



WING & WING

Volume XXIV, Number 1 • Spring 1996

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

ADVENTURE

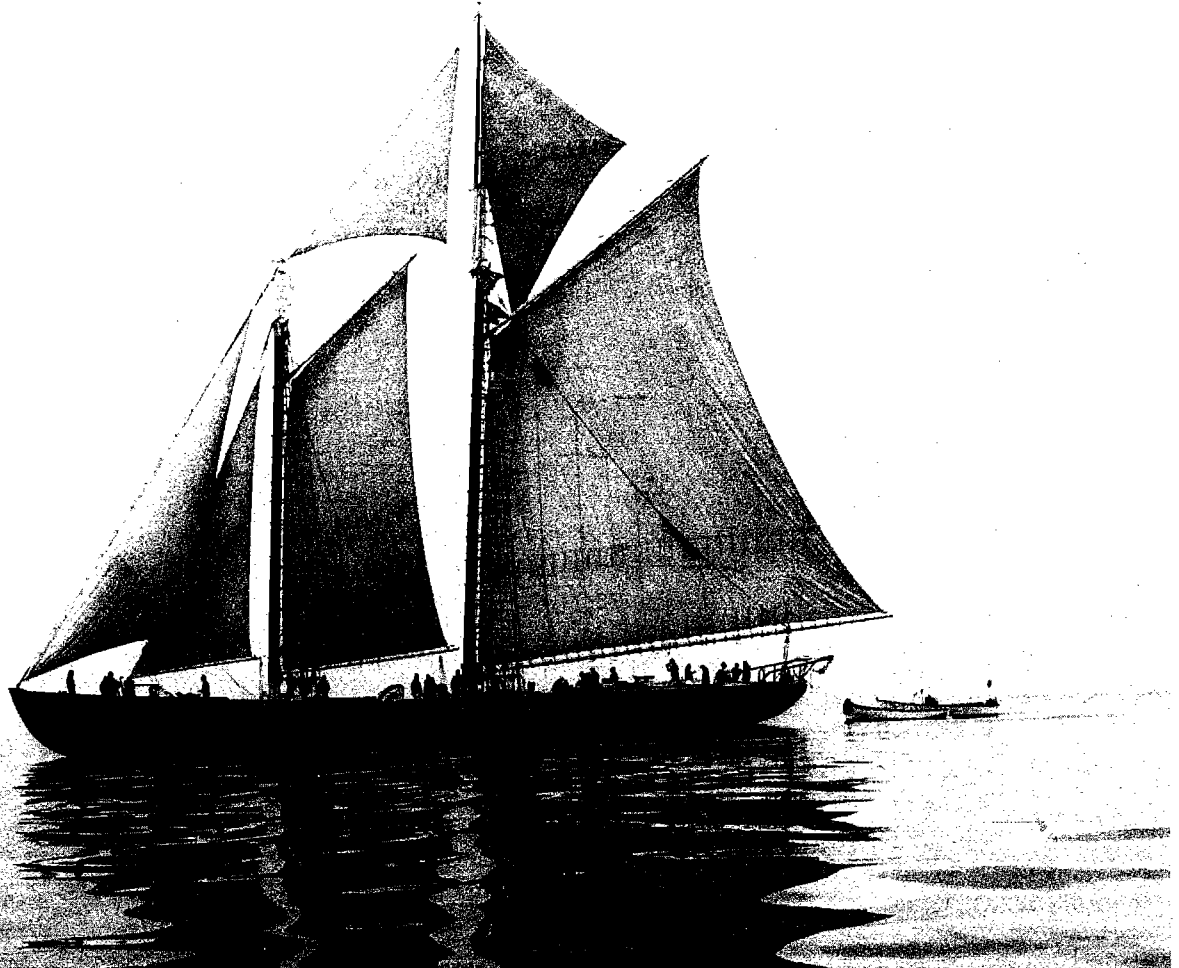
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Monument by the National Park Service. The vessel is dockside the Coast Guard station and open to visitors during the summer. ASA members stop by when you are in Gloucester for the race!

A knockabout schooner, 121' 6" on deck, ADVENTURE was solidly built of oak and pine at the James yard in Essex, MA, in 1926. A McManus design, she was built as

a Gloucester dory trawler (along the lines of the ORETHA F. SPINNEY) for Captain Jeff Thomas. Carrying a full sailing rig, diesel engine and 14 dories, she spent the next 27 years fishing the North Atlantic's bountiful outer banks from her home port of Gloucester and Boston. She first fished (Continued on page 14.)

Photo of ADVENTURE by Hazel Stewart.



MINUTES

minutes of the Board of Governors and the Mystic '96 Committee: 12/9/95.

After the traditional snowy drive to Mystic the meeting opened at 10:30 a.m.

Present: Fred Sterner, Bob, Kathleen, and Roberta Pulsch, Jim and Anna Mairs and Gina Webster, Mary Anne McQuillan, Howard and Becky Hopps, Jim Cassidy, Roger Walworth, and Sam and Jeanette Hoyt.

1. Amended the minutes of 10/28/95 meeting:
• also present: Jim Mairs, Ralph Clark
• the Race Rock Committee will **add a division** for schooners with classes to accommodate all the Mystic awards
• the Race Rock Regatta is the first week-end in October (October 5-6, 1996)
• also on the Mystic '96 committee: Nanette Woodcock

2. Report of the Mystic '96 Committee from Howard Hopps.

3. Report from Jim Mairs on the Seaport:
• Revell says everything sounds ok
• don't know about berths on the CONRAD yet (contact Dave Rayner)
• what the Seaport is doing about the big boats is the only question
• nothing in writing yet about using the Mystic awards for a division at Race Rock
• Revell was asked to send a representative to this meeting

4. Report from Fred Sterner about Gloucester:
• met with Mike Costello; they would love to have us
• have three classes in Sunday schooner race (handicapped) rather than having the smaller schooners race on Saturday
• will help with feeder race Monday; provide start, etc.

• we should think about rendezvous with Canadians in Gloucester in July '97 concurrent with Constitution celebrations (Tall Ships)

5. Discussion of role of Chamber of Commerce:

- September 6-8 is the same weekend as "The Taste of Mystic"
- there is a new park south of the draw-

bridge on east side that could be promoted and be a good site for parade reviewing stand/blessing of the fleet (contact Tina?)

- "Schooner Week in Mystic"
- could C of C guarantee the big boats customers for daysails to cover expenses? as a fund raiser?

- could the big boats dock at new park?
- would this conflict with local daysail boats?

- what would our "hook" be for the C of C?
- should have meeting with ASA, Seaport rep, and C of C rep, ASAP after Seaport rep designated
- will they coordinate blessing of fleet?

6. Discussion of what we need from Seaport:

- can we use CONRAD for berths? for a fee? (Friday and Saturday, September 6-7)
- is it ok for ASA to recruit members on the grounds of Seaport?

- who is ASA/Seaport liaison? who are they responsible to? what department? George Moffett? the Shipyard?

- will the land-based crews have to pay gate fees?

- can we have Seaport membership forms to include in our mailings?

- what time will the grounds be closing that week-end?

- are sailing dinghies/dories available for races? what times?

- what department should be contacted about display literature for boat viewing?

7. ASA 1996 calendar:

- ASA fleet will participate in the Gloucester Schooner Festival, Friday-Monday, August 30-September 2
- there will be a race to Mystic started in Gloucester 9/2/96, details to be worked out by the Race Committee (Jim Mairs); we need to check on insurance and Coast Guard permits

September 2-6, 1996

Friday:

- schooners arrive in Mystic; dock space provided by Seaport (captains should contact the Mystic Seaport Dock Master directly for reservations)
- anyone who will arrive by train, etc., who needs a ride to the Seaport should call? by? date? time?
- C of C provide "Courtesy Baskets/Bags"
- Friday evening: informal get-together on

the dock after grounds close with Rambling Dan? or some musical diversion, BYOB, munchies
• 19:30: BYO cookout and pot-luck side dish dinner (Seaport provides grill) dock area or boatshed?

Saturday:

- ASA information booth; use ASA banner/membership cards, literature produced by Seaport about participating boats (needs volunteers to run)
- Dyer dinghy/dory races in a.m. (Roger); check with Dave Rayner
- treasure/scavenger hunt on the grounds (check with Education Dept. to see if they have one set up?); use as fund-raiser for DUNTON; entry fee to receive list of items to be found (Nanette)

- 13:00-14:30: boats available for viewing (up to individual owners if public comes aboard)

- schooner sails, etc.; demonstration by Bob Pulsch with 16-foot "Peanut"

- 15:00: attention-getting event—drum and bugle corps (Nanette)/Coast Guard Band (Roger)—to awards ceremony at DUNTON; ASA award presentation (Sam Hoyt)

- cocktails when grounds close?
- awards dinner on grounds (clam bake? Roger will check on menu and building availability)

- awards: ASA Special Award; Gloucester feeder race; dinghy/dory races; attendance plaques

Sunday:

- departure; boat parade
- blessing of fleet from new park (C of C)

8. New business:

- Jeff will contact Seaport for menu, etc., for annual meeting
- Sam Hoyt was appointed as Chairperson of Nominating Committee
- Becky Hopps will check on a site for the group to stay for Annual Meeting February 2-4, 1996; will have info for flyer by 1/2/96

- need to put question on meeting flyer about back issues of *Wing & Wing* with request for deposit
- we need stationary (Jeanette)

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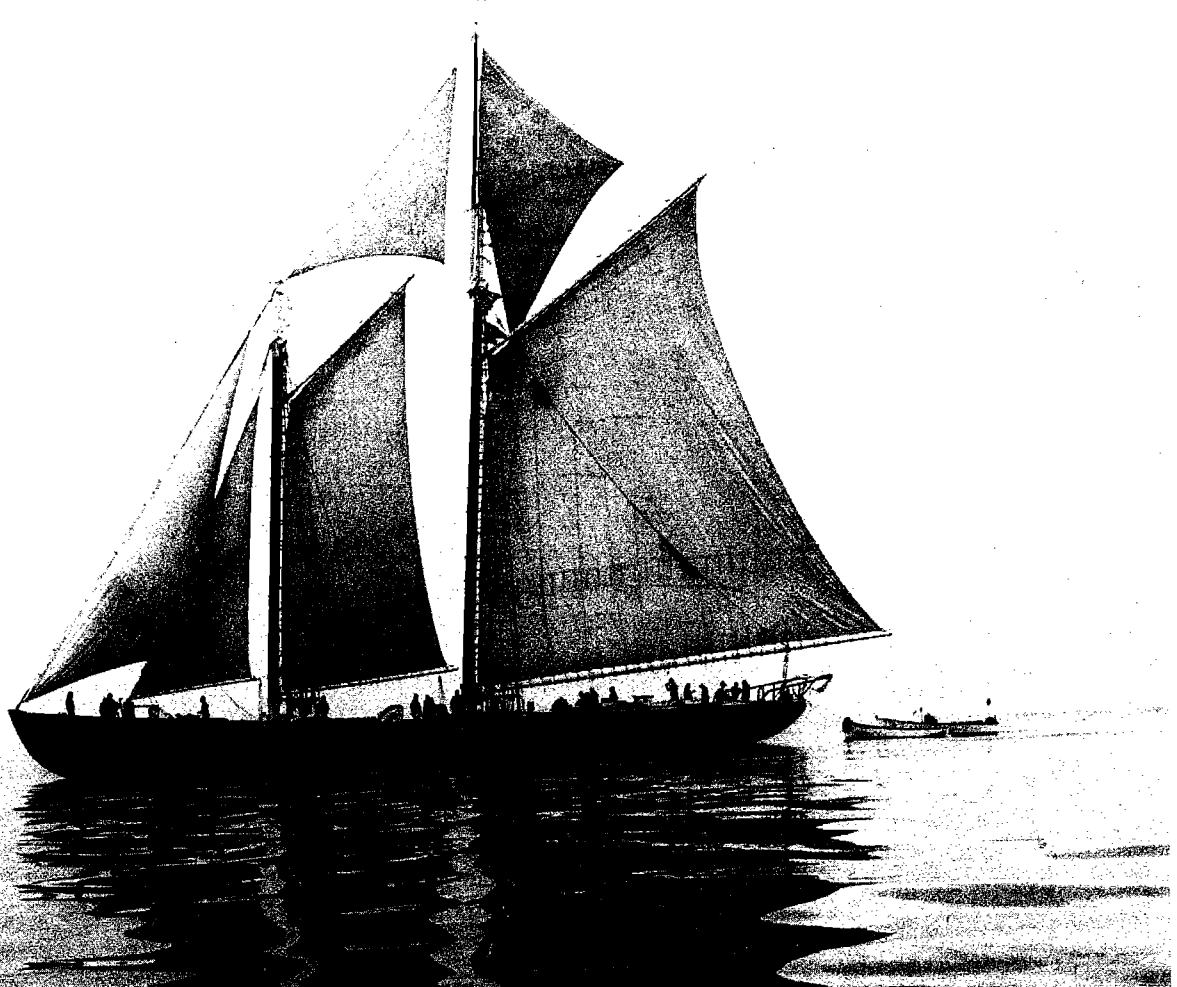
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MORE MINUTES

Minutes of Annual Meeting at Mystic Seaport, CT: February 3, 1996

The meeting was called to order by Commodore Fred Sterner at 1000. Despite yet another winter storm 30 people coming from as far as New Jersey and Maine attended. Thanks to Mystic Seaport Museum for providing the meeting room and the coffee.

REPORTS:

The minutes of the 1995 annual meeting were approved as published in *Wing & Wing* without change.

Treasurer Mary Anne McQuillan summarized the Treasurer's report, indicating a current balance of approximately \$1,100. She stated that the detailed Treasurer's report will be included with the dues notice mailing to be sent, along with a summary of this meeting (see also page 15).

Rear Commodore Jim Mairs reported that there will not be a race at Mystic this year, but a cruise in company or similar event is being planned from Gloucester to Mystic after the Labor Day Gloucester Regatta. It was agreed to discuss this subject in more depth in the new business part of the meeting.

OLD BUSINESS:

None.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS:

The following slate of officers for 1996 was nominated and duly elected: Commodore—

OFFICERS

COMMODORE
Fred Sterner

VICE COMMODORE
Bob Pulsch

REAR COMMODORE
Jim Mairs

SECRETARY
Howard Hopps

TREASURER
Mary Anne McQuillan

NEWSLETTER
Gina Webster

West Coast Correspondent
Byron Chamberlain

Fred Sterner; Vice-Commodore—Bob Pulsch; Rear Commodore—Jim Mairs; Treasurer—Mary Anne McQuillan; Secretary—Howard Hopps.

CORRESPONDENCE:

Sam Hoyt read correspondence from Fred Rhineland and from Ralph and Julie Tingley of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association (NSSA), extending their greetings to the officers and members of the ASA and inviting us to celebrate the Year of the Wooden Boat with the NSSA at Halifax on July 21, 1996.

NSSA noted that this year they may have 25 schooners there, and in addition to the improved dock facilities there will be a jazz festival on the waterfront that same week. Anyone interested in attending the week-long festivities can RSVP to Commodore Gerry Hayman at (902) 455-0273. The NSSA also invited us to drop in on their WWW site. The URL is: <http://www.ccn.cs.dal.ca/~aa438/index.htm>.

Sam also reported on a meeting he had with Peter Neill of South Street Seaport. Mr. Neill indicated that there is a good possibility the LETTIE G. HOWARD may attend our rendezvous in September.

Finally, Sam reported on a contact with SoundWaters, an organization dedicated to "preserving Long Island Sound through education." They will be having a "Sail for the Sound" the weekend of July 6 & 7 (see article p. 13.)

NEW BUSINESS:

Fred Sterner reported that the Chesapeake Bay schooner race was a good race and a well-run event. He noted that ADVENTURER (from ASA) won her class in the race. Congratulations to Mark and the ADVENTURER crew.

Next, discussion was opened about the summer activities for the ASA, with the following points emphasized:

- The Gloucester Schooner Race on Labor Day weekend is a great event and should be attended by the ASA.
- The weekend after Labor Day is traditionally schooner weekend at Mystic Seaport Museum, and is listed in MSM's calendar as such.
- MSM will not be running the traditional Mystic schooner race.
- The ASA should not be a "racing only" organization.

• Race Rock Regatta will have a schooner division at their annual regatta in October at which the trophies and awards previously given at the MSM schooner races will be awarded, thereby continuing the Mystic schooner race tradition.

After much discussion, the following actions were taken:

- It was agreed to encourage all ASA members to participate in and support the Gloucester Schooner Races on Labor Day weekend. Also the ASA will provide a suitable trophy for awarding at those races. Mary Anne McQuillan noted that trips on the ERNESTINA will probably be available (for a fee) for members without boats.
- It was moved, seconded, and approved that, in order to encourage participation at Gloucester and Mystic, the ASA will organize a "cruise in company" or similar event from Gloucester to Mystic by a means to be determined by a committee, to be appointed by the Commodore.
- It was moved, seconded and approved for the ASA to host a rendezvous at Mystic Seaport on September 7 & 8, 1996 (the weekend after Labor Day), with the theme to be honoring the L. A. DUNTON on her 75th birthday.

The planning committee that had been doing preliminary work for the Rendezvous was appointed to continue as the event committee, reporting to the Executive Board. The members re-appointed are: Jim Cassidy, Mark Faulstick, Howard Hopps, Jeanette Hoyt, Sam Hoyt, Roger Walworth, and Nannette Woodcock. David Clarke and Becky Hopps volunteered to help out also.

It was noted that the American Sail Training Association (ASTA) may be planning an event in Mystic the same (Continued page 16.)

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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LETTERS FROM THE SPIRIT OF MASSACHUSETTS - Part 3

Fred Sterner spent from December 1994 to May 1995 as third mate/engineer on SPIRIT. His letters, reprinted in the Summer and Fall 1995 issues of Wing & Wing, conclude with this installment.

3/1/95: I [didn't take the tour boat last night to Phosphorescent Bay]. I was too tired and the boat was crowded. Bruce said it wasn't any better than Tarpaulin Cove on a good night (he worked on SHENANDOAH for a while). I sent out some post cards yesterday since the mail was fast from Puerto Rico the last time.

We are on our way to Mona Island, off the west end of Puerto Rico—good diving there, I guess. When we get to Santo Domingo the kids are going to do an overnight on land to a lake full of crocodiles. They all took a malaria pill today and now they are all sick. I think I'll skip the trip—I don't feel like Crocodile Dundee.

We had a tame pelican hanging around the boat and I got a few pictures. He must have been around people before.

1830: Wind is picking up—sailing into a front I think. Just the fore and jumbo up; beam reach to close reach. We'll probably get there before dawn and heave-to. They want to have time on this island tomorrow because hunting season starts in a few days. They hunt goats and wild pigs. I guess we'll have to stay on the shoreline from then on. The island is mostly a forest preserve.

It's funny, before I came on this trip I was wondering if I would find a place I really liked that I would want to visit again and again, but I have not found such a place yet. Dominica might be the closest and the Virgin Islands would be a nice place to cruise around, but... It would be one thing to be here on vacation; hard to picture living down here.

3/11/95-3/12/95; 2300-0300: These kids have a hard time estimating wave height and wind speed and direction—especially at night. Some kid woke me up for my watch at 2240 and said that the seas were 4 feet and that I could use a foul weather jacket. He was close—seas were 8-10 feet and I could tell that from my bunk. He probably wondered why I laughed. Winds force 6 all night; 25-30 knots.

We had the jumbo and fore up, and at 0300 we were 7 miles south of the island when I went to bed. At 0630 we had to put up the reefed main—all hands on deck—still about 4 miles downwind from the island but needed the drive of the main to work upwind. Main went up hard. We maintained the close reach.

The crew could get a Buick up the mast if it wasn't too windy. But a lot of the kids aren't that strong. When we are anchored out and need water and fuel and it is too shallow to pull into the dock, we load a 55-gallon barrel into the yawlboat—named ARMIN, it's 18' with a 25-hp motor—fill the barrel up on shore, run it out to SPIRIT, sweat it up 10 feet to the deck and siphon it into the tank. One day on my watch when there was just me and a deckhand, we brought out 2 fuel and 4 water barrels (about 450 pounds each). He took the yawlboat in, loaded the barrels, returned to us, and I sweated them up on the belaying pin while he was tailing. We use the fore topping lift (3 to 1). I can sweat them up without sweating much, but not quite as fast as Roric. He is 22, about 215, and has been on boats (mostly big schooners) since he was 13.

1400: We got to Mona Island about 1000. Fore and jumbo down, started motor to help get the anchor down in the right place and all of a sudden the captain told me the transmission wasn't working. I went to the engine room and checked the cables, etc., and everything looked fine. Turned out a coupling in the shaft alley came unbolted, so I rebolted that. Good deal—wouldn't want to have to fix a transmission. Usually it's the control cable anyway. We anchored ok under sail. Beautiful water around here.

3/14/95; 1200: Had the morning off so went to the island. Walked over half a mile of rocky coral beach to a mile-long sandy beach. No one in sight. No tourists here. Walked to the southwest corner of the island; raining off and on; went swimming. Interesting shells. Heard a big crab or something with armor scurry away. Iguanas, wild pigs, and goats on the island. Their hunting season started yesterday. There is a ranger station here.

Kids went snorkeling. Our anchor is in 20 feet of water and our stern is in about 80 feet of water. Big caves on the island. Leave for Santo Domingo today. Took some photos of the beach, coral, and shells.

1700: Broad reach; 10-foot swells; force 5; four lowers; one reef in main; very comfortable 8-9 knots. We should be there in the morning. Just dipped the boom in the water.

3/15/95; 1500: On a dock by the old part of the city of Santo Domingo. Oldest city in North America. Columbus was just across the street—probably anchored right here. We are on a dock next to a 4-lane road. Have watch tonight but off from 0700 to the next 0700, then off again at 1900 on St. Patrick's Day. Looking for an Irish bar... I know there is a Guinness here, someplace.

We are in the mouth of a river, across the river from Barcelo and Co. (a rum factory). Guess the best buys here are rum, good coffee, very good vanilla. Did get the bay rum in Dominica. Still looking for unusual gifts—don't like most of the tourist stuff.

There is a big market in town, which I'll hit tomorrow. There are at least a few people on the pier at all times looking into the boat. Found out Christopher Columbus's son, Diego, was the first governor here and built the big governor's mansion right across the street.

Cost us five bottles of scotch and some money with the customs officials.

3/16/95; 2230: Spent St. Patrick's Night at Drake's Bar, a short walk, next to the governor's mansion inside the old walls. The building the bar is in was built around 1510. Really interesting old masonry. The wood for the bar itself is almond, thick and hard. Some of the table tops were lignum vitae. I met an old German guy who has been here around 15 years. "Orgi" builds ships in bottles and drinks lots of rum. He pointed out one of the bar patrons as the best painter in the Dominican Republic. A portrait on the wall that he did looked great. I think an American owned the bar. He gave the bartender instructions in Spanish about using green food coloring in the beer and lots of quizzical looks in return. I had

some Spanish beer (San Miguel). Tasted like a Vienna lager. Couldn't find Guinness. Orgi said they used to celebrate St. Pat's Day more about 10 years ago, but not much interest now.

Visited a gallery with some really great woodcarvings. Also saw some for sale in the markets, usually in mahogany. Very smooth.

The area right by the boat is very interesting. They are emphasizing the history of the town and trying to attract tourists. They get some cruise ships here, seems like more Europeans than Americans.

3/18/95; 1800: Orgi and I were at the bar drinking from about 8-12 last night. He drank a lot of rum. Jeff, Roric and I stopped at Drakes for lunch (Kelly was off). We had about three beers each and about 3 p.m. Orgi walks in and orders a 350-cc bottle of rum and a glass of ice water. Jeff and I had one more beer and then left. I had watch at 1900. Roric drank with Orgi for about 3 hours. Roric said he had about six beers and Orgi had three bottles of rum. Now Roric knows why I came weaving back to the boat last night. He said there was no apparent change in Orgi after the three bottles he drank. He'll probably be there until midnight again. Some of the crew is going back there so I'll find out.

A guy stopped by the boat today to talk. He's from Philadelphia, but now owns a jewelry factory down here. He has been sailing for 5 years and wants to take off for good. He has a 50-foot Colin Archer.

We head for Great Inagua tomorrow. We have to go upwind around the eastern side of the Dominican Republic, then through the Mona passage and back west past Samana and Puerto Plata. Maybe we'll see more whales. It's a 400-500-mile trip; several days at sea.

3/19/95; 1300; We are heading about 120°; close hauled; wind about south; really lucky—usually this passage is upwind until we get around the east end of the Dominican Republic. About force 3; all eight sails up; 7,500 sq. feet.

I had to go up to the foretopsail with a student to show her how to unfurl it. She didn't like heights too much. We unfurled and she went back down. I stayed up to be sure it set smoothly and it didn't. We



Cleaning conch at Hogsty reef in the Bahamas. Photo by Fred Sterner.

haven't set the foretopsail for a long time and a couple of the lines weren't lead right. Sometimes you use them working aloft (oiling the top mast for example) and they don't get lead back to the right place. The sail was mostly set—I had to heave the tack from one side over the gaff to the other. Then finally Bruce came up and we re-led two of the lines—a fisherman halyard and the port tackline. I was standing on the gaff, one foot on the jaw and one further aft—interesting perspective.

Roric broke his little toe on something the other day and rebroke it again today. Says it hurts a lot. Not much you can do. I suggested he tape it to his next toe and he is trying that.

Big discussion by the wheel about the great schooner race with HARVEY GAMAGE. We're faster, so people compete by playing tricks on each other, and we're starting to figure out our plan(s). Someone came up with the idea of painting "Get Used To This View!" on about 19 rear ends. I had to jump in and explain that certain asses were better for certain letters and all agreed it was nice to have a specialist on board.

Another idea was to have one of the divers tie underwear to about every foot of their anchor chain that's underwater.

Apparently some while ago they put rice and beans in every fold in one of our

sails so it came out as the sail was hoisted.

3/20/95; 0900: Made it around the east end of the island. Sometimes that takes two days of upwind sailing—we were lucky. Now we're heading northwest towards Great Inagua. All eight sails up. Had four down for overnight. Had to motorsail but now have about force 2 winds.

The northeast mountains of the Dominican Republic are abeam to port. At least 300 miles to go and we'd be lucky if we were making four knots now. We are scheduled to get there Thursday a.m., according to the typed schedule. With some wind that should be easy. It would be nice to get a day ahead. The Bahamas are the only place in the area that I've been to prior to this trip, and that was Nassau, which is not on our list.

1640: A little rain and wind finally started. Four lowers up; 7-8 knots; first day of spring.

1730: Put reef in main; force 5; got moving; raining like mad. Might have to use foul weather pants on watch. Roric has a nice set of Patagonia foul weather gear. He and Grant, the engineer from last summer, sweet-talked the area rep for Patagonia in Boston into a professional outdoorsman discount of about 50%—a little higher than normal.

Jeff was doing some sailhandling train-

ing this afternoon when it was calm. He asked them to drop the *jib* quickly and a girl grabbed the *jumbo* halyard and let it go. Luckily the boom just missed another girl's head when it came thudding down. Sometimes it is nerve-wracking trying to watch all of the kids' moves and make sure no one gets hurt.

When we dropped the main to put a reef in it, someone used a line from the 2nd set of reef points and about halfway up with the sail that became very apparent. Roric had to use a marlinspike to get the knots out and they were slippery reef (square) knots. The mainsail, gaff, and boom weigh a ton and with even 20-30 knots of wind there are some big pressures that build up. The mainsheet tackle has a mechanical advantage of 6 and it still can take ten people to trim it, even with a reef in.

1820: Started engine; wind died; still raining.

2216: I was sleeping when this big buzzing noise woke me up. Sounded like some kind of engine alarm. I went to the engine room, nothing there, then Chris came into the crew's quarters swearing. I asked, "What's going on?" She said we went through a bunch of crickets and one got down the hatch. We found it and smacked it with a shoe. We're at least 6 miles offshore. The weather must have carried the crickets aloft and dumped them on the boat. Jeff said that on some occasions locusts from Africa end up in the Bahamas.

3/21/95; 1400: Saw about six pilot whales by the boat for a while.

2000: Puerto Plato broad on port bow; all lit up. There was a nice sunset. The sun went down next to the mountain above the city. Got a picture. Light air; been motor-sailing a lot. Now about 4 knots, under four lowers and jib topsail.

One of the students was sick for three days. It's a wonder we all don't catch everything from everyone because of the sanitation conditions, especially the dish-washing. We try to conserve and so wash in salt and rinse in fresh.

Been reading a lot lately; a few spy novels, now *PowerShift* by Alvin Toffler (the guy who wrote *Future Shock*). This is his new (1990) book.

3/22/95; 1930: Spent the whole day working on the main saloon head. Completely

disassembled it, put some new parts in and some "new" used parts, decalcified, etc., and it still has some water slowly coming into the bowl. Need one *new* new rubber flapper. Will be going by the north side of Haiti tonight. About 70-80 miles to our next stop in Great Inagua. Four lowers and three topsails; force 3; reach. At least we had the motor off all day.

Tried to order pizza from Roma II in Puerto Plato last night; gave them our position but they wouldn't deliver. Hope we get ashore tomorrow.

Jeff got his tape measure out and had a contest with some of the kids about who could make the biggest difference in their stomach measurement between sucked in and pushed out. He won with 6.5 inches—it's a slow passage.

We are learning sun sights. We also do dead reckoning and use the radar a lot for getting fixes. Jeff leaves the GPS covered. I'm still not sure about the logic that says it's not ok to use a \$400 machine that draws about 10 watts, but it is ok to use a \$5000 machine that uses 200 watts. We do use the radar to track other boats and for weather watching. You could buy two or three GPSs and batteries for the price of a good sextant and the tables.

3/23/95; 0300: Caught two mice in a sticky trap last night. Very quiet watch; no traffic; clear; moonrise about 0100; seven sails up; 4 knots; broad reach. When the moon came up I had one kid almost convinced it was a cruise ship.

We can see a few humps on the horizon to starboard. Jeff accused the 0300-0700 watch of missing Great Inagua. One kid looked at me with a big question mark in his eyes and I shrugged and told him I thought it was a tug with several barges. After some running around I guess they started to realize they were seeing some of the hills on the eastern end of the island and we were headed for the southwest corner.

I've got a battery acting up—one of the three in bank #2 that runs the house lights.

1200: Got in to anchor. A Coast Guard helicopter came by and circled around us.

3/29/95; 2015: Had last night and today totally off. Now doing the 1900-0700 anchor watch.

Hit town last night with Jeff, Lynne, and Kelly; ran into some Coast Guard guys

at one of the bars. There are about three of them (bars). The CG was apparently quite impressed by some of our shipmates and invited us all over for a BBQ tonight.

This morning the battery was acting again (got hot and outgassed during the charging period). Jeff and I went into town and walked down to the Coast Guard station to make sure we were really invited to this BBQ—that it wasn't just drunk talk. They were serious and wanted us all to come.

I got to talking to a couple of the mechanics and asked them about a battery. They walked over to a shelf and handed me one. It was like a heavy car battery and I told them that was great but the battery that was bad was bigger—an 8D. They said that a guy named Les was shutting down a radar balloon base and he had some bigger ones. A balloon base is a big helium balloon, that is let up on a tether to 10,000-15,000 feet, with sophisticated radar to track drug boats. Sometimes they also use them to pick up military radio transmissions—like from Haiti.

They told us where to find Les in town, and he said he gave a pallet of batteries to a local contractor. He drove us out to see this guy, who took us around back where the batteries were under a tarp. The m gave us one for *free*—an 8D, which is worth about \$200 down here. It was used and took about a gallon of water but it seems to be taking a charge. We brought Les out and showed him SPIRIT and we stopped into the Cozy Corner Bar to buy Les a beer and lunch. Kelly went along and I beat him in pool four games in a row.

The local game warden and caretaker for a big bunch of preserved land is turning 80 tomorrow—Doug knows him. The caretaker's relations are coming in from all over for a big bash. Les said some of them were over on the other side of the island diving for conch and drinking beer, and he asked us if we wanted to go over and say hi. I went and on the way we passed Morton's Salt, where they run sea water into huge shallow ponds, let it evaporate, and scoop up the salt—about a million tons a year. Anyway we found the people we were looking for, but got there too late for the conch chowder. I did get some chicken and beer.

Also on the way over we saw a Bahamian wild parrot. They aren't that common. Also saw some ospreys and

some wild burros. Only about 1100 people live here and it's a fairly big island.

Anyway, no party for me tonight—at least I saw the base this morning, just three helicopters and no boats.

Beer is expensive here: \$35 a case for Kalik (local and not too bad) and \$42-\$44 for Becks, Heineken or Guinness. You can go into a bar and get a half pint of rum for \$2.75 with ice and water and sit there and drink it. A beer is \$2.50. Rum is a better deal. They have ginger wine here but it didn't sound too appealing.

Les was telling me that the balloon radar can track a beer cooler for 60 miles if it has some metal in the handles. They just arrested two boatloads of Dominicans for fishing inside these territorial waters. One was about a 20-foot junk with ten aboard.

Found out the Coast Guard hit a wild burro with their van and wrecked both the radiator and the burro. Kelly helped them cook during the party and he said the burro was in the freezer. I told Kelly they should have served it at the party so everyone would get a piece of ass. Caught him with a mouthful of beer and he lost it.

Here's my chance to mail stuff, so goodbye.

Fred Sterner

The ASA now has a Web site, thanks to Tom the SchoonerMan. Check it out at <http://www.novagate.com/~schoonerman/asa/asa.htm>

NEW QUICK SEAL BAG LOCKS OUT RUST

A handy new product from Cortec, called a Zip-Seal bag, makes protecting metal components as easy as putting a sandwich in a zip-lock-style bag. Just drop the part in the bag and Zip-Seal the top edge. The metal component is protected against rust and moisture for up to two years.

Available in a variety of sizes from 3" x 5" up to 12" x 18", Cortec's Zip-Seal bags give users several critical advantages over other storage means. The Zip-Seal bag provides clean protection. Unlike parts that need to be oiled or treated with rust preventives, parts protected in a Zip-Seal bag can be used immediately without any degreasing or cleaning. This is ideal for protecting electronic and electrical



For those who enjoy taking the comforts of home with them, here are views of PASSING CLOUD's elegant interior. Photos by the Sagers.

parts with sensitivity to any liquid chemical treatment or cleaning.

Cortec Zip-Seal bags contain built-in, powerful volatile corrosion inhibitors for both ferrous and nonferrous metals. These inhibitors protect multimetal components from harsh conditions and from galvanic corrosion due to dissimilar metals.

The bags offer additional back-up protection with desiccant action to adsorb moisture in high humidity conditions. The

bags have been specially designed with clear plastic to allow easy identification and inspection of the part inside.

Cortec Zip-Seal bags are safe to use. They do not contain any harmful chemicals and are approved for use by the FDA for food handling parts, containers and equipment. In addition, the bags are acceptable for recycling with other plastic materials.

For more information contact Joe Foley at Cortec Corporation at (800) 426-7832.

FROM THE LOG OF VOYAGER No 5: GALAPAGOS TO THE MARQUESAS

Whether talking to friends or to someone I have just met at a cocktail party, I have noticed that their eyes move upwards and rotate clockwise, or else just glaze over, at the mere mention of sailing the South Pacific. It may be that we all have some romantic pushbutton augured by Broadway plays, or a few writers' distant images of paradise hammered out on typewriters from within snug dens overlooking the Hoboken waterfront.

I had no great desire to cross the Pacific, except possibly for the challenge of passing through this planet's largest open space. At the onset it was more a means through which one had to travel to reach the culturally rich eastern civilizations. Even the names—Hiva Oa, Nuka Hiva, Bora Bora, Tuahata, Tahiti—seemed contrived. How could a significant culture have so few letters, mostly vowels, in its alphabet?

Having lived six decades on the East Coast of the United States, I had long ago dismissed the existence of paradise—it was either hopelessly unfulfilling or an unattainable fantasy. On the West Coast, where former New Yorkers congregate in their automobiles on twelve-lane, stagnate freeways, there remains that search for the "fountain of youth"—the perfect wave on which to surf forever, the fastest roller blades, or sneakers that will permit unlimited hang time even for white men. I am suspicious of any place with palm trees and emerald water.

For sailing vessels, the average passage from Galapagos to the Marquesas (3,100 nautical miles) is forty days. On day two from San Cristobal, our slowest day, we logged 58 miles. Our fastest day, after fifteen days, was 195 miles. Thus our total passage of twenty-two days, an average of 144 miles per day, was by far the fastest among those with whom we compared passages.

There was a trimaran sailing out of San Diego which was capable of much faster passages than we were, but it encountered even less wind and, of course, sailed over different waters. It was curious, we felt, that the owner, a Professor of Antiquities, would be sailing a vessel he felt would be coming

into its own next century, while Jeanette and I, who consider ourselves modern architects, were aboard a gaff schooner, the model for which peaked a century ago.

Since there was no moon the night we arrived at the Marquesas, we slowed VOYAGER so as to be five miles east of Matafenua, the eastern projection of Hiva Oa. But even in the darkness all three of us could make out Mount Heanu projecting some 3,500 feet above the ocean floor—a more intense black on black.

I had the 0300 to 0600 watch. Both Jeanette and Jon were topsides staring into the darkness as the dark blue horizon aft lightened to powder blue, and eventually warm reds appeared as the earth rotated under the sun's rays. The morning wind calmed, then freshened as we reached along the cliffs defining the south coast. The last fifteen miles seemed to pass at an accelerated pace. We had mixed feelings: land at last, which we have so diligently sought, and civilization, an interruption of our structured daily existence. It was nonetheless an exciting morning.

We sailed inside Haneke Island, dropped the foresail, and anchored to the north of the breakwater in Taahuku Bay with the main holding us into the wind. We sat in the cockpit at least an hour, just sitting, hardly talking, looking about at the yachts who had made a similar investment of time and energy in getting here. Represented on faded, often shredded, ensigns were Belgium, France, Holland, Germany, Switzerland, England, Australia, and California.

Several people in tenders rowed by, exchanging pleasantries with us and passing along bits of information on customs, water, and laundry. In spite of the light airs of the harbor, the increasing heat of the sun, and an uncomfortable swell rolling into the bay, we just sat there. Our responsibilities—watch rotation, cooking, cleaning, and sleeping in between—were over. Eventually we lowered a dory and rowed a stern anchor out to reduce our swing. The bay was small with 25 to 30 yachts arranged in rows.

We slacked and furled the main, buried it beneath a cover, and stretched the aft awning from the mainmast to the backstays. I disappeared into the aft cabin to tidy up the log, as Jeanette, with a burst of energy, assaulted the remaining three lower sails and covered them. Jon, in his mid-twenties, laced on his sneakers and catapulted into the dory to explore Polynesia. The ship's log and my pillow fused into one, while Jeanette continued to tidy ship.

Two hours later I was awakened by the clatter of dishes being returned to the dish rack, and the smell of curry and onions as a steamed rice stir-fry made its way into the shade of the cockpit. At sea, one is able to condense six hours into a two-hour period and rise refreshed, but ashore the still heat leaves one somewhat sluggish. But the prospect of new sights, new friends, and one of Jeanette's culinary creations spurred my awakening.

Jon was still ashore and neither Jeanette nor I intended to set foot on land until tomorrow at best. We were quite content to clean, stow, and sort gear no longer necessary with our vessel at rest.

While cruising there is no beginning or end to a day. With a three-hour watch schedule, one of us is at the helm for a total of eight hours each day and night, and for different periods each three days. Thus one day one must endure the heat from 0900 to 1200 hours and prepare lunch or else clean dishes afterwards. On 1 of 3 nights we each helmed a dark watch twice (1800 to 2100 and 0300 to 0600). But these watches also yielded a sunset and a sunrise.

We prepared two meals each day—seldom three, as our appetites did not warrant more. We all cooked and there was incentive for creativity during the calms, and acrobatic agility required when we were rolling down waves that crossed astern from the southeast and the northeast. It continues to amaze me that two waves are able to approach, intersect, and pass through each other at right angles, with no loss of direction or velocity, while throwing a twenty-two ton full-keeled vessel into disarray—the main boom dipping into the sea, the fore boom following the gaff boom against a preventer, and the staysail boom trying desperately to rip its traveler off the deck. While this ruckus is taking place, the coxswains try to brace between two counters to pro-

tect his or her midships from further bruising, hold a pot on a gimbaled, out-of-control stove, and organize a salad bowl and various vegetables (some sliced and airborne, the rest rolling about on the cabin sole).

My favorite meal, under the more trying conditions, is prepared in one pot—our tall pressure cooker—into which I add a dozen potatoes (cut to bite-sized), a whole cabbage (diced), four onions, a red pepper for color, two bouillon cubes, soy sauce, and water. To avoid runaway vegetables, each is prepared separately and potted. With the lid clamped, and the pot contained by stainless steel holders and braced against the stove's rails in two directions by empty pots, dinner could safely cook. Once cooked, I would fill one teak bowl at a time and, cradling it at my chest, crawl each one back to the cockpit for our evening repast.

Jeanette was responsible for the ripening and preservation of the produce, turning thirty dozen eggs every other day, checking fruits and vegetables for spoilage, rotating fruits, shielding some from light or light-enhancing the green tomatoes for a meal two days hence. We had fifty pounds each of potatoes, onions, rice, pasta, and flour, stalks of bananas ranging from green to ready, crackers, cookies, fresh bread for a week and enough to bake after that. We had enough provisions for three to five months. The fast passage made it that much easier, but one must be prepared to withstand the worst case scenario.

We had met new friends in Panama (for whom we designed a house) who sailed for 81 days to the Marshall Islands, stopping on an uninhabited atoll to collect birds' eggs—one way to get fresh eggs. On day ten we caught a 35-pound skipjack tuna which provided us with the next five meals—from sashimi to a marinated dish on day five. Our tomatoes ran out the day before arrival and we shall have to do a little marketing until we reach New Zealand, where prices are more in line with our pockets and we can replenish the ship's stores.

There were parties on board, with all assembled by the helm, to celebrate various occasions such as crossing each of three time zones. All clocks and watches (eight total) were set back one hour. Clean attire and a hat was required.

On day nine, we logged 174 miles, and with 2005 miles at 219° to go, we had

reached one third of the way. This was cause for celebration and we changed into our clean t-shirts and shorts—except for Jon who travels with a small knapsack containing his clothing, each item of which is a bilious plaid so no one knew if it was clean or not.

At 2400 on day three, as many as a dozen whales came alongside and swam with us for an hour and a half. The largest, over thirty feet, often swam to within a few feet of our hull, which was then moving at six knots. I was able to awaken Jeanette, but Jon, a deep sleeper, missed the event. Most of these whales arched to the surface at the same time, hissing and snorting, and making squeaking noises ranging from deep base to shrill staccato.

The moon was still under so we saw only their long backs and, while they were beneath the surface long streaks of phosphorescence trailed aft. I was so intrigued by them that I wandered off course twice, jibing and backing before I could rectify my mistakes. The whales followed my errant wake, perhaps laughing among themselves but happily altering course to stay with the boat. I discussed with them our purpose for being there, as well as their tranquil life, mating habits, and travel patterns.

I only recently learned that whales mate but once and for life, thus it is devastating to one if the other dies. The whales were saddened to know that one of two American unions ended in divorce and

that I was on my second marriage, but prior to their departure I left them with the hope that the family unit was on the mend. When all was quiet I felt rather sad and somewhat lonely until the moon burst through some dark clouds and cheered the sea and sky.

For nineteen days, we were on port tack. On day thirteen we logged 187 miles, the next day 184 miles, and 195 miles the next day. But this high was short-lived and by day nineteen we were down to 132 miles but not with appreciably less wind. We hove to and with Jeanette on shark alert, Jon and I dove on a foul bottom for an hour and a half, scraping moss and barnacles that had formed on our fresh bottom since leaving Panama.

The Pacific was 4,000 meters deep and the water so clear we could see the bottom—a light blue with absolutely no life to be seen except for VOYAGER and two crappies.

Our speed accelerated afterwards, but our stamina was not too great after so many weeks of inertia and minimal physical activity in port.

My greatest fear is to take those first two steps up the companionway at night and, with my head at deck level, see no one at the helm. I now know too many who were lost at sea. For this reason, with only one on watch, we insist on safety harnesses clipped onto secure fittings and walking about kept to a minimum. All sheets lead

All drawings by Peter Phillipps.



aft and into the cockpit so there is little reason for going forward.

We each have a responsibility to the other two to remain aboard and stay healthy and physically fit. For any one of us to be confined to bed places a burden on the other two and even more so if nursing is required. When one is 1,500 miles from the nearest land or more than a week's time to a hospital, the seriousness becomes apparent.

We met Mark and Nicholas at the only bar on our first landfall—Hiva Ova. Mark worked for McDonnell-Douglas checking drawings that involved the connection of the plane's wings to the fuselage and the turbines to the wings. He was from San Diego, thirty-four, unmarried, tall, lean, with long blonde hair and a zest for life. For the most part he had sailed alone on a thirty-four-foot sloop—no small achievement.

Two things had shaped his course to these islands: another engineer with forty years of stress analysis experience missed his retirement party by one day because of death, and a week later, his company tightened its belt and eliminated his position. Unemployed, with a girlfriend pressing for marriage, not ready for a house, another car, kids, the bank moving in, and a life-long dream to sail the Pacific on a boat that was paid in full and a savings account commensurate with the concept, he left.

Nicholas, at 6'2", though shorter than Mark by four inches, was a large young man. He was broad about the chest with muscular

arms and neck. His stout frame supported the same overdeveloped muscular system that his ancestors, Marquesan warriors, had had a hundred years ago. While seeming to be calm and quite at peace with himself, an energy boiled within.

He described himself as a mountain man and had worked for years climbing the 100-foot coconut palms, removing the husks, and drying the white meat known as copra—an industry no longer profitable. With great excitement he anticipated the prospect of hunting wild pig with a long knife, two friends, and eleven dogs, in the Hanamenu Valley on the north side of the island.

He spoke French, Marquesan of course, and some English gleaned from the yachties, the only visitors to these islands. His formal education was scant, there being no colleges and only having attended the public schools sporadically. But his relationship to the natural environment was astonishing: he knew the name and habitat of every fish, bird, and indigenous animal. Other than two knives, a sharpening stone, a spear gun, and a small stack of neatly folded clothes, he had no possessions.

When staying in the village of Atuana, he lived with his sister in a house he had built for her on a hill overlooking the bay—Haava Passage—and the island of Tahuata to the south. Nicholas had also built a copra hut on the beach at the foot of Hanamenu Valley, which one could reach by foot on a six-hour trail, or was twelve miles away by boat. There, he hunted, killed, and salted wild pigs in large tubs for the townspeople and the

people on the various yachts anchored in the deep bay. There was also an abundance of goat which he cooked in pits over hot rocks, covered with banana leaves, and served with a coconut milk or tomato sauce garnished with local herbs.

Mango, banana, lemon, orange, grapefruit, and papaya trees grew under the taller palms, along a stream formed by a waterfall, which was adjacent to a cluster of empty thatched huts. There was a trail which was wide enough for a vehicle, although when it was first designed, hundreds of years ago when there were 80,000 natives living on these islands, eight people would walk abreast. The trail led to the old stone foundations of a former village. These foundations were 12' x 24' high and made of large, black volcanic boulders, neatly arranged and held in place with igneous chinking.

Nicholas loved this valley both for what it possessed today and for its history of his ancestors, before the white man decimated his people. Oddly he bore no malice and enjoyed cooking elaborate luau each evening for the crews of the vessels anchored in the bay. He also gathered fruit for the yachts' larders. Nicholas was the island's champion spear fisherman of reef fish and a fine lobsterer. His seafood was prepared as well as any French chef's and with much fresher ingredients.

On the fifth night he felt sufficiently at ease with us to play a ukelele from one of the boats. While his friend Mike danced—legs undulating, head straight, arms gesturing the words—and Gustavos beating a



drum (a piece of plywood supporting that night's feast), Nicholas sang for us the song he had written about his valley. Without understanding the lyrics we were all moved by the force of his singing. He had a low, bass voice, but could span a few octaves higher when warranted and while singing his tribute to the Hunamenu Valley he pulled out all stops.

Nicholas once said, early on, "No need for money on island. All food everywhere." And indeed his life was quite simple and sufficiently rewarding. He knew of New York City, London, and Paris from the yachties and felt no need to visit those far off places. He is happy where he is, swimming in the bay, walking for days in the mountains, hunting, and bathing in the spring or under the waterfall.

Unlike most Marquesan men, he has no tatoos and will wear an orchid behind his ear. He mixes his broad smile and exuberance with introspection and a quiet, gentle sensitivity. He has shown us a culture we might not otherwise have seen, and has given us memories we shall not forget.

There are those moments, often when I'm alone on watch, when I lose all sense of perspective. The fact that VOYAGER is currently in better condition than when launched, that she is moving well in unfamiliar waters, that despite my advancing age I have outlived both my father and grandfather and possess a brain sufficiently agile to differentiate between despair and excitement, I find myself a trifle down. But I would not change places with anyone, and perhaps this loneliness is a necessary part of our existence.

Jeanette, too, has admitted to similar feelings, not just on this trek but on past passages. When one of us succumbs to this darker frame of mind, the other is careful not to follow suit, rather to render support and to look at the more positive aspects of self-imposed isolation.

Two nights ago I was awakened ten minutes before my 0300 to 0600 watch. I lay in bed reconstructing a bizarre dream, then pulled up my shorts and in the dark stuffed my arms into a polo shirt. I had a hard time climbing into my safety harness and finally lumbered into the cockpit to adjust the straps in the dim light of the compass.

Although Jon is most patient, with the sound of six bells I decided to forego hot coffee and a stack of cookies or assorted fruit. Jon offered me more time and even offered to bring the coffee and snacks up after I relieved him, but I stubbornly refused.

It was a moonless night, wind aft on the port quarter, 10 knots, with all four lowers pulling in addition to the main topsail. There was a following sea and a one-knot current pushing us closer to our landfall in the Marquesas. Conditions were excellent.

After adjusting the cockpit cushions to best support my back and stretching out my legs, I looked about this vast body of water. Fleeting images of stars illuminated the waves. There were no ships in our circle of vision. Two blue-footed boobies were half-flying, then gliding in our wind shadow. Another bird squatted at the end of our fore gaff boom. Thankfully it was well out over the water, which precluded deck droppings.

I listened to the birds' conversation for a while; the ship's bells chimed the half hour, then the hour, and within minutes it seemed, chimed the half hour again.

Although I was conscious of our position and aware of some creaking sounds and the occasional clatter of the fore staysail sheet block, my mind began to wander to thoughts of my four progeny (once crew), their mates, and to old friends who have sailed with us over the past thirty-two years on VOYAGER. There is no boat I would rather sail. There is no better partner than Jeanette with whom I would rather share this experience. Although a

bit shorthanded, Jon more than carries his weight. The conditions could not be more favorable. Nonetheless, I feel sad.

This may well be the reaction to so much visual and personal stimulation when ashore. We work rather hard walking and biking to archeological sites, checking the local architecture, photographing, meeting the artisans, boatbuilders, shopkeepers, and the more energetic and outgoing local people of this gentle culture. Each landfall has its own brand of excitement.

One evening Jeanette and I dined with Kororau Hikutini, the village of Hakahau's renowned wood sculptor and his wife, Erita, a creative basket weaver. Their hut was 12' x 12', elevated 3 feet on palm stumps. It had a high, pitched, tin roof and sat beneath two lofty mango trees. The sculptor's father had been a shipbuilder and wood sculptor, as had been his grandfather.

A three-foot-high partition separated a bed on the wood floor and a small kitchen with a refrigerator and a two-burner propane stove. Another single mattress served their three children (the eldest being three). We were served first and they watched as we ate. As our plates emptied they served each other, as is their custom. Our conversation was in French, which I speak and Jeanette hears. We translated for each other.

After some hours of low-key exchanges it was evident that we were more curious and excited about their cul-



ture than they were about ours. (Their travels were limited to a stay in Tahiti where both danced professionally.) They were aware of American clothing, music, architecture, and pace of life, but were quite content with the tranquility, lush vegetation and sparsely populated Va Pou. They are proud of their heritage and traditions, which are now celebrated daily after so many years of destruction by missionaries and their work.

A tape of traditional Marquesan music was inserted into a portable cassette player. The room was so sparse; a ukelele was the only thing hanging on the north wall. There was a long mora mora on the east wall, and small windows were centered on the remaining two walls. There were two low wood cabinets, one in the kitchen and one opposite, used for clothing. At first I had not noticed the radio sitting on the plate between two studs.

Erita Tuanua gracefully stood up and tied a tiny pareo—the Marquesans' traditional cloth covering—around her older daughter's waist. At 2'-plus in height, the knot on her left hip seemed large on her small body. Once in place, this knot began to undulate, scribing arcs and casting long shadows over the floor from the single, bare light bulb above. The girl's short, chubby arms covered her ears and her hands, just clearing her head, moved from side to side. Her head was motionless, her hips gyrated rhythmically to the drum beat. Her back was to us as we focused on this small, but powerful, form in the dim light. The girl began to rotate her feet clockwise, but with her head fixed in place. She looked like a small owl. Her knees bent to but a few inches off the floor, and now her head began to move, ahead of the rest of her body. Slowly rotating, she revealed a shy but beaming smile.

Her mother had taught her the programmed movements of this Marquesan piece, and for two more tracks, the tempo increasing, we sat in awe and watched. At one point, Erita, proud of her daughter's performance and so moved by the music, danced at the girl's side. Kororau Hikutini later played his ukelele in our honor and sang many songs that have only recently been transcribed.

On our walk back to the waterfront, we discussed the honor, the gift of this evening. We remained on the islands of Hiva Oa, Nuka Hiva, Oa Pou, Raitea, Bora Bora, and Ahe, for two weeks or more, which gave us the opportunity to become close friends with many Polynesians. We departed with smiles and tears.

We try to avoid too much contact with other yachts—which is difficult because we have so many common interests and many of the sailors have much to offer. Those who fraternize find it comfortable and safer in company. They often sail in armadas, supporting each other by way of their ham radios all the way across the Pacific.

Except for VOYAGER, no one "hand steers" unless their steering vane and automatic pilot both go south. These boats and their owners' philosophies differ markedly from ours, allowing us a polite "out." Ironically, many of these people I would otherwise seek as friends on land.

Having reached the Marquesas, the wind blew more strongly. Each day one could expect 20 to 25 knots of easterly breeze. The tall volcanic islands are situated in the archipelago in such a way that one may day-sail at hull speed between them, provided the course followed is either north or south.

The anchor is weighed at 0600—sunrise, also low tide. High tide occurs at 1200, and at 1800 the sun sets. This is the Polynesian tide table.

There are ten islands in the Marquesas, which form a line 399 km long. Six of the islands have a total population of 7,500. From seaward there is no evidence of human occupation. The coastline is rugged, with bold cliffs defining valleys that rise up to ridges 4,000 feet above the sea.

The terrain permits only a few roads connecting the several villages on each island. More often than not, the only route is by sea. Because of the south-moving, cold equatorial current, no coral reefs are formed. Wild horses roam the interior.

Unlike the Caribbean, the Marquesas retain much of their charm and natural elegance. The trees are tall, fruits and vegetables are in abundance, and the people offer more than you can carry. The climate is warm but pleasant year round.

In 1700, the population of this archipelago was about 80,000 and according to the missionaries and a few white deserters off sailing vessels, they were "savages, cannibals, and fierce warriors." These labels stuck, as there were no reliable source documenting these proud people until 1840 when Melville began to break the myths with *Typee*.

European white men brought civilization and religion to the "heathens," in the form of slavery to work the copper mines in South America. Disease and death followed. As a white man and descendant of these misguided Europeans, I felt that I could atone for the decimation of the Polynesians' numbers. The culture is reappearing at last, even under a pervasive French control.



To the east and south of the Marquesas is a chain of atolls called the Tuamotus. While the former are tall, volcanic mountains, the latter are low atolls. Darwin believed that this chain of atolls was once tall and that the mountains had sunk beneath the sea; the coral reefs that fringed the island continued to grow as the volcanos sank, and once the center had disappeared, a ribbon of land or detached islands—sometimes 30 miles in diameter and only a few feet above sea level—remained. This chain, extending some 1,200 km, with narrow passages in between the low coral reefs, is known as the "Dangerous Isles."

VOYAGER was moving at better than 8 knots when we noticed the top of a palm tree four miles to port. Twenty minutes later, a cluster of palms appeared above the white caps, with no sign of land. The currents are strong between the atolls and at night the navigator and his GPS are inseparable.

Most of these atolls are entered at slack water through a single navigable passage. A lookout is on the spreaders with the midday sun aft. Waves crash about on both sides as the fathometer begins to register at 200 feet (from 1,000 feet) and quickly drops to 17 feet.

Once inside the lagoon the water calms to a strange stillness. The Pacific is such a vast ocean, and with so much open space between each archipelago, each island develops its own character. Except for a few islands who have undertaken hotel and tourist accommodations, nature dominates. Most of the islands have no airports and are visited only a few times monthly by freighters picking up copra and fruit, and dropping off flour, medicine, and any products which the people are unable to produce themselves.

While racial features and language slowly changed as we sailed westward, the cordiality and generosity of each tribe remained constant. We were not their guests; rather, we were adopted and asked to remain forever in their village. It is by no means a paradise, but as close to paradise as a self-destructive animal like man is capable of attaining.

We were excited by the islanders' archeological remains, most of which remain undocumented, and by their building with plant matter. Their boatbuilding skills and crafts were quite sophisticated and warrant separate treatment at a later date.

The only way to visit the many thousands of high volcanic islands and sunken atolls (an expanse of over 8,000 miles) is by sailboat, and at a slow pace. One must remain in a village a minimum of two weeks to meet the chief, the elders, the shipwrights, the weavers, and the children.

We are leaving Tonga for New Zealand in a few days. We have read that Mark lost his boat on the North Island of New Zealand, having overrun his log. He sailed into the crevice of a cliff at night, while asleep, and had just enough time to don a wetsuit, throw his valuables into a box, and swim to a small fishing boat nearby. We have met no other boat that actually helms itself while on watch and it is no surprise that at least four are now part of the reefs that protect the lagoons within.

These reefs are dangerous, even for highly competent sailors: WANDERER, once sailed by Sterling Hayden, and YANKEE, by Irving Johnson, still remain as broken silhouettes on coral reefs. One must be careful out here.

Peter Phillipps

SAIL FOR THE SOUND

SoundWaters is a non-profit environmental organization dedicated to the restoration and preservation of Long Island Sound by educating people about the environment. The organization's three-masted, 80-foot schooner, SOUNDWATERS, serves as a floating classroom, each year allowing more than 7,000 children and adults to personally discover the wonders of Long Island Sound. Students experience the excitement of sailing and learn about environmental science, ecology, history, literature, and maritime art.

This July, SoundWaters is organizing "Sail for the Sound," an event to raise awareness of the organization's activities and the need to preserve Long Island Sound, as well as to raise funds.

A range of activities have been planned in the Stamford, CT, area for the weekend of July 6-7, beginning with opening ceremonies on the Friday evening. There will be a tall ships' parade and sailing, with an opportunity for guests to sail onboard participating schooners, SOUNDWATERS and QUINNIPIAC. Numerous events, such as a classic wooden boat show, environmental exhibits, live music and entertainment, will take place concurrently at Brewer's Marina in Stamford. A clambake is planned for the evening of July 6. Also that weekend there will be a YRA-sanctioned regatta sponsored by area yacht clubs. Closing ceremonies and awards presentations will be held on Sunday afternoon.

SoundWaters is currently looking for boats, organizations, and volunteers interested in participating. For more information contact Victoria Hackman at (203) 967-8350.

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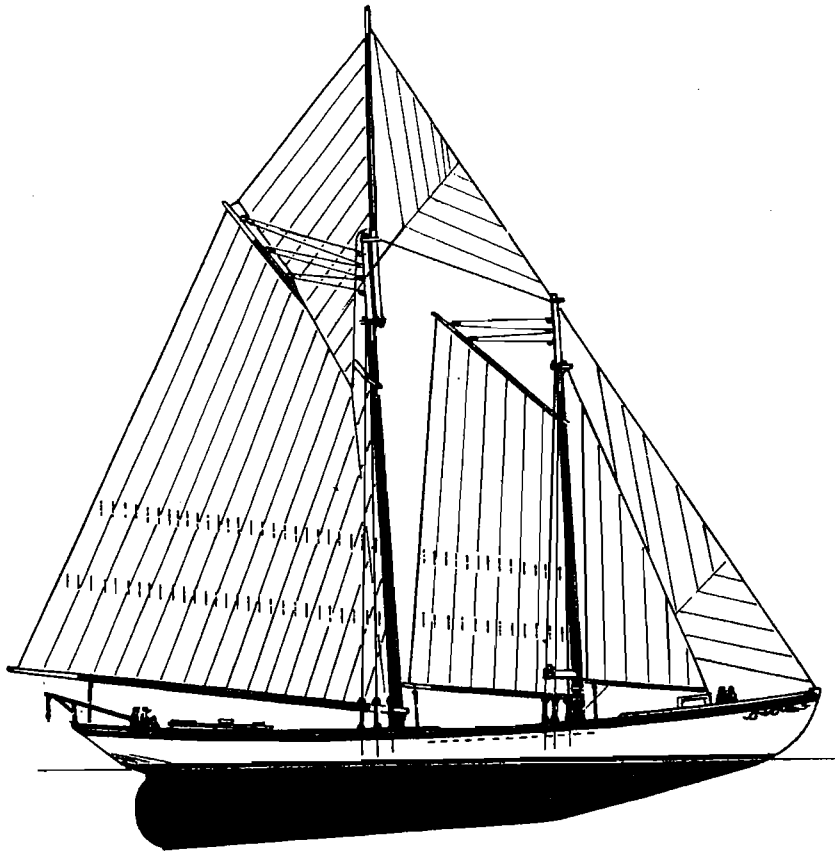
(ADVENTURE: Continued from page 1.)
 under Captain Thomas, then und
 Captain Leo Hynes.

A "highliner," ADVENTURE was th
 biggest money-maker of all time, landin
 nearly \$4 million worth of cod and othe
 ground fish in her career.

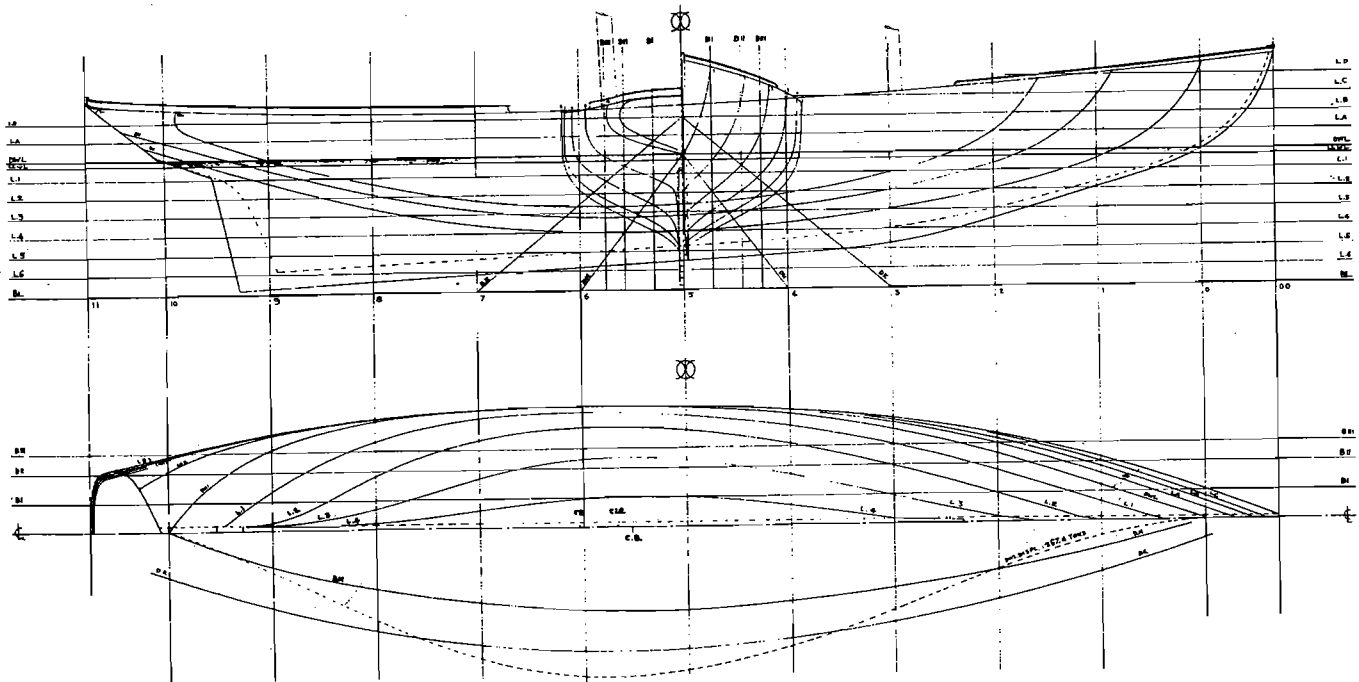
ADVENTURE, ("The Old Lady," as she
 was known) was the only American dory
 trawler left in 1953 when she was retired
 by her aging crew. Refitted, minus her
 engine, and soon known as "The Queen of
 the Windjammers" ADVENTURE carried 37
 passengers, 8 crew, and a yawl boat, on
 pleasure cruises along the Maine coast
 from 1954 to 1988.

In 1988 Captain Jim Sharp donated the
 schooner to the people of the City of
 Gloucester asking that "she continue to be
 cared for, prominently displayed as a monu-
 ment to the City of Gloucester and used for
 the education and pleasure of the public."

The Gloucester ADVENTURE, Inc., a
 non-profit, educational organization was
 then formed, on behalf of the people of the
 City of Gloucester, to accept, maintain,
 and restore the schooner as a symbol of
 Gloucester's rich sea-faring heritage. And
 since 1988, The Gloucester ADVENTURE,



Above and below: ADVENTURE's sail plan and lines.



Inc. has partially restored the vessel (including giving her her original black paint), created numerous educational programs, and operated the schooner at sea in keeping with the terms of the gift. Hundreds of thousands of dollars and tens of thousands of hours have been invested in the organization and the vessel.

ADVENTURE specs:

LOA: 121' 6"
LWL: 107'
Beam: 24' 6"
Draft: 13' 9"
Main topmast: 110'
Foremast: 77'
Main boom: 65'
Sail area: 6,500 sq. ft.
Displacement: 257 tons
Fish hold capacity: 160,000 tons

The organization is firmly committed to a complete restoration and recertification of ADVENTURE, with plans to outfit her with appropriate rigging, sails and equipment, and develop a program of ongoing maintenance in order for her to remain seaworthy and fully operational.

Currently, ADVENTURE education programs are provided throughout the year. Schoolchildren, scouts, youth, college, and graduate students attend a wide variety of course offerings, such as Gloucester history, nautical science, marine ecology, and music and art of the sea. Teacher workshops are held regularly for grade-school teachers from the New England area, as well. In the future, The Gloucester ADVENTURE, Inc. will expand its array of educational and recreational programs, making them income producing in order to fund the schooner's maintenance.

The schooner is open to visitors from Memorial Day through Labor Day. For more information on tours and educational programs, to make a donation, or to purchase a copy of the book *ADVENTURE: Queen of the Windjammers* by Joseph Garland, contact: The Gloucester ADVENTURE, Inc., P.O. Box 1306, Gloucester, MA, 01930. ph: (508) 281-8079.

Special thanks to Marty Krugman of The Gloucester ADVENTURE, Inc. for his help in putting this article together.

LETTER FROM THE SOUTH PACIFIC

We had a fantastic sail from Habuwalu Bay in Kandavu back to Suva, where we are now, averaging 8.5 knots. We saw a white shape in the distance, against a small island, reflecting the sun. We kept an eye on them, thinking it was an island freighter on a converging course. We never converged, but soon it became apparent the shape was gaff rigged, a schooner no less. We watched each other carefully, but couldn't catch up.

As we approached Suva, the white schooner came about smartly, then around our stern to read our name, and us theirs, and we sailed side by side with ALCYONE into the harbor where we each anchored under sail. What a sight we must have been! A friend on a steel schooner, SIOME, already at anchor in the harbor remarked that it looked as though there were a schooner race out there and wanted to join in.

"Sugar," came aboard from ALCYONE and we filled each other in on our recent experiences and our plans for the future.

Sugar and Leslie are well and quite busy with their two little girls. ALCYONE looks fantastic. They are now safe and sound in New Zealand, where they will do the usual refit, then on through the South Pacific and home via the northern route.

We are leaving tomorrow for Australia, Brisbane for a start, via New Caledonia. We have spent three months in Fiji sailing to remote villages where money is unimportant; the people live off the land and sea. The family unit is strong since everyone is important. Children are happy even without television, telephones, plastic toys, and sugar. There is no stress.

We can now make just about anything from a coconut, or parts of a coconut tree. We even sailed our dory holding a palm frond, and were going so fast we had to dump it well before we reached VOYAGER.

It is difficult for us to leave this magical place and the many friends we have made along the way who have taken us in as one of their family. This is almost a conflict, since we look forward to open water and the days at sea where we are our own self-sufficient little island.

It's been pretty calm lately, but feels a little ominous. We really don't want to try

out our new storm trysail. We had it made here to replace the 35-year-old canvas and manila one on board, which has since been donated to one of the villages.

Our main is sewn back together and the fore rebuilt after six feet of the leech panel blew into the Wild Blue Yonder in a 70-knot gust on the way to Fiji from New Zealand. There were other torn panels and a large tear along the entire foot. The sailmaker did a fantastic job. I keep thinking about Sterling Hayden who said "a schooner without a foresail is like a man without his pants. There's a limit to just how much you can do."

We had no main either, just the storm tri and 1,000 square feet of gollywobbler. Not much flexibility. Morale was good and we all enjoyed being at sea. No one was in a hurry. We arrived safely after ten days. This passage is commonly known as the "passage through hell," and we shared our adventures with others who had their own disaster stories to tell (i.e. losing centerboards, running onto reefs—which made our trip seem like nothing). Anyway, this latitude has more stable conditions, though it is now officially cyclone season....

Jeanette Phillipps

TREASURER'S REPORT

As of February 3, 1996:

INCOME:

Advertising: \$125.00
Dues: \$1,310.00
Meals: \$60.00
Merchandise: \$150.00
Total: \$1645.00

EXPENSES:

Annual meeting: \$74.22
Newsletter: \$1,049.69
Postal: \$83.00
Misc.: \$92.15
Total: \$1,299.06

CASH ON HAND:

Checking account: \$1,791.22
Petty cash: \$31.98
Total: \$1,823.20

BALANCE FORWARD: \$1,477.26

Mary Anne McQuillan

A BUSY SUMMER AHEAD FOR MYSTIC SEAPORT

Maritime History Study

"America and the Sea," an intensive 6-week seminar encouraging college literature and history professors to incorporate maritime history into their teachings, will be offered at Mystic Seaport in the summer of 1996.

The seminar will synthesize maritime history—long studied as an academic specialty—into the American experience. While other groups such as southerners, westerners, and women have properly and successfully incorporated themselves in our nation's history, mariners have remained isolated from their land-based counterparts. Mariners' work, unlike the farming or factory work which represent the majority of American labor, has remained largely invisible to the American public and its historians.

Yet maritime activities have had and

continue to have a vitally important place in American history. Except for the ancestors of native Americans, generations of American immigrants could only reach the "promised land" by sea. For millions of Africans the sea was a bridge to a life of plantation slavery in the New World.

The rise of seaports in the latter half of the 18th century initiated the gradual change from a rural to an urban America. The sea has given access to distant markets for the produce from Illinois to Mississippi to Idaho, and still provides the only practical means for the importation of most foreign goods. Along with the Great Lakes and inland riverways America's coastal waters still offer cost efficient routes for America's internal trade.

Mariners continue to labor in one of America's most dangerous workplaces and scores of them lose their lives each

year. Each day headlines confirm fisheries are in crisis, maritime communities are in turmoil, and American history is in the making.

"America and the Sea" is funded by the National Endowment for the Humanities and will be co-directed by professors Benjamin Labaree of Williams College in Williamstown, MA, and Edward Sloan on the faculty at Trinity College in Hartford, CT. For more information call the Seaport at (203) 573-5359.

Other events

May 25-27: Lobsterfest

June 1-2: Small Craft Weekend

June 7-9: Sea Music Festival

June 28-30: *WoodenBoat* Show

July 27-28: Antique and Classic Boat Rendezvous

August 17-18: Antique Marine Engine Exposition

September 6-8: Happy Birthday L. A. DUNTON Schooner Rendezvous

(MORE MINUTES: Continued from p. 3.) weekend and the ASA Rendezvous needs to be coordinated with the ASTA event. George Moffett stated that the person to contact at MSM is Jan Larson and the contact at the ASTA is Pam Wuerth. (Ed. note: Howard Hopps recently met with Jan Larson and she and the Seaport are enthusiastic about the schooners' coming in the fall.)

The consensus of the meeting was that the Rendezvous will be an event satisfying the needs of the ASA and Mystic Seaport, it should be an enjoyable weekend, and needs to have as many schooners participate as possible.

It was also noted that the weekend should be as interesting and enjoyable for members and friends coming by land as those coming by boat.

In other new business, Jim Cassidy reported that the Museum of Yachting-Classic Yacht Regatta (CYR) Race Committee asked if the ASA schooners should be dropped from their mailing list since participation at the CYR is doubtful. It was decided that this is a decision for the CYR Race Committee, not the ASA.

On a broader level it was emphasized that the lines of communication need to be

kept open between the ASA and CYR. As well, other towns and organizations need to keep abreast of each other's plans.

A request has been made to the officers to sell the membership list to a commercial enterprise. It was decided to not sell our mailing list, and to point out that advertising in *Wing & Wing* is an available option.

Commodore Sterner noted that Gina is doing a fine job with *Wing & Wing* and is to be congratulated.

Also Sam Hoyt was commended for his great column in *Wing & Wing*, **Dogwatch**. Both Gina and Sam were given a good round of applause.

Phil Smith stated that he is developing a roster of schooners and asked that the draft copies handed out at the meeting be corrected as appropriate so he can update his roster. It is intended to be a general listing of schooners, not just ASA members.

Mary Anne McQuillan noted that with the dues notice mailing she will include an updated ASA membership roster. She also will be including a notice about buying back issues of *Wing & Wing*.

The American Schooner Association Award

was discussed. The Award is given to a person for outstanding service furthering the cause of schooners. Bob Pulsch nominated Bill Ames as the recipient, noting Bill's many years of involvement with schooners and his being the driving force behind the Mystic Schooner Races since their inception. The nomination was seconded and unanimously approved. The Commodore will notify Mr. Ames, and the award will be presented at the Rendezvous in September, with Sam Hoyt to do a press release and organize the presentation ceremony.

The timing of the annual meeting was next discussed. Sam Hoyt, noting the consistent string of lousy weather, suggested having the meeting later in the year. George Moffett stated that at least the planning function needs to be earlier in order for the *BRILLIANT* to factor it into her operating schedule since the *BRILLIANT*'s schedule is firmed up in the fall.

After discussion it was decided to hold a calendar planning meeting at the Rendezvous in September, and to keep the annual meeting the same.

The meeting was adjourned at 1212.

Respectfully submitted,
Howard Hopps, Secretary

DOGWATCH

Yet again, slipping and sludding down I-95 trying to get to the annual meeting, the thought kept recurring, why is this meeting held the first week in February? Why not the first week of March, or even the last week of March? Kudos, however, to the three twosomes from Maine who attended, thus becoming the biggest delegation from the Pine Tree State in, perhaps, forever.

Earle Smith, now of Boothbay Harbor, keeps finding lame excuses for not launching CANVASBACK, abuilding now these many years. His latest was that he had to build a house to shelter himself and his good wife, Arlene, and, now that that's completed, he claims he needs a workshop. And with 20 feet at low water waiting for the schooner right out his back door. Some guy.

Another Boothbay Harbor couple, Bob and Janet Foster, have returned to Maine after living on their Nova Scotia knock-about schooner for the last seven years. Seems Janet got a premonition last summer, as they were anchored somewhere in the Caribbean, that it was time to go home. So they did, and avoided one of the most devastating hurricanes to hit the lands in a while. They are putting the boat on the market this spring.

And the final Maine couple, Peter and Sandy Thompson of Freeport, own BLACKBIRD, another in a long line of 309s to appear on the ASA's roster of yachts (others include TOTEM, WHITE WING, and GOBLIN). The Thompsons brought news of a fledgling publication, called *Cruising the Maine Coast*, that reminds them of *WoodenBoat* in its formative years. And the editors are looking for stories.

News from Nova Scotia: The NSSA expects as many as 25 schooners at its race week in Halifax in July. Ralph Tingley, as resourceful as ever, faxed the Best Western in Mystic on the eve of the annual meeting to pass on NSSA's cordial invitation to join them in Halifax, an invite echoed in a letter from Fred Rhineland.

Ralph and Julie's ADARE will celebrate her 90th birthday this summer and, with the other Tancookers in the NSSA fleet—ARLIE, AMASONIA, and WAWALOON—come for 250 years of schooner life. Why does one think that ADARE's birthday



Photo by Mary Anne McQuillan.

party, to be held on Tancook Island, might be a real whizbanger?

Ralph also reports five new schooners in the NSSA fleet and two "returnees," one of which, COMET, was built but never raced by David Stevens because he didn't think it could beat KATHI ANN II. COMET is now owned, and definitely will be raced, by Les Caslake, who used to own and race (successfully) AMASONIA. Ralph still thinks they've got all the fast boats up there.

Closer to home, Mike and Marion MacKensie of Norton, MA, launched RUM RUNNER, ex-SERENDIPITY, on Labor Day in Barrington. The rig is in the Rosborough-designed vessel and the diesel started right up. Now if they could just find the sails.

Speaking of diesels, the Commodore recently discovered that his newly-installed "D'Sail" is an Isuzu. Could that be why all the candy and stuff was stuck to the manifold?

Kudos to Jim Cassidy and the Race Rock crew for coming up with an eminently workable solution to the Mystic Schooner Race. By folding the race into their event as the Mystic Seaport Schooner Race Division of the October 5 Race Rock Regatta, the schooners will continue to (Continued page 18.)

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Spring Boat Show
April 18-21
Fort Lauderdale, FL
(800) 262-8001

*North Carolina Maritime Museum
Wooden Boat Show*
May 4
Beaufort, NC
(919) 728-7317

Yesteryear Regatta
May 18
San Diego, CA
(619) 688-6961

1996 WoodenBoat Show
June 28-30
Mystic, CT
(207) 359-4651

DUES ARE DUE!

If you have not already done so, please send your 1996 dues to the Treasurer: Mary Anne McQuillan, 66 Chipaway Road, East Freetown, MA 02717. Annual dues are \$25 and help fund such worthy projects as *Wing & Wing*.

(DOGWATCH: Continued from page 17.)
have a race with the Mystic Seaport name on it and, hopefully, the trophies will stay in circulation. Jim has also been more than hospitable in offering his offices for committee meetings and the like.

A significant number of members from the Mystic area are getting more involved with ASA, and that's a good thing, too. In addition to Jim and another Race Rock veteran, Roger Walworth, Becky and Howard Hopps have become very active and long-time members Ralph Clark, Mark Faulstick and Nanette Woodcock, and Brian Beckwith continue to pitch in. Biff Bowker and George Moffett continue to give us a vocal representation at the Seaport. Things are looking up.

In handing out plaudits to the various event organizers in his last column, **Dogwatch** was woefully negligent in not including the Mayor's Trophy Race at the South Street Seaport Museum. Said omission was forcefully brought to your reporter's attention by SSSM president Peter Neill who pointed out that it had not

only been a good race but that the parties (note the plural) were the best ever. With the demise of the Mystic race as we knew it, the Mayor's Trophy now becomes the longest continuously running traditional vessel event on the schedule.

And Peter has, at long last, succeeded in talking the Big Apple, which owns the SSSM piers, into rebuilding Pier 15 where all the race participants usually tie up. It won't be ready for the 1996 race but should be the year after if all goes well. And the early word is that the LETTIE G. HOWARD might well be able to make the Mystic rendezvous to honor her fellow Gloucesterman L. A. DUNTON.

Apocryphal radio transmission reportedly monitored by the Chief of Naval Operations:

Party #1: Please divert your course 15 degrees to the north to avoid a collision.

Party #2: Recommend you divert *your* course 15 degrees to the south to avoid a collision.

#1: This is the captain of a U.S. Navy ship. I say again, divert *your* course.

#2: No. I say again, *divert* your course.

#1: This is the aircraft carrier ENTERPRISE. We are a large warship of the U.S. Navy. **DIVERT YOUR COURSE NOW!**

#2: This is a lighthouse. Your call.

Another in a short line of movie reviews... Continuing **Dogwatch's** tradition of reviewing sailing movies without bothering to see them first, don't bother with *White Squall*. Purloining the review of another critic, who probably didn't know anything about boats anyway, 90 percent of *White Squall* has not much to do with sailing a square-rigged vessel, but rather deals with the bonding and presumed rehabilitation of delinquent juveniles or some such Talmudic nonsense. The actual squall which sinks the vessel doesn't occur until the end of the flick. So go only if you want to try to count the instances of untraditional rigging details and other anachronistic esoterica that Hollywood usually injects into this type of film. You hold it here first (unless you read the review I stole).

Sam Hoyt



**American Schooner
Association**

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