently two prestigious decoy collections on display at the museum.

Lectures and concerts: Singer Bob Zentz will be at the museum January 13 to perform sea chanties and ballads from around the world, and there will be two slide lectures this winter. Dr. Dirk Frankenberg will lecture on the Outer

Banks and Bob Wetzel will talk about locks, dams, and waterways.

In January and February, the museum will present two workshops on waterfowl and shorebirds, and two workshops on seafood—learn about it, then eat it. There are also ongoing workshops on natural history and the marine environment at the Cape Lookout field station.

The Harvey W. Smith Watercraft Center is open Tuesday through Sunday for viewing the small craft collection, the construction of wooden boats, and ship model building. There are a number of classes, geared to both novices and experienced woodworkers, throughout the winter.

For more information call the museum at 919-728-7317.

row, winding, shoal, tidal river (requiring new vessels to await high tides before any attempt could be made to get them to sea), Essex had fifteen yards in operation in the early 1850s. Until steam tugs came into use in New England, the fishing schooners built at Essex—and elsewhere to the eastward—were sparred, rigged, and ballasted at or near the building site so that they could be sailed to their port-of-hail for final fitting out. After 1850 it became the custom to track one or two new vessels out of Essex river—sparring, rigging, and fitting-out being done at Gloucester, Boston, or at the port-of-hail. The spars were usually made at the building site and were stowed on the deck of a new schooner when she was ready to be towed out.

The number of shipyards in Essex varied; those in operation in any one year, before 1930, were from two to seventeen. The same plot of ground might be used over and over again by successive builders. Some of these might build only one or two vessels before closing down, or they might build thirty or more. Some builders operated yards at Boston or Gloucester, as well as at Essex, but normally they utilized only one yard at a time.

By 1850 timber had become an increasingly difficult problem for the Essex and Gloucester shipbuilders. In colonial times and up until about 1845, timber could be brought from nearby stands by oxen and carts, or by water, to the shipyards in logs or in sawn timber. Tidal and river sawmills were employed. These had been established in early times, the first sawmill in Ipswich was in the township which then included Chebacco Parish, now Essex. In the early 1800s, and for some time afterward, timber could be hauled from a nearby stand to one of the mills, and then in plank or squared timber, or as flitch, it could be hauled to the shipyards by means of timber carts, or sledges, and in winter by sleds drawn by oxen or draft horses. But by 1850s the stands of timber near the mills and shipyards had been cut and available stands were too distant for the old methods of transportation. However, the construction of railways in New England, running south, west, and north-west, opened up new sources of fine timber. Timber was also brought to the shipbuilding towns by water, either in

schooners or by barges on inland waters. At one time there was a narrow canal, running from the Merrimac and Essex rivers through the Ipswich marshes, by which timber was taken to Essex.

By these means timber was brought from Georgia, Virginia, and Maryland—the white oak and longleaf yellow pine. Spruce and white pine came from Maine and New Hampshire. Rock maple and white oak had been used for keels and white oak for stems and sternposts. Birch, maple, and elm, with white oak, were used for frames and stanchions. Top timbers, and planking were white oak and yellow pine. Ceiling was usually oak or maple but spruce, white and yellow pine might also be used. Masts and spars were of white pine or spruce. Decking, cabin trunks, hatch coamings were white pine. White oak was made into bitts, pinrails, and turned stanchions, rail caps, chock rails, etc. Rigging fittings, rope, anchors, pumps, windlasses, and ironwork were made in Essex until the '60s, but after that only pumps, windlasses, and spar ironwork continued to be made in the town.

The quality of construction at Essex was highly praised; after 1845 the vessels were almost yacht-like in finish and many were built on honor, of superb construction. The peculiar employment conditions that grew up in Essex made for specialization by the workmen and this required that the individual workman had to establish a personal reputation for good workmanship. This became an important factor in the relationship between the builder and his workmen. Most shipyard laborers on Cape Ann did not work for any one builder as a regular employee but hired out wherever there was work in his specialty. In some instances, three or more men would work as a gang (“framing gang,” “planking gang,” etc.). The result was that the relationship between the skilled yard labor and the builder was more that of prime- and sub-contractors, though the men were paid on an hourly rate. Also, the men were very jealous of their reputations for quality workmanship. This not only gave quality control but also lightened the load of builders’ supervision, allowing one-man control of a shipyard. These labor practices were employed to the eastward, into Nova Scotia, with exchanges in labor across the border.

Until the Civil War began, labor costs were low and material relatively cheap in New England. The labor worked from “sunrise to sunset” in the shipyards, was then the practice elsewhere. In the '50s vessels were cheap, costing about \$35 per register ton. The builders were slow in utilizing steam power saws; they employed pit saws and the broadax and adze. The shipyards were no more than waterfront lots with, perhaps a single small building serving as a stable for a pair of horses or oxen, a toolhouse and an office and sometimes a joiner shop. The yard itself represented a very small capital investment. Yet, with hand tools, Essex builders could build vessels rapidly. One builder, in 1856-1857, built twenty-two vessels in twenty-two months. As mentioned, the pinky JULY was built in that month, in 1837, by Parker Burnham. Andrew Story built thirteen vessels in one year.

While no formal apprentice system seems to have existed in Essex, boys became skilled by working with skilled men, becoming infused with the idea that a reputation for good workmanship was a prime objective. Working with a “gang” for example, a young Essex carpenter might work in Boston for a few months, thus coming under the influence of shipwrights trained in the naval dockyards at Boston and Portsmouth. The gang leader would see to it that young members of his crew would learn their trade well enough to maintain the standards of workmanship and production that marked his gang.

The design of the schooners was commonly done by means of the lift builders’ half-model. The lifts were made of planks, temporarily fastened to form the bread-and-butter wooden block which was shaped to the desired hull form. This type of half-model had replaced the old hawk’s-nest model of colonial times with the profile of the hull formed by the backboard and plank cross sections made to represent the mould frames. The hawk’s-nest model went out of favor at Essex and Gloucester in the 1830s.

The lift half-model, carefully made and faired, was easier to form than the hawk’s-nest model and gave a good representation of the desired hull form, as well as a quick and easy way to learn how to judge hull form without long technical training.

was the lift half-model that enabled young carpenters, master builders, owners, and even fishermen to learn how to design schooners. At Essex, Gloucester, and Rockport on Cape Ann, and in neighboring villages, there were men who had become well known as successful makers of builders' models. Usually, however, in the 1840s and '50s, the half-models were made in the building yard by the master builder or by a carpenter.

In the 1850s the half-models were usually made on half inch to the foot scale, with lifts one inch in thickness, or two feet thick to scale. The tops of the lifts, representing level lines, were often too widely spaced to give good control for the mould loft fairing. This became a troublesome matter in lofting of the extreme clipper-type schooners with their sudden changes in hull form. The loftsmen sometimes took off sections with a soft lead bar, about one quarter of an inch square, to supplement the lift offsets. The hull forms found in half-models of clipper-type schooners that have survived are very difficult to fair, and two loftsmen, moulding clipper schooners from the same half-model could readily produce vessels of somewhat different form.

By the late 1850s models produced by the more skillful model makers were made with one-half or three-eighths inch lifts and this led the mould loft to become more precise in reproducing the design intended in the half-model.

The half-models of fishing schooners were usually made of white pine, but a few had walnut lifts alternating with white pine lifts. The layout of the deck beams, showing the size and place of cabin trunks, hatches, masts, and windlass was sometimes drawn on top of the half-model. The lifts of a half-model were sometimes traced on the backboard. Commonly they were traced on a smooth pine board or on a piece of paper in the mould loft, before measuring the offsets. The frame spacing was usually shown on the loft drawings, for taking offsets, and occasionally the frame spacing and rake of masts were marked on the back of the half-model as well.

Details of deck arrangement varied a little in the 1850s. The length and height of the quarterdeck changed gradually; the short, high deck of 1800-1825, at main rail

cap height, had been replaced by quarter-decks 9 to 12 inches above the main deck by 1840, with the break in the deck placed a little forward of the fore end of the cabin trunk. The day of the cabin under the quarterdeck had passed, the cabin trunk had become standard in New England and Nova Scotia fishing schooners.

Later, the break in the deck was shifted to a little forward of the hatch of the after hold; then, in the later 1840s, the break was placed in its final position, 3 to 5 feet forward of the mainmast. The changes in length of the quarterdeck overlapped—short quarterdecks were placed on new vessels after the long quarterdeck had come into popularity.

During the late 1840s and through the 1850s the form of the counter of Essex-built fishing schooners underwent many changes. The old round tuck and upper-

DOGWATCH

Perhaps it was inevitable. All but one of the races that began back in the late '60s for schooners only had opened up to other rigs to build participation, and only one new event for schooners only (Gloucester) had come along. So when the powers that be at Mystic Seaport abruptly cancelled the Mystic Schooner Race, no one should really have been surprised.

Granted, their timing could have been a bit more considerate. Two weeks before the race date is cutting it a bit close. And one really wonders about the professed reason for axing the best-run event for traditional boats anywhere—it costs too much. (Ralph Clark made short shrift of that argument at two subsequent meetings.)

Whatever the reason(s), the ASA has the opportunity to benefit from what seems like an unhappy occurrence and, at the same time, do something it should have done years ago. That's right folks, it's finally payback time.

Consider what Mystic Seaport has done—in addition to running a schooner race—for ASA for some 23 years: provided an "unofficial" official address at the most prestigious maritime institution in the country; made the Youth Training Building available for almost all our annual meetings and flown the ASA burgee on those meeting days, and furnished free

and-lower transoms seen in schooners built before 1850 were first modified by setting the bottom of the lower transom a little abaft the rudder stock, supported at the center line by a pair of cheek timbers on each side of the after deadwood and sternpost, with fillers afore and abaft the rudder case. The bottom of the lower transom gradually moved farther aft, and a single large and raking transom replaced the upper-and-lower transoms. By 1855 the short-overhang counter with sharply raking transom had become popular. However, half-models show that the old upper-and-lower transoms stern were favored as late as 1850-1855 by some builders and owners. Once an innovation appeared, it seems to have taken about a decade before it was widely accepted, for owners and builders were conservative in such matters...

dockage for visiting schooners almost on request. Not to mention the individual assistance and friendliness of many, many Seaport people over the years.

Now consider, fellow members, what ASA has done in return. ... Not a very long list, is it? As I said, it's payback time.

Fortunately, we've made a good start. Under the prodding of Commodore Fred Sterner, an initial meeting was held with Seaport staff on the original date of the race and ASA succeeded in convincing them that we were committed to keeping the weekend after Labor Day open for a Mystic event. The Seaport assured us that that was eminently possible. Since then, a special committee has hashed over the possibilities and come up with some good ideas which should result in a definite proposal which will be aired at the annual meeting. But the bottom line will very likely be that ASA will take on the burden of organizing and managing the event with the added responsibility of *ensuring that there is adequate participation from our membership*. The payback has got to come not just from ASA as an organization, but from the members as well. Remember, you heard it here first.

Elsewhere on the traditional yacht circuit, big kudos to the Governor's Cup organizers in Essex for this year's event which not only produced a fine day of racing—albeit with only four schooners—but

also the best cuisine ever served at any event since the dawn of civilization. If you folks wanna eat good—and I've scarcely encountered a schooner type who doesn't—put this event on next year's calendar. You won't regret it.

The Governor's Cup committee also came up with a new award for the first Alden-designed schooner to finish, which was taken home, deservedly, by ADVENTURER. It didn't hurt that SPIRIT ran aground, but what were those rumors about a \$10,000 stipend that was to accompany the prize? Maybe we'll get a professional schooner racing circuit going after all.

Lessons in sailing, *partus infinitus*: Always prepare vessel and rig before putting to sea, as it will very likely be too late when the crisis impends. Captain Vern, who had your intrepid reporter along for the ride, learned this lesson (yet again?) as SEBIM battled her way down the Sound, Joisy-bound from Essex (wasn't that an old chantey?). Anyhoo, after three hours of roll and go, the front went through with 50 knots from the north and the biggest seas on the Sound these bleary

eyes have ever seen. Add to that a lee shore and the inevitable iron maiden cop-out and one fervently wished that several mild adjustments to the rig had been made before departure. The skipper did yeoman duty in rigging a storm trysail and getting the engine going, but it was an uncomfortable couple of hours. And SEBIM making five knots under bare poles is an interesting experience. All's well that end's well, but why must this lesson bear so much repeating? Vee get too soon old und too late schmart, as they say in Pennsylvania Dutch country, where a schooner is something from which one quaffs brew.

Sounds like the Chesapeake people did another good job with the great Bay schooner race. And they've come up with a good idea for shortening courses retroactively, sometimes very useful in longer, overnight races. Each vessel merely takes its own time as it passes successive waypoints. Then if the wind cops out or a storm brews up, the race committee will have times for the last waypoint every boat passed, and can figure handicaps accordingly. ADVENTURER accounted very well for

herself as Mark and Nanette showed them rebels how real Yankee sailers on Alden schooners do it. No prize money that we heard of, but good parties at each end.

Look for another Yankee Alden schooner on the cover of WoodenBoat's 1996 calendar. Pete and Jeanette Phillipps' VOYAGER is pictured at anchor in some idyllic South Seas' harbor—that Ben Mendlowitz does get around! Impressive, but would have been more so under sail and by the bye, where's the ASA burgee?

Dogwatch and spouse succumbed to the inevitable and paid a visit to the nautical world's major competition in eastern Connecticut, Foxwood's Casino. Camping at a B&B in the neighborhood, we discovered that the proprietor was the owner of a ketch-rigged North Sea/Brixham trawler-type undergoing a massive rebuild at Crocker's Boatyard in New London. 8" frames, 3" planking on a 50' hull. How do these incredible vessels keep turning up, and why don't you ever see them under sail?

Fair winds to all in '96.

Sam Hoyt



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