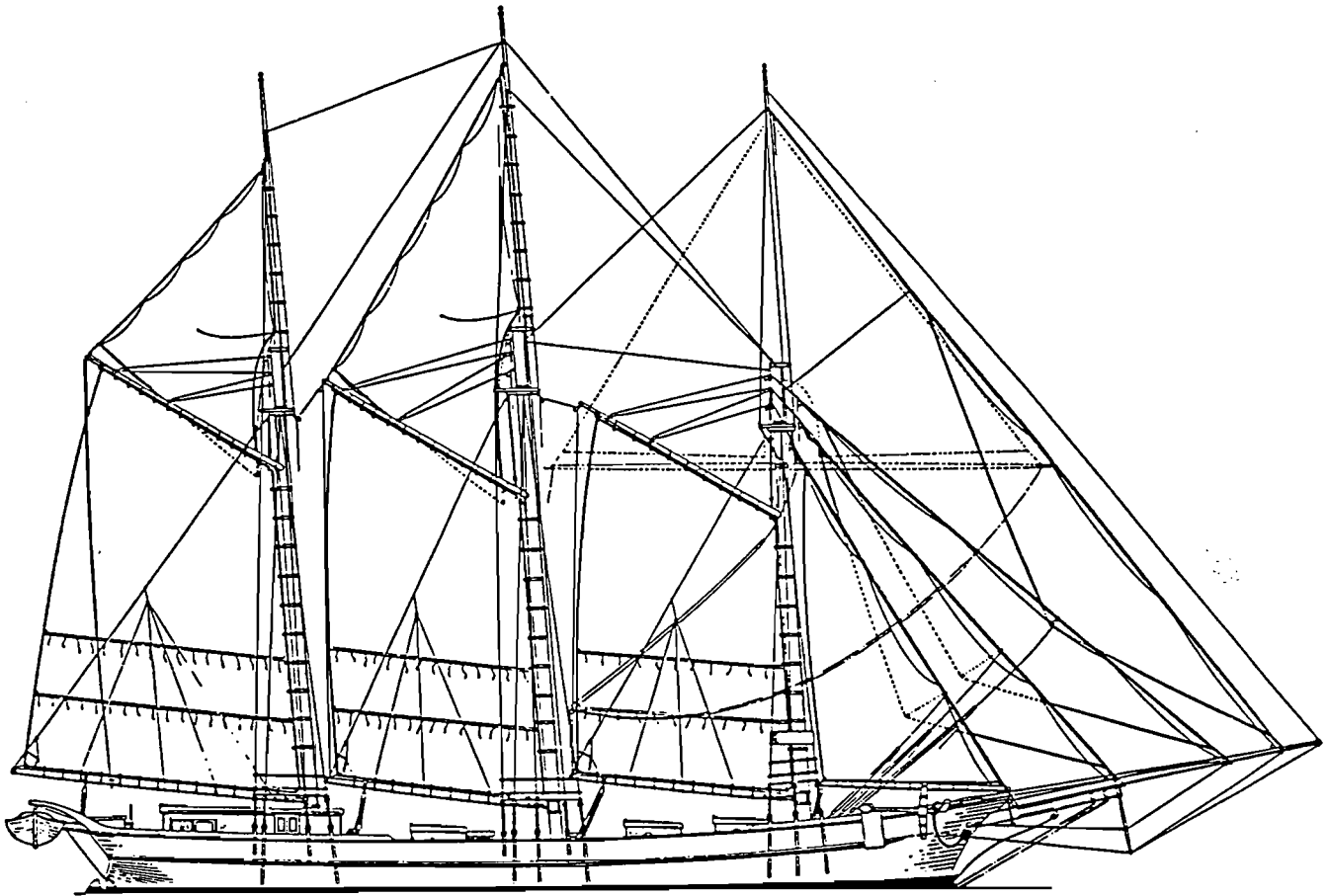




WING & WING

Volume XXV, Number 1 • Spring 1997

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association



WISCONSIN LAKE SCHOONER EDUCATION ASSOCIATION

History

For three centuries, water served as the primary method of commercial transportation throughout the Great Lakes region. Wisconsin was a major shipbuilding center during this period, producing thousands of Great Lakes schooners and receiving as many as 30 ships per day at its ports.

These schooners helped establish the

trading outposts that grew into today's cities. The vessels were based loosely on Baltimore Clippers, but differed in many important aspects. The Great Lakes' cargo schooners tended to be longer, narrower and employed a centerboard instead of a fixed keel.

Sadly, none of these ships were preserved and no full-sized reproductions

exist. The Lake Schooner Education Association (LSEA) aims to forge a link between the past and the present by building and operating a modern reproduction of these historic vessels.

Once completed, the schooner will achieve this goal by operating as a floating, traveling classroom, and by serving as
(Continued page 15.)

MINUTES OF BOARD OF GOVERNORS MEETING Mystic, CT, January 4, 1997

The meeting was called to order by Commodore Fred Sterner at 1020, at *Friendly's Restaurant* in Mystic, CT. Other members present were: Bob Pulsch, Mary Anne McQuillan, Mark Faulstick and Howard Hopps.

The slate of officers for 1997 was discussed. Commodore Sterner reported that Rear Commodore Jim Mairs will be unavailable for continuation of his officer's position for 1997. Bob Pulsch and Mark Faulstick agreed to fulfill the duties of nominating committee and develop a proposed slate of officers for the annual meeting.

An agenda for the annual meeting to be

held February 1, 1997, was discussed, with the following topics for the annual meeting proposed:

- Mystic Rendezvous—content and committee
- Tall Ships 2000—long range planning
- Gloucester Schooner Races
- ASA award

H. Hopps agreed to reserve meeting facilities at Mystic Seaport Museum and arrange for coffee and donuts, and arrange with the *Seahorse* in Noank for an after-meeting meal for the membership. Becky Hopps was volunteered to arrange with the *Best Western Hotel* in Mystic for ASA discounts for the weekend of the meeting.

F. Sterner will arrange for a speaker at the annual meeting, probably Greg Swanzey with a presentation about the ERNESTINA (ex-EFFIE M. MORRISSEY).

The ASA award was discussed. It was agreed that suggestions for recipients will be solicited at the annual meeting. H. Hopps will check in the by-laws for direction related to the award.

Inter-relationships with other organizations was discussed. The consensus was that we should trade newsletters with them, rather than paying dues to them and them paying dues to the ASA. H. Hopps to make a list of the newsletters that we are currently receiving from other organizations.

The meeting was adjourned at 1200.

Respectfully submitted,
Howard Hopps, Secretary

MINUTES OF ANNUAL MEETING Mystic Seaport, CT, February 1, 1997

The meeting was called to order at 1005 by Vice-Commodore Bob Pulsch, acting in Commodore Fred Sterner's absence. In a break from recent years the weather cooperated nicely, and 48 members and guests were on hand, including a most welcome Nova Scotia Schooner Association contingent. The meeting this year was in the Campbell Room, in the basement of the planetarium at the Seaport. Thanks to Mystic Seaport for providing the facilities.

REPORTS:

The minutes of the 1996 annual meeting and the special membership planning meeting were approved as published in *Wing & Wing* without change.

Treasurer Mary Anne McQuillan summarized the Treasurer's Report, indicating a current balance of \$892.38. She stated that the detailed Treasurer's report is available for those who want it.

A brief report on the 1996 Mystic Schooner Days Rendezvous was given by Howard Hopps. The net profit for the Rendezvous was \$62.84.

Al Bezanson gave a report on the Gloucester Schooner Race, commending the "smaller schooners" for their showing. The planned cruise in company from

Gloucester to Mystic didn't happen because of the weather (threat of hurricanes, etc.)

OLD BUSINESS:

None

ELECTION OF OFFICERS:

The following slate of officers for 1997 was nominated and duly elected: Commodore—Bob Pulsch; Vice-Commodore—Dave Clarke; Rear Commodore—George Moffett; Treasurer—Mary Anne McQuillan; Secretary—Howard Hopps

NEW BUSINESS:

Commodore Pulsch announced that Jim Mairs will be undergoing heart surgery on February 4th. The thoughts of the membership and hopes for a speedy recovery were expressed.

Ralph Tingley of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association (and the ASA) stated that few artifacts of the original BLUENOSE are left, but part of her trestle-trees is in Gloucester, and suggested that returning them to Nova Scotia might be desirable for display there at an appropriate museum, etc.

Ralph also extended an early invitation to the ASA to join the NSSA in 1999 to celebrate the 250th birthday of Halifax.

Discussion followed about Boston 2000, with George Moffett agreeing to stay in touch with ASTA.

Bill Ames reported on Mystic Schooner Days in regards to the Seaport afterguard noting the following:

- The Seaport would like to have the ASA back in 1997, on the weekend following Labor Day. The Seaport will extend free dockage to schooners participating.
- The ASA should run the events (food, ceremonies, etc)
- The weekend may be in conjunction with a Photo Day.
- The Seaport will not do races.

Bill also suggested that a cruise-in-company from Gloucester to Block Island be held, and a race from Block Island to Mystic would be a good way to get in a race and arrive in Mystic. Bill volunteered to be the race committee.

It was moved, seconded, and approved to hold a rendezvous at Mystic Seaport Museum on September 5, 6, 7, 1997, the first weekend after Labor Day. The Rendezvous committee was appointed, with Howard Hopps chairman and the following members volunteering to assist: Brian Beckwith, George Moffett, Jim Cassidy, Roger Walworth, Dave Clarke
(Continued page 17.)

ANNUAL MEETING

Approximately 40 members and guests gathered on Saturday, February 1, in the Campbell Room of the Planetarium at Mystic Seaport. Included was a strong delegation from Nova Scotia and representatives from the Seaport.

The meeting was convened by Vice-Commodore Bobbie Pulsch in the absence of Commodore Fred Sterner, who was away at sea. After acceptance of the Minutes and Treasurer's Report, and the absence of old business, the nominating committee proposed a new slate of officers for the coming year: Robert Pulsch, Commodore; Dave Clark, Vice Commodore; George Moffett, Rear Commodore; Howard Hopps, Secretary; Mary Anne McQuillan, Treasurer. The slate was duly voted into office.

Ralph Tingley of the Nova Scotia Schooner Association announced that the 250th anniversary of the City of Halifax, Nova Scotia, would be celebrated with due emphasis on its strong and traditional maritime heritage in 1999 and suggested that ASA members take the event into consideration when planning future vacations.

The current traditional boat schedule for the summer of '97 was also disclosed in conjunction with discussion on the results of last year's Mystic Schooner Rendezvous and plans for the event this year. Bill Ames said that there was strong support from the Seaport for the event and a motion to hold it again was passed. Much of the able committee that put together the '96 event was reenlisted again, to everyone's apparent relief.

Other events include:

July 21: Nova Scotia Schooner Association Race Week

August 30-31: Gloucester Schooner Rendezvous

September 6-7: Mystic Schooner Days

September 13: Governor's Cup, Essex, CT

September 20: Greenport, NY, Classic Yacht Regatta

September 27: Mayor's Trophy, South Street Seaport Museum, NYC

October 4: Race Rock Regatta

Ralph Tingley also disclosed that the last remnant of the original Bluenose, part of the trestletrees which had been left on



Commodore Robert Pulsch, Roberta Pulsch, and Project HERON. Photo by Vern Brady.

the dock at Gloucester after the last race, had been discovered somewhere in Gloucester. There is considerable interest in the artifact being returned to Nova Scotia and Ralph suggested that the ASA consider lending its auspices, perhaps in conjunction with the City of Gloucester, to a move to bring that about.

Several candidates were proposed by the Board of Governors for the ASA Award, including: George Moffett of Mystic Seaport, Gannon and Benjamin of Gannon and Benjamin in Vineyard Haven, and Megan Wren of the Delaware Schooner Project. Two other candidates were proposed from the floor: the City of Gloucester and the South Street Seaport Museum. Discussion over the process of arriving at a suitable candidate resulted in a *de facto* tabling of the subject, at least for this meeting. The Board of Governors will consider a possible amendment of the Bylaws, if such is necessary, to change the process of designating a winner of the Award.

This day also marked the 103rd birthday of the schooner ERNESTINA. On hand to present a fascinating history of the vessel was Gregg Swanzey, Director of the Schooner ERNESTINA Commission. Although pressed for time because a birthday party for the vessel was to be held in New Bedford later that afternoon, Mr. Swanzey nevertheless gave a thoroughly

entertaining rundown of its fascinating career.

Following adjournment, a luncheon was held at the Sea Horse Tavern in Noank. There was no appreciable snow accumulation along the coast during the weekend, a fact duly noted by many of those in attendance.

Sam Hoyt

OFFICERS

COMMODORE
Robert Pulsch

VICE COMMODORE
Dave Clarke

REAR COMMODORE
George Moffett

SECRETARY
Howard Hopps

TREASURER
Mary Anne McQuillan

NEWSLETTER
Gina Webster

West Coast Correspondent
Byron Chamberlain

FROM THE LOG OF TALISMAN

I locked the TALISMAN out of the safety of her winter haven in St. Katherine in London on May 3. Aboard were my new English friend Robin Benjamin, and Al Berry and Wes Pickard from the States. Al and Wes were over to do some Masonic lodge visiting as well as the sailing.

We steamed down the Thames, and with the engine overheating, put into Queensborough. Out with the wrenches for the first of many times this summer. Scale accumulated in the thermostat after a winter of not running the engine.

The next day, with the wind up, the estuary rough, and the sky threatening, we put into Ramsgate. We waited out a day of driving rain, and then on to Brighton, Cowes, and an overnighter to Falmouth. Again a day of waiting for favorable winds, which we used to motor up the Fal River to lunch at a pub that Eisenhower used as headquarters while assembling the invasion fleet in the river.

A day-night-day run around Land's End put us at the mouth of the Avon, which we timed just right for the 40-foot tide to carry us up to lock into Bristol. All in all a disappointing passage for my friends, with about four hours of pure sailing in the whole 600 miles, the rest motor-sailing.

During the week that I waited for my daughter Mary Laura to join me, about 800 mostly classic boats arrived for the festival, the first of eight regattas of the Atlantic Rendezvous that we participated in this summer. The theme of the festival was the 500th anniversary of the discovery of Newfoundland by John Cabot in the MATTHEW. Since my father was a Newfoundlander, this had a special meaning for me, and I would love to be aboard the MATTHEW reproduction as she duplicates the discovery voyage next year.

A little small world story: I was speaking with the wife of the skipper of the MATTHEW, and happened to mention how, when in Kinsale last year, I met Ron Holland, the yacht designer, and how he provided help to get through the shoal waters in Wexford, my ancestral home.

Luckily, I had only nice things to say about him, for the lady said, "Oh yes, Ron is my former husband." Close. Anyway, a great festival. Concerts, music, dance, demonstrations, (both kinds—nautical, and "Newfoundland Kills Seals"), food, drink (too much), fireworks, and literally millions of people in attendance . . . and then an unexpected boost for the ego.

We were among the first boats to be locked out of the harbor. As we passed the grandstand, the announcer interrupted the program to say, "Here, ladies and gentlemen, goes the TALISMAN, one of the three boats representing the U.S. (the others were the ROSE, and THE PRIDE OF BALTIMORE), and the prettiest boat in the harbor."

We were uncertain of transiting the Avon River at night, and were fortunate to raise on VHF someone named David on TOBIN BRONZE. David knew the river and led us safely out, as we watched the lights of other boats come to a stop as they rammed into the mud. David and his wife Annie have since become good friends.

The rest of the night and a day of sailing found us down the Avon and out of the Bristol Channel, with the wind heading us and the weather turning dirty. We decided to put into Milfordhaven, Wales, and as we approached shore, we ran into pea soup fog with force 6 winds, something I had never experienced together before. Now, you talk about getting old and brains turning to mush. I programmed the entrance marks into the GPS thinking that the thing was so accurate it would get me in. As I was struggling to see and hear the marks as we approached, Mary Laura said, "Dad, why don't you turn on the radar?" Right, as the English say.

We tied up in the lock, and on the midnight tide moved into the harbor. I approached the pontoon with just the right way on. A short burst in reverse for torque to bring the stem in for a perfect stop along side, and step ashore to tie up. The trouble was, NO REVERSE! Mary Laura was forward, and in the dark watched in horror as the bow sprit penetrated the house side on a cabin cruiser. But what

happened is that the sprit made a perfect bull's eye into a rubber vent on the side of the boat and we drifted back with no damage and made our landing. The people on board didn't even come top side. The next day we learned that the boat had been run into the week before. What was the name of the boat, you ask? Why. SPLAT, of course.

Turned out that the prop shaft key sheared. There was enough friction on the taper for gentle forward propulsion, so the next day we went into the tidal harbor, tied alongside the bulkhead at high tide, let the tide run out, changed the broken key, refloated on the next tide, and went back inside to wait out the forecast bad weather. And it was bad! A big part of the fleet leaving Bristol was damaged and one boat sank, but all aboard were rescued. This really cut down on attendance at the next three regattas.

Another boat taking refuge was DU BLEIZ with Theo and Doreen aboard. They went alongside the pontoon waiting for the lock to open and when the time came, they were pinned on by the wind. In offering help we started what has become another great friendship.

With the weather moderating a little, we headed for Ireland. Barely clear of the harbor, the heavy sea motion stirred water from the tank bottom into the fuel, clogging the filter. Out with the tools again. Finally clear of the headlands of Wales, with the light on The Smalls as the next waypoint. In the evening dusk I saw the light flashing and fortunately this did not happen a half hour later, for there was still light enough to see the swell breaking on rocks between me and the light. A tremendous current around the headland had set me inside the line I thought I was running. What did I learn from this? Something I already knew but did not do. Always keep a running plot.

We had a good night across the Irish Sea, and then a day of motoring with no wind. This turned out to be the lull before the next storm, so we put into Kinsale to wait it out. Here we found the beautifully restored Herreshoff 140-foot schooner MARRIETTE, built in 1904. Oh, to be rich.

The next day the little sloop, PENULTIMATE tied up alongside, with the tea kettle upside down on the stove, and

taking in water where the anchor had punched through its storage well bulkhead. This was another friend-to-be, George, ex-navy and flying the undefaced blue ensign, single handed.

While we waited on mother nature, we took a bus trip to nearby Blarney Castle to kiss the Blarney Stone. I am sure neither of us needed a gift for the gab as they say. But head first over the edge into space we went and kissed it. Now I know. Big mistake with Mary Laura, can't get a word in edgewise. Too late now.

The wind down again, we had an easy run to Castletown Bere in Bantry Bay on the west coast of Ireland. I estimate only forty boats showed up, and most of us late. Very little organized ashore so most of the socializing was on the boats. And among the crowd aboard one evening was a new face, soon to be familiar—Tony, skipper of his charter boat TANGAROA. And low and behold, even though he was not making the regatta circuit, here was George of Kinsale again.

Of course, with all the bad weather, the race from Bristol to Bantry Bay was canceled. But now we faced a decision as whether to do or not do the 480-mile race between Bantry and La Rochelle, France. In the fleet was a French high-tech reproduction of an Alden schooner named PETITE LAND, and her skipper Yves was pushing hard for us to race.

In the end Mary Laura and I decided to skip this race because to push a boat as one must when racing for three days and nights would take too much out of us. So we cruised down, and that was tiring enough. The wind was close hauled and hard all the way. We were buried in water all the time. Fish coming into the cockpit, which I would just flip out. But Mary Laura didn't like touching the flapping things, so I would have to do the deed for her. Knocked the propane kegs off the foredeck but I caught them coming down the side deck. Buried the jib and when it came up with a ton of water it tore the foot of the sail from tack to clew.

We had a strange thing happen on this leg, and later we found the other boats had the same thing happen. Several totally exhausted carrier pigeons came crashing aboard over a two-day period. There must have been a race over water, for we were

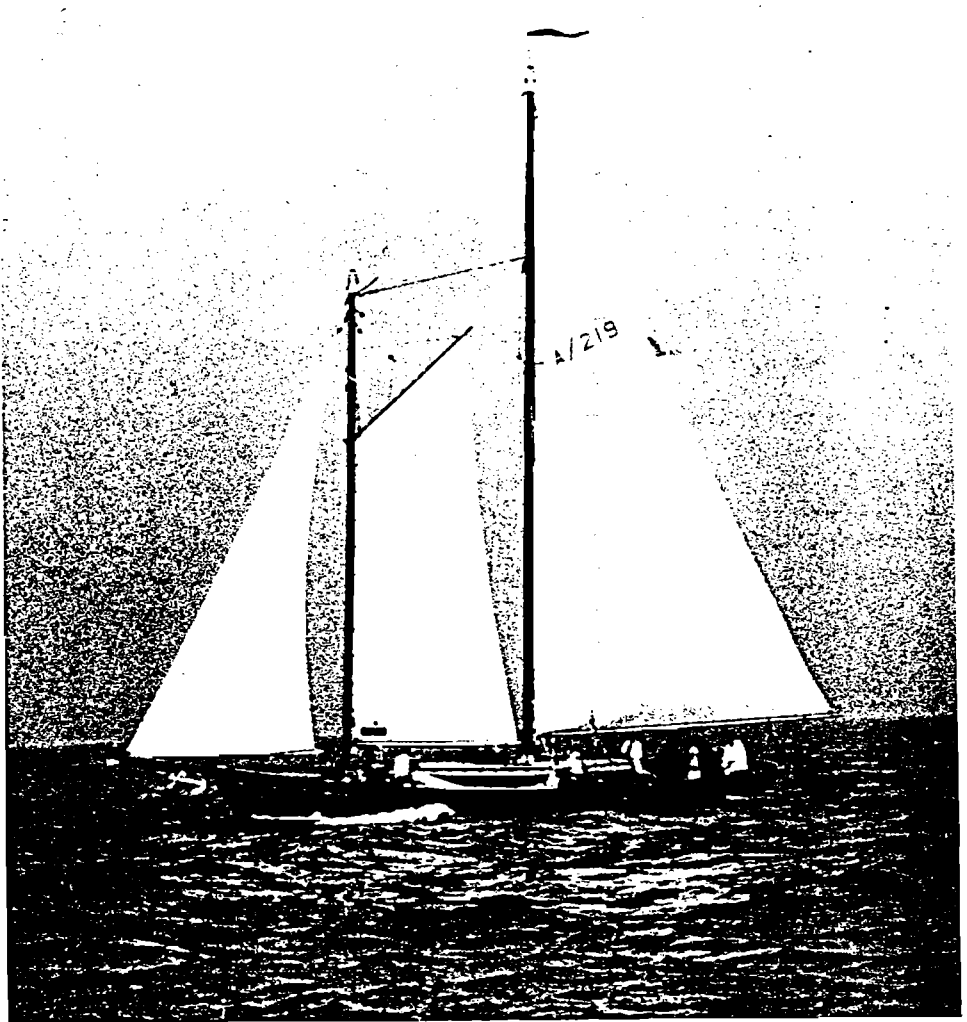


Photo of TALISMAN by Jim Mairs.

over a hundred miles from land. We gave them shelter from the water coming aboard by putting them in a box, which we seemed to always manage to step on and flip over when we went below. When we closed on the land they all left, except one that went all the way to La Rochelle. Well, we were two tired puppies when we arrived, but it was worth it.

We waited the day and entering harbor on the evening tide, we were led in by a launch full of crazy French passing drinks aboard, with horns blowing and the crowd ashore cheering. Just a taste of the coming celebration. Tables almost collapsing under food or people dancing on them to live bands, stage entertainment of many kinds, a beautiful town, and a unique maritime museum. The TALISMAN was presented with a medal of the city for winning

the Concours d'Elegance. In English that means the prettiest boat.

Small world again: A man named Alain Mischeau, who works for the museum asked if we would move our boat in with the museum boats. When he showed me his copy of the Alden Malibar X schooner, it rang a bell. I had been carrying his name in my phone book for few years, it being put there by my friend Paul Bradley as someone to look up in France, and here the man came to me. Old wooden schooners are great! Alain and his wife Annie had sailed to the States and met many of the schooner crowd there. They entertained us at their lovely home in the country, saw to our sail repairs, and later two engine transmission changes, which you will hear about shortly.

Time to go to Rochefort, and this time we raced. Forty some boats, including PETITE

LAND, and very light winds. We were luffed up at the start and drifted stern first across the line, but soon got things under control and buried the whole fleet below the horizon except one. PETITE LAND was gracious in defeat, but I think blaming their loss on the low winds.

Rochefort also held a great event. Walking the many blocks of the old city on market day left indelible memories of colors, sounds, aromas, and tastes. In past times, Rochefort was France's major naval station, and now has a fantastic maritime museum in what was once a rope walk. It was from Rochefort that Lafayette sailed to the aid of the U.S. during the revolution. And in honor of this, and being the only American boat attending, I was awarded a

beautiful medal struck to commemorate the event. I was also inducted in a colorful ceremony into the Pinot Society, along with an admiral in the French navy and a couple of Englishmen. Pinot is a cognac-reinforced wine for which the region is famous. So, since I am a Chevalier, I will have you know that I am now to be addressed as Sir Robert.

And now, with the rest of the fleet racing the 350 miles to Penzance, we had to put into La Rochelle again with a failed transmission clutch. New parts were \$2500, so we chose to replace with a used transmission. Two days and \$1000 later, we were underway again. An overnigher to Belle Isle, a couple of days refuge from bad

weather, an encounter with French customs where they tried to nail us with value-added taxes on the vessel, and then another overnigher put us at Penzance harbor entrance on the eve before the 4th of July what we call Independence Day, what the British call Rebellion Day. As we entered harbor, Mary Laura got on the VHF requesting assurance that we would not be fired upon. This set them back a bit, but what we did not know is that this was being broadcast all over town on the PA system. Anyway, in size and organization, Penzance was at the top of the list for enjoyment.

Again, we were not too enthused about racing 5 miles overnight short-handed, but as I watched the 91-boat fleet cross the start line, I could not resist. We were 15 minutes late crossing the line, but the next morning found us crossing the finish line with only one boat ahead, and she was 65 meters long.

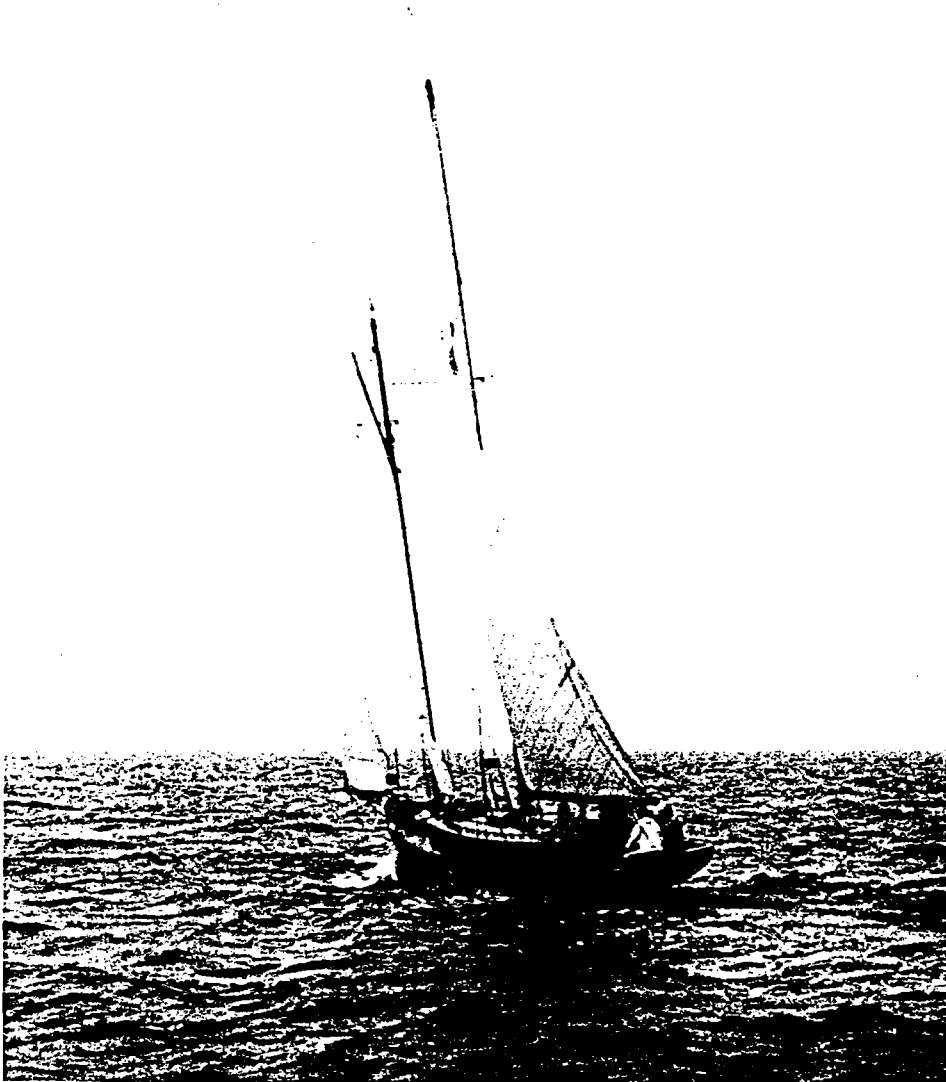
This time there was wind, and I think the skipper of PETITE LAND now had to admit he did not have a fast boat. That race ended in L'Aber Wrach where we spent a couple of nice but wet days before sailing to Brest.

Brest was just plain overwhelming. There were over 3000 boats participating, from a giant Russian full-rigged ship to rowing boats. On shore, you name it, they had it. But what I thought was the neatest thing was the craft displays. Practically every museum I have seen will show you static displays of the tools and end product. Here I saw the tools actually in use. I watched a barrel made from beginning to end, and then filled with pine tar made in the ancient way of burning a pile of pine chips covered with sod to exclude the air. Spinning, basket making, boat building, wooden-shoe making, it was all there. Lots of music of all kinds, from symphony to jazz. The region was Celtic at one time, and I was amazed at how much the traditional music sounded like that of Ireland and Scotland. Lots of bagpipe, accordion, fiddle, and flute.

With festivities ended, the whole 3000 boats left harbor within two hours, headed for Douarnenez, sails from horizon to horizon. A sight like that would have scared the Spanish armada right back to Spain.

Douarnenez was nice, more remember

Photo by Jim Mairs.



for last visits aboard vessels to say goodbyes, since this was the last regatta. Mary Laura went to Paris with a friend for a few days. George showed up with a car took us to Quimper for sightseeing and major stores replenishment. And now, for the first time all summer, we had to make our own decision as to where to go. We decided to head north along the French coast and then over to the Channel Islands.

The first night was in a bay near the Ouessant channel waiting for the favorable tide to carry us through. Next morning we motored out to the point only to have the transmission fail catastrophically. So we sailed for Brest again. Right in the narrow rocky part of the channel, the wind dropped out, and it was a mad rush to inflate the dingy and tie it on the quarter to push us through.

We picked up a mooring near where we stayed during the regatta, only to find that it was within the military base bounds, and we were not allowed to stay. A French navy boat tied alongside to push us up-river to a marina, and in the process considerably damaged the bulwark.

The end of it all was pulling the transmission taking it to La Rochelle on the train, trading it for another transmission. Back again on the train, and reinstalling. Sweat, grease to the elbows and skinned knuckles.

This time out we rounded Ouessant and ran the coast to Roscoff, where we anchored with 33 feet of water under the keel. This turned out to be 2 feet less than we needed and we had an anxious couple of hours in the night, and then had a lovely sail to Lezardrieux. We spent the next day walking the few miles across the peninsula to Paimpol, well worth the walk. And then a nice fast crossing to St. Peterport, Guernsey, where we spent a week sightseeing and waiting out strong winds. Neolithic graves, Roman ruins, forts, both old and recent, and an immense German underground hospital from WWII, an island bike ride, and a visit to the home of Victor Hugo, which he decorated in the wildest way.

With winds down and catching the currents just right, we shot across to Southampton. The current in the channel

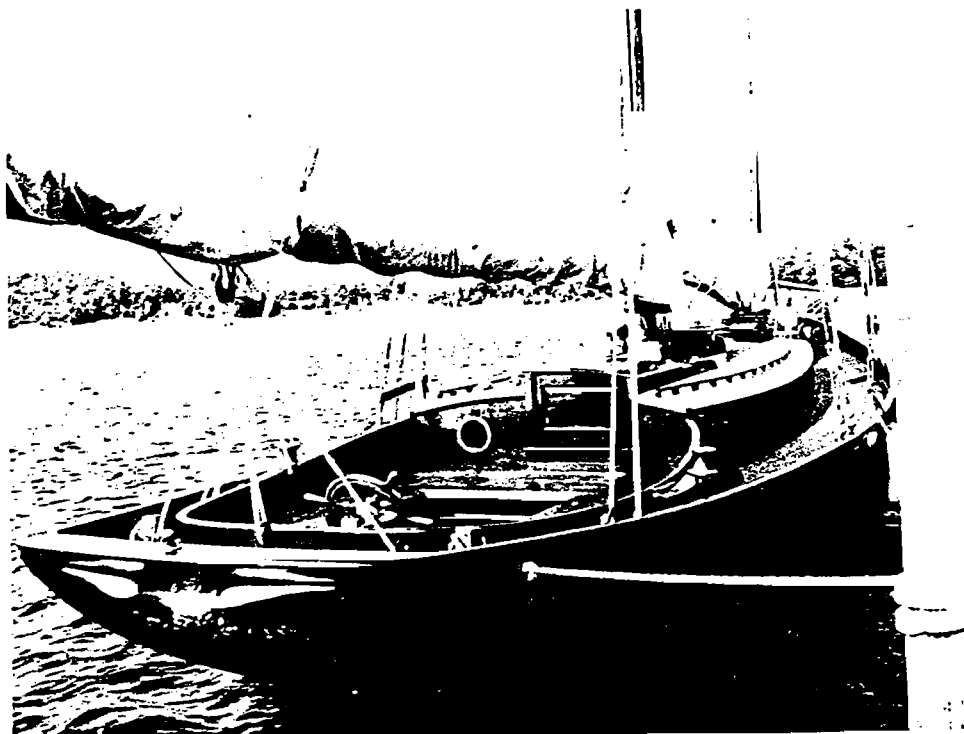


Photo by Jim Mairs.

inside Alderney shows 9.7 knots on the chart.

Mary Laura jumped ship to TANGAROA for a couple of weeks cruising the south coast of England. I took the opportunity to do all the bright work. In these high latitudes and low sun angle, bright work is only a once-a-year effort.

With Mary Laura back aboard, we headed for London, with a stop at Dover. Here we explored the castle and the immense array of underground tunnels in the chalk cliffs dug during the Napoleonic wars. They were used as a military command post in WWII. A nice run then put us up the Thames and on the pontoon TALISMAN left some four months and 2400 sea miles ago.

This ended our sea travels for the year, but now we set out by land. I bought a diesel VW Rabbit from an American boat heading back to the States. In it we've made a circuit and visited about a dozen of those friends we made during our sea journeys. This took us across the south of England, up through Wales, Scotland, then down to the channel and through the tunnel to France, across Belgium, into Holland, Friesland, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and back to London by ferry. In

all, 3500 miles in six weeks. Wonderful visits, every one, and always with a built-in guided tour. And now I am back on the boat and all is quiet, but oh what memories. Some day, when I am old and in a nursing home, I will have a smile on my face, that is, if I still have any memory left.

So keep in touch, or better yet, come visit. My address is:

TALISMAN
Bob Fitzgerald
St. Katharine Haven
Lock Office
50 St. Katharine's Way
London E19LB
ENGLAND

Tel: 44 171 481 8350
Fax: 44 171 702 2252

Sailing Excursions, operators of the schooner ADIRONDACK, of Newport, RI, is pleased to announce that Captain Dave Thompson has come aboard as manager of operations. They are looking forward to a fun and successful season in Newport in 1997. Captain Thompson can be reached at P.O. Box 1157, Newport, RI 02840, or call 1-800-701-SAIL.

FROM THE LOG OF VOYAGER

No. 7: Fijian Village Life

Suva to Ovalau Island

Without an occasional reminder that civilization exists, the turquoise lagoons in the South Pacific begin to blend together and become almost monotonous. Formerly the notorious "Cannibal Isles," Fiji presents a refreshing example of the strength of custom, tradition, and family values in an Oceania constantly threatened with the contamination of Western ways.

Suva, the capitol of Fiji and second largest city in the South Pacific after Papeete, Tahiti, is a colorful, bustling port, filled with curious little shops on narrow streets where one can find almost anything. The two-storey fresh market overflows onto the streets with enticing displays of color and form. It is the home of the Royal Suva Yacht Club, a remnant of British colonialism and a charming oasis and gathering place, where we often commiserated over frosty brews and ice-cream with fellow sailors, whose 1,200 mile passage north from New Zealand, or "voyage from hell" stories made our blown-out sails seem incidental.

We were fortunate to find a sail maker who could rebuild our tired main and a foresail which seemed beyond repair. A sizable patch in the main just above the double reef could have been managed at sea, but any attempt at the fore would have been an ambitious undertaking. In addition to the long tears along the foot, nearly three yards of the leach panel had been sacrificed to a 70-knot gust.

Our trusty forty-year-old canvas and manila storm trisail was reluctantly

replaced with a new one and later retired to a village chief. We would fly this more often to prolong the life of our fourteen-year-old working sails, which we were advised not to fly in anything over 40 knots.

Two-and-a-half weeks of city life passed quickly. Hours were spent at my favorite hangout, the fresh market, where one can always get a good idea of what makes a place tick by what is sold, how it is presented, and who is selling it.

Suva is inhabited by not only Fijians, but by as many Indians, and some Chinese, so much of the produce was unfamiliar but we were willing to experiment and had great fun learning from the vendors how to prepare new things.

Just beyond the ramp to the second storey of the market were clusters of cloth sacks stuffed with rich colors in different textures. The aromas they gave off were almost intoxicating. With a quick survey of all the spices available, we knew we would be eating some pretty interesting food.

A disproportionally large section of the second floor was overtaken with dry, dusty branches about one meter long, tied in bundles and piled rather high. This dried root of a pepper plant, called kava, was somehow made into a drink that was served with great ceremony. As it was a significant part of Fijian tradition, it was necessary for us to carry enough kava on board for presentation to the chief of each village we visited. Our bundle was broken down into smaller ones weighing one third of a kilo, then tied with brightly colored ribbon and rolled into several pages of the *Fiji Times*.

Our cruising permit was filed, including special permission to visit the Lau Group, a more traditional and less-visited group of islands to the east of Suva. VOYAGER was provisioned, her crew more than ready for the peaceful simplicity of village life. Once the weather settled, we would be on our way.

Our plan was to motor on the windward leg with the foresail for steadying, in order

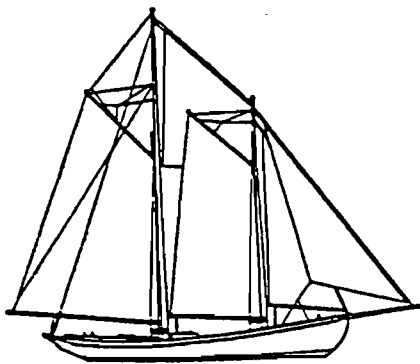
to clear the reefs before dark. After a few hours we expected to round the first point, then ease the sheets and enjoy a pleasant reach to Gnau Island. The stars were out, the wind was freshening, and it promised to be one of those glorious evenings one reads about in sailing magazines. We should have no trouble arriving at high noon, when the reefs at the entrance could be seen clearly from the spreaders.

Sometime after dark the engine sounded starved and died. The seas were confused, and Steve was already sick. Perhaps it was the curry—not a comforting thought. I dove for the rail. The starboard tank was low on fuel, and the filter probably clogged with the gunk that sometimes gets mixed in with the last few gallons when conditions are turbulent. We were undersailed with no engine, and two thirds of the crew seasick.

Pete raised the forestaysail which helped steady our motion. The wind was now light, but the sea still rough, and dark clouds loomed ominously off our bow. Without sea legs, the routine of reefing the main became a chore. Our sail plan was conservative for the conditions at present, barely driving us through the slop.

It was impossible to sleep, especially when Steve was on watch. Pete and I could hear everything that went on in the cockpit from our cabin, including the sound of Steve barfing. We pictured him leaning to leeward as far as his safety harness would allow, then the sails luffed. After a few seconds VOYAGER healed over more than enough to get way on, then back on course. We had trouble controlling our laughter and recounted some tasteless jokes we'd exchanged on the subject once before, in futile attempts to bring even the slightest relief. I was more sympathetic, since I could hardly eat a cracker, and envied Pete's iron stomach. Mine usually returned from my throat after a day or so; Steve took a bit longer, but his passion for sailing eventually won. I thought about the storms we'd been through, that suffering had a way of fading from memory once conditions improved, and soon we would watch the sun set from a safe anchorage in a beautiful lagoon.

At first light we shook out the reef. Making way through the chop was still painfully slow and took all day. Arriving in Gnau before the sun was too low to see



the reefs was no longer possible. We decided to fall off the wind and sail for Levuku on Ovalau Island. VOYAGER would move better, the entrance was well-marked, and we could easily sail into the harbor, if necessary.

Our motion steadied considerably. Pete was able to clean the fuel filter and bleed the engine without much difficulty, and with a little help from the crew. By 1530 hours we were anchored in Levuku, the old capital of Fiji.

Ovalau is a round, lush island with high, green hills setting off the linear town of pastel-colored colonial style buildings. Only one other sailboat was anchored nearby. We watched each other roll in the swell that came straight into the harbor. The town generator was loud and became more apparent as I focused on my discomfort and fatigue. Pete radioed the customs' officer for permission to clear the following morning, then made a simple but soothing dinner of soup and baked potatoes, and before seven bells we were all in our bunks.

Morning brought no relief, the forecast: southeast wind 25-30 knots. It felt like more, since the seas came straight into the entrance, making a dory landing out of the question. We couldn't leave the port unless we were willing to return again for the proper clearance out. Rather than set another anchor and try to endure the conditions, we decided to move to the leeward side of the island which could be done within the protection of the reef.

With dory on deck and Steve in the spreaders we turned downwind and made our way through the channel to a protected bay with a lovely beach and small village. As we nosed in towards shore and prepared to anchor, Steve pointed out a submerged rock in the center, forcing us to back off and drop the hook in the bay adjacent.

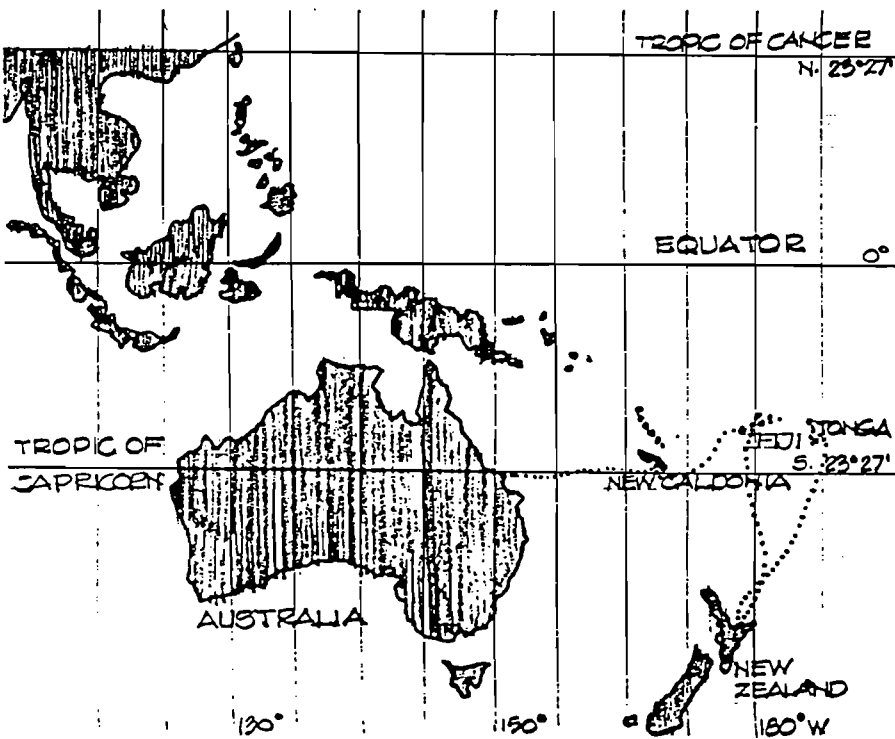
The water was calm and clear with an edge of turquoise that looked vibrant against the shelf of black rocks preceding the white sandy beach. Only one thatched hut could be seen through the luxuriant vegetation which occasionally touched the water's edge. Aside from the occasional gust howling over the high hills, it was quiet enough to hear the gentle rain. After

a few moments of our new-found tranquility we heard a new sound—voices, children, excited and laughing, then yelling and waving as they appeared one by one in a long line from behind the point which divided us from the village we had just passed.

They stopped under a tree and sat on a long black rock, a dozen or so, dressed in brightly colored clothing. The distance between us was too great to allow conversation, and their enthusiasm seemed to wane, until Steve yelled: "mbula!" At once

out of the dory to reduce our draft and prevent grounding. The surface was sharp with strange little crustaceans everywhere. We carried our boat onto the beach and tied the painter to an overhanging palm tree.

The atmosphere was eerie—no people, no houses, just one small *mbure* and another partially constructed. Papaya trees and stately coconut palms mingled among the tropical growth. Hermit crabs ran in all directions over the volcanic rocks as the tide went out even further.



they jumped up, waving their arms, and returned the Fijian greeting in unison.

Resorting to our phrase book and Steve's lungs, we were able to communicate that we would not be ashore until *nimataka*, tomorrow. The tide was on the rise, so the children had to make their way back to the village before the rocks were covered with water. Gale-force winds were forecast for the next few days. We were glad to be here and looked forward to a restful evening and the following day's excursion ashore.

There was no visible passage through the rocks, but sandy patches suggested a route. As we approached shore, we each hopped

We wandered through the trees to photograph the thatched huts. Panels of meticulously woven palm fronds made up the walls, except for two openings opposite each other. Pete entered cautiously, I expected cannibals to appear at any moment, even though the last recorded incident was nearly one hundred years ago. Instead, an elderly man wrapped in a faded *sulu* walked along the rocks. He was carrying a machete and a basket woven of green palm leaves. After "mbulas" were exchanged, we asked him about the *mbures*. We were disappointed to learn that not many people on the island lived in thatched houses anymore, and that these were recently abandoned along with a

resort project. The man was friendly, but soft-spoken and not very talkative, so after a few words he went on his way, collecting crustaceans for his basket.

Just as he disappeared behind the point, three boys appeared, of three different heights, each carrying a machete. We offered some candy. The younger boys took large handfuls with wide white smiles, while Luke, the oldest, picked out one or two, then scurried up the trunk of a coconut tree and dropped some green coconuts to the sand. The two youngest pried off the husks and with their machetes prepared them for drinking.

Three willowy young girls eventually joined our group. Lusi, Ana, and Sera were bright-eyed and burst into giggles as we relaxed on a tree trunk enjoying the refreshing coconut water. After talking for awhile we found out that the man we met earlier was the chief of their village, Taviya Village. Since the next day was a school holiday, they would meet us in the morning and take us there. Before we had a chance to assist, all the kids picked up our dory and carried it well into the water.

The boat was filled with green coconuts, husked and ready to open. Luke was already at the top of another tree, and as we rowed away, enthusiastic "nimatakas" could be heard across the water.

Taviya Village. Ovalau Island

Our breakfast was interrupted by the already familiar voices of children calling out each of our names. Steve rowed us ashore where we were greeted by a group of energetic boys. There was a mix of new and familiar faces, but they seemed to be the same age, about eight or nine, and shared a frisky and playful nature which did not interfere at all with their polite, respectful behavior.

The tide was too high for walking around the point, so instead we took a hint of a path through the dense growth. The two smallest boys cleared the way with machetes, using exaggerated swings and all the strength their wiry bodies could muster. They thoughtfully held aside tufts of long grass until Pete and I passed, and sometimes even threw themselves backwards onto the brush with outstretched

arms in an overly dramatic and hilarious attempt to tame nature.

Once we reached the main road, it was a short walk up a steep hill and down to the village. The children collected papaya along the way. We were handed sweet, juicy wedges, perfectly peeled using only a machete.

The village was clean and neat with manicured gardens of flowers and vegetables surrounding each little building. Most were rectangular, but some had the Tongan-influenced oval shape, and construction varied from thatched to the more modern tin or block. Each main house was clustered with a smaller house for cooking, usually on a wood fire, and another for bathing, all loosely organized along both sides of a wide, grassy main street which ran parallel to the shore. Laundry suspended between tall bamboo poles billowed in the breeze. There was running water, electricity, and one telephone.

A truck was due to leave the village in about two hours for Levuku. We could officially clear out of the port and leave through a pass in the reef on this side of



Ovalau Island, saving a few miles on the next leg.

Our first priority, however, was to make arrangements through the chief's assistant, the *turanga ni koro* for our *sevu sevu*, the kava ceremony. We would not be welcome in the village or their waters unless our gift of kava was officially presented to and accepted by the chief.

Hardly anyone could be found, so we continued up the road with our increasing number of guides to visit their elementary school. The school was surprisingly large with a good size playing field. It was quiet, a school holiday, but normally attended by 111 students from two villages. A few of the boys sheepishly led us to the office where we met one of the four teachers who lived on the campus. He was eager to take a break from grading papers to chat with us.

As we walked back to the village, it started to rain. We had just taken shelter under a mango tree, when a thin young woman motioned us into her house across the road.

Ana's house was larger than the others, about twenty-foot square. One side of the only room was partitioned off for sleeping, with printed fabrics hanging along the full length. Above the cloth partition, a valance of another print exhibited faded photographs and a collection of decorations. The floor was covered with layers of woven mats, *ibe* in Fijian, made by Ana's mother-in-law, Sera. Except for a few cupboards, there was no furniture in the room.

After kicking off our shoes at the doorstep, we joined Sera on the floor and watched her busy hands prepare coconut palms for weaving, carefully separating the leaves from the ribs. She pointed to some flower holders hanging along the valance, which were lacy constructions made from the same ribs. Ana's father-in-law, Jim, crossed his legs under his *sulu* and sat with us on the surprisingly soft matted floor. The elders were not taught English in school, but Ana, though unsure, was fluent.

Children were everywhere, peeking in windows, or sitting on a doorstep; their presence was natural. Ana and her husband had one little daughter, thirteen months old.

Ana's husband, Sekaia, was working in the bush, tending their garden. There were

also crops growing around the complex where the family lived (the complex included of a shared cooking house, roofless tin shower, and a few other outbuildings). Ana and Sekaia's house was made of exposed block with a tin roof, recently built and more elaborate than anything on the grounds.

Everyone grew what they needed and lived off the land. The average Fijian diet is largely fruit and the root crops: cassava, taro, kumera, and yam. There were plenty of paw paw and mango, sometimes eaten green with curry sauce, and an abundance of coconuts, bananas, and breadfruit. The leaves of some root crops were also cooked.

Fishing was usually done on Saturday, for Sunday's dinner, and occasionally a can of corned beef or fish was mixed into a dish for flavor. A few pigs and cows roamed about, privately owned and used for special feasts, and some chickens, used mostly for their eggs.

Their lifestyle was comprehensible, healthy, and lacking in stress. Our surroundings were simple, yet there was so much to observe and take in. The baby was eating from a small bag, some junk food, totally out of context and an intrusion on our thoughts. Ana explained that the shiny foil wrapper would be saved and cut into rectangles, twisted into bows. A soda can would be scored into narrow strips, bent into spines radiating from the center, and each would hold a little bow at the end. There were two colorful spheres hanging in the room. We never would have guessed how they were made. Ana didn't have another soda can or enough foil paper to complete a third decoration. It became clear to us that nothing was wasted; there was no village dump; garbage did not exist. Our eyes shifted around the room to one of the cupboards. The doors were decorated with a variety of labels from tuna cans, neatly lined up and centered.

Over tare and tea we talked about marriage, family life, work, money, until the two electric clocks in the room reminded us that it was time to go. Jim would arrange with the chief to have our *sevu sevu* at their house the following afternoon. As we were leaving, Ana proudly presented us with a beautiful Fijian mat, about three by five feet, with a woven

black border and bright pink wool fringe around the perimeter.

The contemporary addition seemed to be a symbol of prosperity, as was the case with anything store bought. We were overwhelmed at her generosity and made an attempt to politely refuse, but quickly realized how important it was to accept this lovely gift. We asked what we could bring back from town. Ana smiled shyly and answered "bread."

The truck hadn't arrived yet, but a taxi had just dropped off some guests at a nearby resort. The driver was happy to take us to town for the same price as the truck, one Fijian dollar. He picked up a few locals and along the way told us bits of interesting history about the island. Once in town, we took care of our business, and after lunch bought some freshly baked bread, six loaves for Ana's family, a few for us, and some chocolate cookies for the baby.

With the help of the friendly townspeople, we were able to locate the proper bus back to our village. It was more like a pick-up truck with a covered back and long wooden seats which enhanced the roughness of the road. The bus was filled with people and packages and lots of uniformed high school children. Karalaini was from Taviya Village and walked with us to Ana's house where the bread, still warm, and cookies were received with wide anxious eyes. Ana rolled our new *ibe* and again presented it in an exchange which seemed quite unequal to us.

The tide was just low enough for walking around the point. Some children carried our packages and insisted on accompanying us to make sure we didn't slip on the recently exposed rocks. When we rounded the point, the children called out to Steve, who rowed in to meet us at the edge of the rocky shelf. He gave them a hearty "mbula" which they answered in unison with just as much gusto, then sat in a row on the long black rock until we reached VOYAGER.

Because our hot bread was wrapped in plastic, it became wet with condensation. Baking it in the sun on the teak deck the way we were used to doing at sea would reduce moisture content and prolong its life. The loaves were then stowed in airy cotton sacks. With daily sunning, they could last up to two weeks, and if sun-

dried in slices, would last indefinitely. The slices were tasty enough like that, or could be easily revived with a spray of water.

After reviewing whatever information we had on board about the kava ceremony, we rowed around the point, straight to the village, cutting just inside the rock in the center of the bay. The beach was sandy and clear of hazards, making our landing uneventful.

Karalaini met us at the water's edge, and after helping us carry the dory above the high tide line, presented two large papaya and three necklaces she had made from little brown seeds. She walked with us to Ana's house, while I wrapped a *sulu* over my shorts in respect of the local modesty code.

Ana greeted us with a smile and many thank yous for the bread and cookies which had been their dinner. She went on to explain that they didn't always have money to buy bread or the flour to make

bread, and how special it was to them. I told her that the *ibe* fit perfectly in our main cabin and thanked her again for the gift.

We gave her a photo of VOYAGER which made the rounds, then exchanged addresses. Ana showed us exactly where to sit, and sensing our uncertainty about the upcoming event, filled us in on a few of the procedures.

On special occasions, the *sevu sevu* was conducted with full ceremony and in traditional dress of tapa cloth, leaves and shells. We were pretty sure that this situation was less formal, falling into the social kava-drinking category, or at least we hoped so.

Jim returned with the chief, who greeted us with one hand, the other holding a small radio to his ear. He took his place at the head of the circle next to Jim. Ana motioned to Pete to place the kava, still wrapped in the *Fiji Times*, in the center of

the circle. With one hand placed firmly on the package, Jim made a speech in Fijian, a blessing, occasionally pausing to clap his hands slowly, three times. It was then passed over to the chief, who said only a few words, never missing a play of the rugby game.

Jim unwrapped the kava, *yanggona* in Fijian, and carefully looked it over while folding the newspaper. We were surprised when he asked how much we paid, until Ana explained that they grew kava to sell in town, and were simply inquiring about prices in Suva.

Sera peeled the roots, cut them into small pieces, and sent them outside to Sekaia and Steve for smashing. We were relieved that the original method of preparation by chewing had been revised. A large, three-legged wooden bowl, or *tanoa*, was brought into the room. It was carved from a block of hard wood, in one piece, and was used for mixing the grog. The smashed root was placed in a small cloth sack and dipped into the water which now filled the bowl. Jim squeezed and dipped the little *sulu* until the liquid turned a muddy brown.

By this time the usual group of curious children peeked into the room, and Sekaia, Steve, and a few other men from the village had joined our circle, Jim scooped up some kava with a *mbilo*, a bowl made from half of a coconut shell, and poured it back into the *tanoa* from about two feet above. He repeated this move a few times until he was satisfied with its strength. The bowl was filled again, but this time passed to a young boy who, balanced on his knees before the chief, used both hands to make his presentation. The chief clapped once before accepting, tipped the bowl to his lips with both hands and quickly consumed its contents. The boy clapped three times before returning the empty bowl to Jim, while the chief and the rest of the group repeated three slow claps. Jim drank next, accompanied by the same rituals, and there was no talking until it was Pete's turn, when the atmosphere became more relaxed, and the presentation of the *mbilo* was not without a certain amount of joking.

The men rolled long, skinny cigarettes using strips of the *Fiji Times* spiraled tightly around strings of dense Fijian tobacco. The chief returned to his rugby



game; the rest of us focused on Pete's face as he drank his first drink of the strange beverage. It was bitter and had an immediate numbing effect on the lips and tongue. After drinking half of a bowl, usually referred to as a "low tide," I agreed with Pete that an appreciation for the nonalcoholic substance would certainly take some time to acquire. Steve's reaction was more enthusiastic, though the cumulative effect is normally tranquilizing.

The *mbilo* was passed around the room, with a few breaks between rounds, until the bowl was empty. Jim made another speech over the empty *tanoa* while rubbing his hands around the rim, and finished with a few slow claps, again answered by our group. We politely declined their invitation to share the next bowl which Jim was already mixing. It was the weekend, and grog sessions sometimes lasted all night. The offer was somewhat tempting, but it was a long row back to our boat, and we wanted to do it in daylight.

We had accepted the chief's invitation to attend Sunday morning church service and arrived early enough for a walk around the village. Karalaini invited us to wait in her house next to the church. Her father was the minister, but this morning was preaching in another village. Wide-eyed little faces piled up at every window of the church as we passed, smiling and waving and completely disrupting Sunday school class.

With shoes on the doorstep, we entered the living room and sat on layers of comfortable mats. The one on top had a bright pink fringe just like ours. Introductions were made around the room, to the visiting minister from the next village, his two little daughters, Ana's brother-in-law, and a few of his children. Both men wore sport jackets over dress shirts with wide printed ties and *sulus* that were tailored like trousers, wraparound, but with waistband and pockets. They were preparing for the service, so no one spoke more than a few words, and we felt a little awkward, until Karalaini's mother looked in on us with a warm smile from the back room where she was busy preparing cassava and tare.

Ana arrived in her Sunday best carrying her daughter, who looked like a doll in a pink lacy dress with matching hat and socks, and Jim, in turtleneck, *sulu*, and

running shoes with white socks. He motioned us into the church and directed us to a few rows of seats on the left side of the pulpit where the chief and the elders would sit.

Sunday school was still in session. The children were already fidgety, but sang in delightful harmonies, tugging at their little *sulus* which sometimes wrapped around bottoms still diapered. Ana took her place on the right with the other women. Men would sit behind the children in a much smaller section. The chief arrived wearing dress shirt, printed *sulu*, and running shoes without laces, tongues turned out.

Shoes were allowed in the church, but most of the congregation was barefoot or in flip-flops. The women wore bras under satiny dresses. Everyone showed off their finest. Karalaini sat beside us in a lovely white cotton dress, looking much older than fifteen.

While we waited for the service to begin, she explained that the church was built of coral blocks in 1919, and rebuilt by the village in 1980 using raised funds for construction materials. We were curious about the funds, since the village structure offered little opportunity to earn money enough for such a venture. Karalaini explained that anyone who left the village to work in the city was obligated to send money back to their families or they wouldn't be welcome to return. She planned to go on to nursing school and was encouraged by her family to leave the village and her six younger brothers and sisters, eventually becoming a source of income for them. If she decided to return someday, for retirement or before, she was assured of a home. It wasn't clear how marriage would effect the situation, since it would normally be to someone from another village.

The service finally began with a hymn in Fijian and a rather long prayer. Some of the children covered their eyes with their hands, others squeezed them tightly shut. Speaking in English, the minister welcomed us and apologized that the service was in Fijian, but trusted we would still get the message. More singing followed, then one of the teachers from the elementary school gave a very moving speech in perfect English, explaining how much our visit meant to the village, and thanked us for attending the service. After another

hymn, the minister asked if Pete would come to the pulpit and tell the congregation a few things about us, which he gladly did.

The first sermon was directed to the children, whose attention span must have been stretched to a maximum after two hours of Sunday school. The minister's tone remained firm, but kind and gentle, and reactions told us he had a sense of humor, until he turned to the adults. He scolded and shouted and warned of the consequences if one didn't shape up and the rewards if one did; language was no barrier. He occasionally used comic relief, but we all trembled in our shoes as we sang the closing hymn.

We were asked to stand in a casual receiving line, and between "mbulas" and "vinakas" shook every hand in the village, including the little ones. Ana and Karalaini had each invited us to share Sunday dinner with their families. We sensed a bit of competition, so regretfully declined both invitations. There was a break in the weather, we would leave in the morning. With restrained emotions we said goodbye and promised to write and send photos.

The families returned to their homes for dinner, except for Karalaini who persisted with her invitation. She said we were expected to stay, there was plenty to eat, then pointed towards the house where a line of women carried steaming pots of food to the dining room and placed them on a long length of printed cloth which was centered on the matted floor. Already spread on the cloth were several bowls of fish, three kinds of greens cooked in coconut cream, *lolo*, and boiled cassava and taro.

Most of the twenty or so places were set with shallow bowls and glasses except for three opposite the minister and his daughters, which also had spoons and forks.

We joined the group already cross-legged on the floor. After a blessing, food was passed around the table until everyone's plate was filled except for the women's. It was the custom for them to eat last, so they fanned the flies away from the food while the rest of us ate with our hands. I was amused by the thought that even cannibals ate with utensils such as brain picks; how civilized. Each dish was

subtly different, all flavorful and delicious, natural and healthy. We were offered the best part of the fish, the head and eyes, but insisted the minister should have them. Our hosts didn't eat until their guests had retired to the living room for tea and a banana cake which we'd baked on VOYAGER. The group was relaxed and more talkative than before.

Steve was asked lots of questions, mostly about marriage customs in America, and teased about finding a Fijian wife.

Soon after the minister and his entourage left the party, we did the same, with warm thanks and farewells and a bag of cassava. We were sad to leave; the dilemma we'd faced before, stay or sail on. New experiences awaited us visiting villages in the Lau. Each place would stand out in a different way, but Taviya Village was our first village in Fiji and would always be more special for that reason.

Almost all the children from the village were on the beach to help with the dory. We promised to sail by in the morning before they left for school and blow our conch shell. We asked Karalaini if many yachts came to visit their village. She laughed and said we were the first, most just stopped briefly in Levuku, then moved on. As we rowed away from the shore we thought to ourselves, if it hadn't been for the gale, we would not have taken shelter in this unforgettable place.

And so ends the day . . .

Jeanette Phillipps
Schooner VOYAGER



"The essentials of the schooner rig are two gaff sails and a headsail, all beyond is accidental."

—L. G. Carr-Laughton,
Librarian of the British Admiralty



PASSING CLOUD in southeast Alaska, summer 1996. Photo courtesy The Sagers.

MUSEUM MISCELLANEA

North Carolina Maritime Museum Beaufort, NC

The coast of North Carolina generally and the Outer Banks specifically has long been known as the "Graveyard of the Atlantic." Coastal historian David Stick popularized the phrase during the 1950s by publishing his book of the same name which included historical accounts of numerous shipwrecks along that coast.

The North Carolina Underwater Archaeology Unit at Kure Beach currently has over 4,000 shipwrecks compiled in their historical files and has recorded information and locations of approximately 750 of these sites.

The North Carolina Maritime Museum has been cooperating in recent investigations on several shipwrecks known to exist in the area.

Surface Interval Diving, a local dive company, has been recording the hull structure and recovering artifacts from a shipwreck believed to be the 577-ton barkentine OLIVE THURLOW. The ship was carrying lumber when she wrecked in Cape Lookout bight in 1902.

A large anchor was recovered from the site this June, and following conservation, will be exhibited somewhere in the vicinity of the Cape Lookout lighthouse and

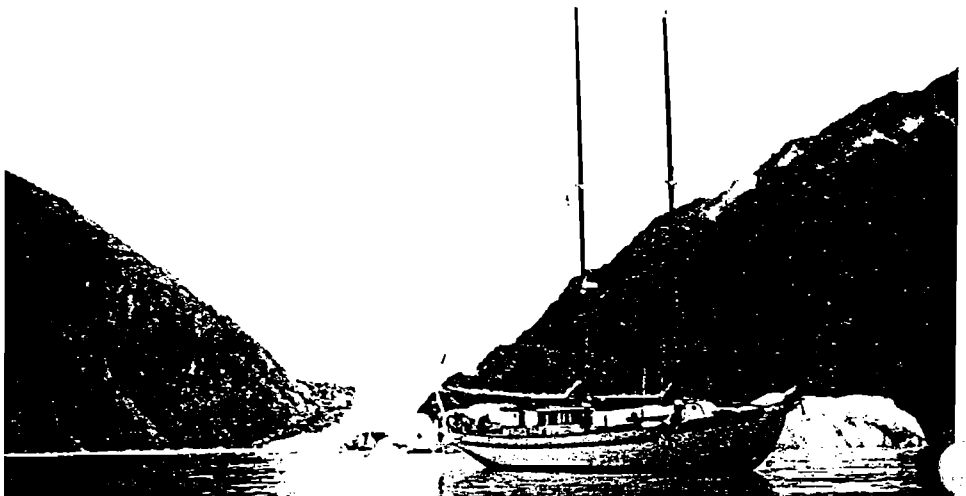
keeper's quarters. The museum is exploring the possibility of creating an exhibit with some of the other material which has been recovered from the OLIVE THURLOW over the past three years.

Efforts have also been made to locate the CRISSIE WRIGHT which went down off Wade's Shore on Shackleford Banks in January 1886. The 386-ton schooner was carrying a cargo of phosphate from Baltimore to Savannah when she came ashore after losing her rudder in relatively warm weather. But, before the crew could leave the vessel, a major front hit the area raising the wind, roughening seas, and dropping the temperature to single digits.

The seven-man crew remained trapped aboard the vessel. Only one man survived the ordeal and local residents still speak of the CRISSIE WRIGHT when the weather gets bitterly cold.

In addition to cooperating with the investigations of these two wrecks, museum personnel have been researching the possibility of conducting surveys for two other wrecks with interesting local ties.

In June 1718 the notorious pirate Blackbeard, wrecked two of his own ships just off Beaufort Inlet in an attempt to divide his large company of pirates. The ship QUEEN ANNE'S REVENGE and the



smaller sloop ADVENTURE represent actual physical evidence associated with arguable the most famous pirate who ever lived. Additionally their remains represent the earliest shipwrecks to be found in North Carolina waters to date.

David Moore
Curator of Maritime Research

South Street Seaport Museum New York, NY

If you have a passion for New York City history, tall ships and schooners, 19th-century architecture, or urban archeology, then the Docent Program is for you. Volunteer 8 hours a week giving tours, teaching programs, conducting workshops, and presenting demonstrations to museum audiences of all ages. Docents are required to participate in a free four-week course which will include training in teaching methods, New York City history, and maritime history.

Do you enjoy meeting new people and sharing your love of history but only have 4 hours a week to volunteer? You can still contribute! Become a Gallery Docent and help to enrich the educational experiences of visitors to the museum's galleries and historic ships. Training is free and will be held on three consecutive Sundays this spring.

For more information call Patricia Sands at 212-748-8727.

Peabody Essex Salem, MA

The Peabody Essex Museum's newest exhibition, *Prize Goods: Maritime Art and Artifacts Captured for the Collection*, features treasures added to the museum's world famous maritime collection during the last five years. Many of the works of art and artifacts in the exhibition reflect areas of burgeoning interest in the maritime world, including Pacific exploration and the "Golden Age of Yachting" in the 1920s and 1930s. The exhibition opens Friday, February 21 and continues through the end of 1997. A preview for museum members is February 20.

"The term 'prize goods' refers to cargo captured from an enemy ship by an 18th or 19th century privateer" says Daniel R. Finamore, Russell W. Knight Curator of Maritime Arts and History. "It was a com-

(Continued page 19.)

(WLSEA: Continued from page 1.)

a focal point for increased awareness of the Great Lakes ecosystem and environmental concerns, and a catalyst for cultural awareness through the preservation of maritime heritage.

In addition, the schooner will be a goodwill ambassador for Milwaukee and Wisconsin, serving as a center of attraction for tourism, serving the business community as a resource for corporate events and charters, and promoting the state as the schooner visits ports in other cities, states, and nations.

The Schooner

The as-yet-unnamed schooner is inspired by the famous three-masted schooner MOONLIGHT, built in Milwaukee in 1874. The contemporary design is based on four Great Lakes schooners built between 1852 and 1868—THE CHALLENGE, CLIPPER CITY, LUCIA A. SIMPSON, and the legendary "Christmas Tree Ship," ROUSE SIMMONS.

Specs:

Rig: three-masted schooner

Sparred length: 125 feet

Length overall: 97 feet

Length waterline: 86 feet

Draft: 8 feet, 6 inches

Beam: 23 feet, 6 inches

Mast height: 95 feet

Sail area: 8,000 sq. feet

Noted marine architect Timothy Graul of Sturgeon Gay designed the 125-foot reproduction. Nicholas Miller, as Master Builder, has been directing the construction. The vessel is being built using Wisconsin products and labor, in full public view, on Milwaukee's lakefront at Municipal Pier. A launch date in 1998 is planned, to coincide with the state's 150th birthday.

Early Construction

(The following is from a 1994 progress report.)

The Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association construction project slipped its lines, and started making way with a thunderous crash as the first of six giant white pines were felled in Wisconsin's north woods. The trees, which will eventually become the lower masts for the

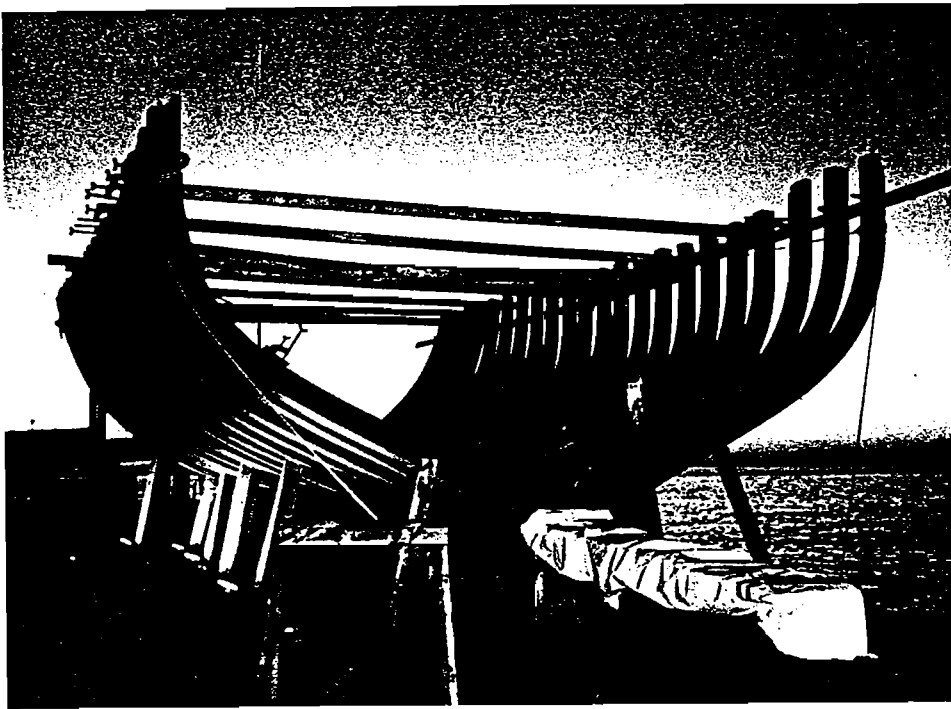
schooner, were generously donated to the Wisconsin Lake Schooner Education Association project by the Menominee Indian Tribe of Wisconsin, and with the kind help of Menominee Tribal Enterprises.

The transformation of trees into masts is a long and exacting process, according to Captain David Falzetti, Director of WLSEA. Initially, the trees will need to be open-air dried, which is a slow operation lasting approximately two years. Then, using the time-honored method, the trees will be squared off, yielding a large four sided timber. The edges of the square will then be cut to produce a timber with an octagonal cross-section. This will be repeated twice more to create a 16-sided, and then a 32-sided cross-section. The remaining edges will then be taken down to complete the raw shaping of the mast.

It was a cold, gray, late-winter morning as the small group gathered in the forests of the Menominee Indian Reservation near Neopit, Wisconsin. Many diverse interests were represented, including representatives from the Menominee Tribal Legislature and Menominee Tribal Enterprises, as well as foresters and loggers. A preliminary survey had already been completed to locate suitable trees. Only those trees were considered which had at least 60 to 80 feet of perfectly straight growth before any branches, and had a diameter of approximately two to three feet for the entire length.

The group was guided to the location of each individual tree which had been identified. Dave Falzetti then carefully examined the tree, and would silently nod, or shake his head. The gravity of the situation could easily be read on his face. As Captain Falzetti noted, the making of spars was no science, but rather a dying art where ever fewer people had any direct experience. He was making decisions that both he and the schooner would live with for years to come. He was also deciding the fate of trees which, judged to be approximately 160 years old, dated well back into the golden age of sail.

Once the final decisions had been made, everyone returned to the location of the first tree to be felled, and the loggers began their work. The cutter, chain saw in hand, took only minutes to notch and cut the pine, which stood approximately 100



Frames, frames, frames . . . Photos this page courtesy of the LSEA.

feet overall. It slowly toppled, pushing aside or crushing everything in its path. Two skidders, heavy equipment unique to loggers, drove in and attached cables to the massive tree and pulled it free from the underbrush, and onto the logging road.

Lawrence Waukau, Menominee Tribal

Enterprises President, explained that normally each harvested tree would be cut into 12- to 14-foot sections on the spot—the typical sizes for cut lumber. The trees that had just been felled could be trimmed to no less than approximately 70 feet, and hence presented a unique challenge. As

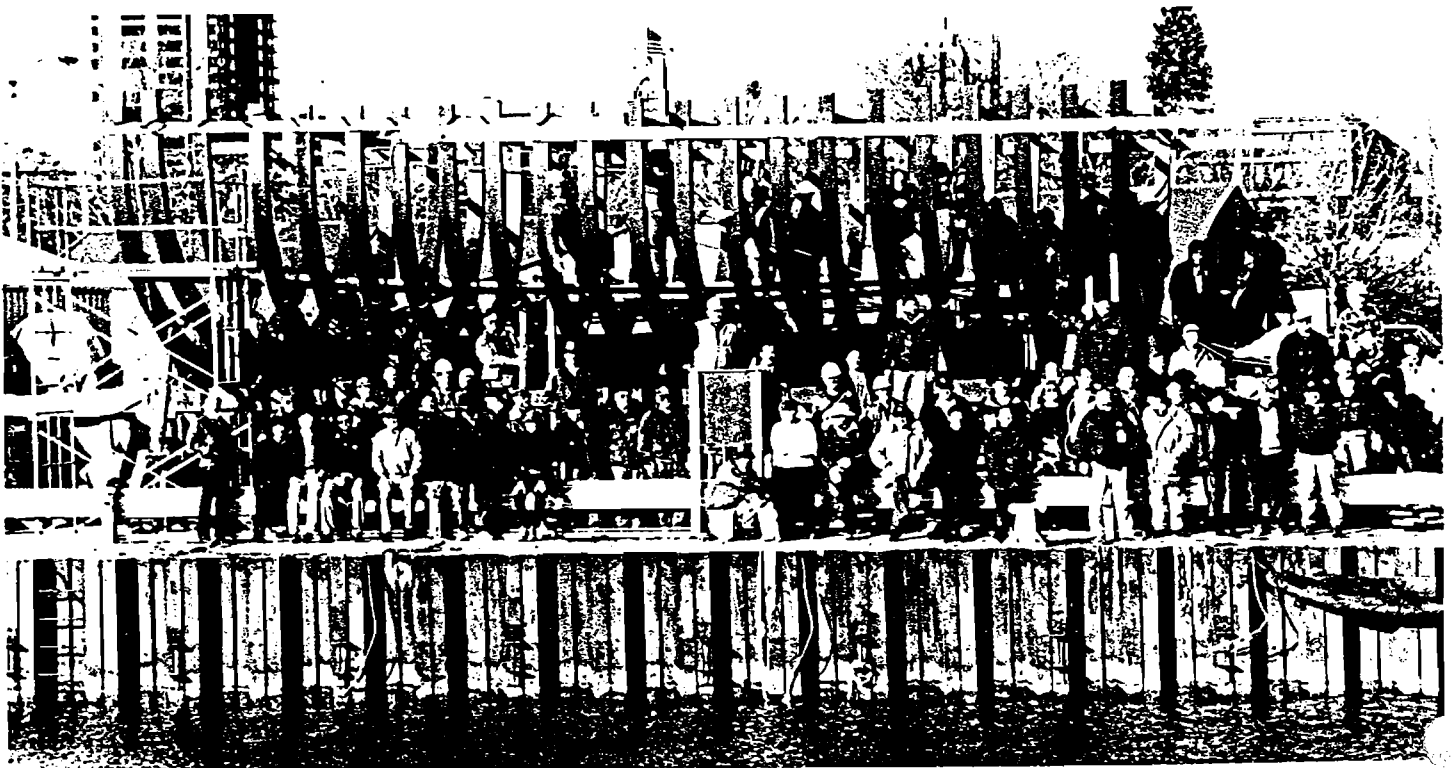
each tree in turn was loaded onto a logging truck by itself, with 20- to 30-feet of the tree hanging off the end of the trailer, the true size of these masts-to-be was obvious.

The trees will be stored at the sawmill in Neopit, and eventually transported to the Milwaukee lakefront. Even that will present its own difficulties since special State permission will be required to transport such long loads.

The schooner will carry masts which originate from the shores it will call home. It is fitting that the timber was donated by the Menominee Indians, a woodland people whose ancestral home extends throughout most of what is now Wisconsin.

Culturally adapted to, and harmonious with the environment, the Menominee Indians have practiced a system of sustained-yield management of their forests through selective harvest. This far-sighted vision was formed by early Menominee leaders, and allows the forest to be harvested at a rate that would achieve a perennial balance between annual growth, natural mortality, and the production of timber through selective harvest.

Particularly in view of the history of logging in the Lake States since the 19th century, the fact that the Menominee Forest remains largely intact despite the



conversion of vast areas of surrounding land to agriculture speaks eloquently for the wisdom of their system of forestry. The mere fact that trees of the size and quality essential for making masts still exist is a tribute to the Menominee People.

Recent Construction

To date, an impressive number of volunteers has completed an impressive amount of work. First, sheds needed to be built so work on the masts and frames could begin in earnest, which has happened, and work has been done on the stem and stern piece as well.

Every month WLSEA holds a series of programs for older students and adults interested in ship construction. The forum presents contemporary construction concepts and ship building techniques—lessons which are applied to the actual construction of the schooner.

The School

Founded in 1990, the Wisconsin Lake Schooner Association provides youth from diverse backgrounds with unique educational experiences in exciting and challenging learning environments.

“Schooner School” takes place during three, week-long summer sessions and involves 5th through 12th graders in a series of dockside and on-the-water activities aboard a schooner and two lifeboats.

“Voyage to Middle Sea” is a winter program for 4th through 8th graders which provides a historical look at Lake Michigan, the land and its people. Classes at the Maritime Center focus on science, the arts, technology, and engineering.

LSEA also offers teacher development programs and Sea Explorer programs. Upon completion of the schooner, the Association will offer experienced-based,

Plans this page and page 1 courtesy of LSEA.



Proper protection for wooden and other classic vessels

1-800-959-3047

Bank Square, P.O. Box 188, Mystic, CT 06355

interactive learning in sailing, math, science, geography, navigation, marine biology, ecology, meteorology, Great Lakes' environmental concerns and history. The programs will be broadly expanded versions of the ones now offered by LSEA on smaller, leased schooners.

The completed schooner will have a fully equipped, modern, scientific laboratory and classroom. Students aboard the schooner will participate in all ship operations, including navigation, watch keeping, piloting, maintenance, and daily duties.

The program will offer half-, one-, two- and five-day courses to middle, high school, and college students. Students on five-day trips will complete the requirements for the American Sail Training Association Level 1 Nautical Science and Aquatic Science Certificates.

(Thanks to Nicholas Miller and LSEA for the information in this article. Anyone wishing membership information or information on becoming a volunteer of LSEA can contact the organization at 500 North Harbor Drive, Milwaukee, WI 53202; phone: 414-276-5664; fax: 414-276-8838; e-mail: schooner@execpc.com.)

(MINUTES: Continued from page 2.)

Becky Hopps, Bill Ames, and Sam Hoyt.

After much discussion about the ASA Award a recess was declared so that Greg Swanzey could give his presentation on the ERNESTINA. (Greg had to leave shortly thereafter to attend the ERNESTINA's birthday party.) An interesting slide show and talk on the history of the ERNESTINA, her rebuilding, and her current programs was presented, which all present thoroughly enjoyed.

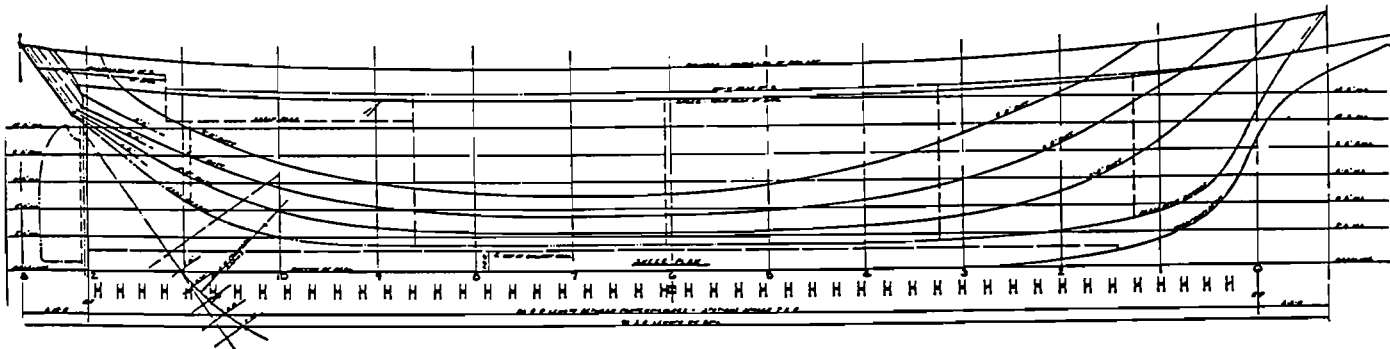
After the ERNESTINA presentation, the meeting was re-convened. It was moved, seconded, and approved to table the discussion of the ASA Award, with the Board of Governors charged with establishing a definite procedure for the Award's implementation.

The meeting was adjourned at 1210.

Respectfully submitted,
Howard Hopps, Secretary

MARK YOUR CALENDAR NOW

Bring a yourself, bring a schooner, bring a friend, but don't miss the 2nd annual Mystic Schooner Days at Mystic Seaport Museum on September 5-7, 1997.



NEWS FROM THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RESTORATION SCHOOL

Summer School

IYRS opened June 9, 1996 with its first program of yacht restoration training. Full-time students enrolled in each of three yacht restoration courses. Classes began with thorough surveys of the subject vessels. During the survey, students thoughtfully investigated their project boat to discover what effects time and nature had on the craft, and how they would go about restoring the boat to its original state.

The boats were then stabilized and a plan for the restoration of each was developed within the class. The vessels were dismantled and by mid term all the students were carefully fashioning and fitting new wood.

Two of the vessels were fully restored by the end of the summer term: a 13'6" Maine peapod and an 18' Chris Craft Runabout. Restoration classes aboard the Herreshoff S-boat continued throughout the fall and winter.

IYRS Site

As well, work at the IYRS site continued as the classes took place. A 160' dock with an 80' tee has been installed. The grounds are now completed graded and covered with crushed clam shells or grass sod. Eight inches below the surface a barrier of geo-textile fabric has been placed as the final phase of an environmental remediation project. Also, skilled masons continue

work on the building, recycling the original brick as necessary.

CORONET

Support is being sought to aid restoration work on the schooner CORONET. IYRS master shipwrights have identified a source for dense, old growth, southern yellow pine timber suitable for work on the schooner. The material is being salvaged from the demolition of a late nineteenth-century mill building in New Bedford, MA. It was logged and sawn from the same forests, at the same time CORONET's timbers were cut. But it is urgent that this material be secured now, as timbers this size, in this quantity, are becoming scarce. IYRS supporters are encouraged to become plank owners by making a contribution to the CORONET restoration fund. Call the IYRS at 401-849-3060 for details.

IYRS and the Community

As a working shipyard and school, IYRS preserves part of the working waterfront as a center for traditional marine activity. The restoration and on-the-water programs insure the continued life of Newport's yachting heritage. As a teaching facility, IYRS provides job training and experience. As a public institution, IYRS provides visitors with an exciting mix of history and hands-on activity. IYRS always welcomes volunteers.

AEOLUS FOR SALE

From a letter to Howard Hopps:

"... the vessel is located in Warr's Marine Yard in Wareham, Massachusetts, for winter storage. We, unfortunately, are located in St. Louis, Missouri. St. Louis is a fine city but a little too far inland for these 'wharf rats.'

"Any help you might give us in finding a new owner for this fine boat would be deeply appreciated. She really is a beauty and deserves to be sailed by someone who appreciates her quality workmanship...!"

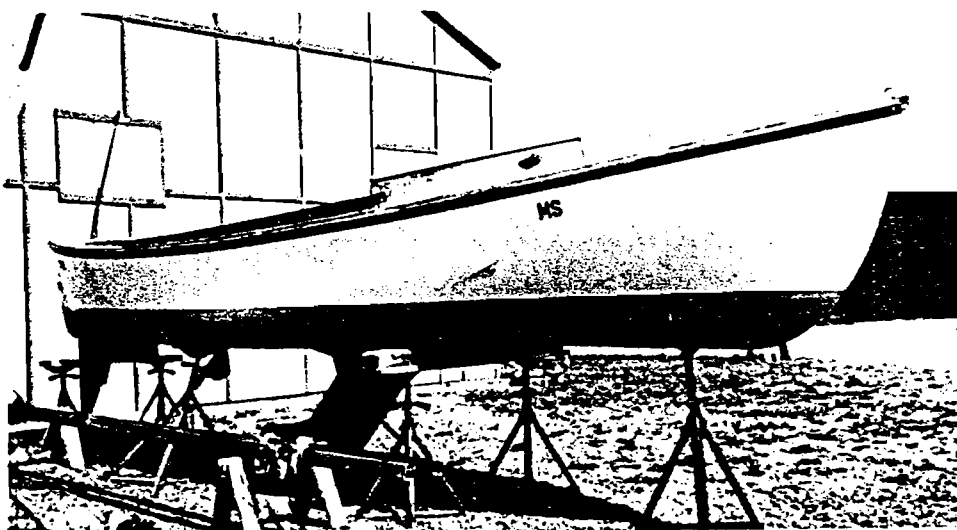
Type of vessel: Martin 27
Style & color: Fin keel, white topsides, blue bottom
LOA: 27'
LWL: 25'
Beam: 5'6"
Draft: 3'4"
Displacement: 3,000 tons
Designer: Arthur E. Martin
Builder: East/West Custom Boats
Year Built: 1981

AEOLUS's owners, Annellen and Larry Zalis can be contacted at 1063 Darwick Court, St. Louis, MI 63132; phone/fax: 314-993-9523; e-mail: nigelz@aol.com.

ATLANTIC CHALLENGE

The Atlantic Challenge Cup is a race from New York to England for cruising yachts over 85 feet, which starts on May 17, 1997. This event replicates the historic Kaiser's Cup Race of 1905, in which similar yachts braved storms, and the magnificent schooner ATLANTIC set a trans-Atlantic racing record of 12 days, 4 hours, 1 minute and 19 seconds, which stands to this day. To date fifteen boats have entered, including the schooners MARIETTE, AMERICA, and AELLO. For an application contact Briggs Red Carpet Associates, fax: 212-382-1560.

The Martin custom schooner AEOLUS—a real head turner when underway—is for sale.



(MUSEUMS: Continued from page 15.)

mon form of payment for the crews of these ships before America had a professional standing navy." Many of the 37 objects featured in *Prize Goods* have become immediate highlights of the Peabody Essex Museum's maritime collections; others add to previously existing strengths.

Robert Dudley's *Half-Mast High*, one of the museum's largest maritime paintings at 80" x 50", depicts the ship which carried the body of 19th-century philanthropist George Peabody back to America after his death in England. A wooden bust of a woman, carved circa 1805 by Simeon Skillen, is one of the earliest American figureheads still in existence.

An unusual item in *Prize Goods* is the log of the ship SULTAN, which sailed in 1817 to remote Pitcairn Island. According to the log, the SULTAN crew was amazed to be greeted by English-speaking island inhabitants. The inhabitants were a handful of descendants of the mutinous crew of H.M.S. BOUNTY, who had settled on Pitcairn more than 25 years earlier.

Another surprise in the exhibition is a trompe l'oeil painting of a lobster boat by contemporary artist Sam Cady entitled *Beached for Cleaning, Friendship*.

For information about programs associated with *Prize Goods: Maritime Art and Artifacts Captured for the Collection*, call 508-745-9500

Mystic Seaport Mystic, CT

Mystic Seaport's 1997 Special Events:

May 24-26: Lobsterfest—Launch into summer at Lobsterfest held over Memorial Day Weekend under Mystic Seaport's open-air boat shed on the banks of the Mystic River.

May 31-June 1: Small Craft Weekend—Mess around in a small boat. Enthusiasts gather for the 28th year in a row as every type of small boat imaginable bobs and weaves along Mystic Seaport's waterfront.

June 27-29: *WoodenBoat Show*—See more than 100 wooden boats of various design, ranging from 10 to 100 feet, from newly launched to nearly a century of age, in addition to the Museum's unparalleled collection of vessels. Visit more than 125 displays and exhibitions. For more information call Tricia Wood at 860-572-5315.

WOODENBOAT SHOW RETURNS TO MYSTIC

The sixth annual *WoodenBoat Show*, produced by *WoodenBoat* magazine, will return to Mystic Seaport in Mystic, Connecticut, for its second and final year in that location. The show will be held on the Museum grounds on June 27-29, 1997, from 9:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. daily. This is the last opportunity to see the show at Mystic Seaport, the world's leading maritime museum.

More than 100 privately owned vessels will participate, ranging from exquisite 80' yachts to 16' working skiffs, from the just-launched to the very old. Seven tents will hold displays of coatings and adhesives, wood, hand and power tools, sails, bronze hardware, oars, and engines. There will also be exhibits of ship models, carved signs, books, plans, and other publications, and various schools and associations. Many exhibits will include demonstrations of various tools and methods of construction.

Young children can build a small boat in the Interlux Children's Boatbuilding Area, and there will be an active Sika Challenge, where teams of amateur and professional woodworkers compete to build their unique design—and race it without sinking.

Mystic Seaport will exhibit rarely seen portions of its collections especially for the 1997 *WoodenBoat Show*. The Museum, which holds the largest collection of small boats in the world, will display a selection of vessels and antique marine engines.

Showgoers will be able to "go behind the scenes" with staff and learn how Mystic Seaport researches and documents vessels before, during, and after restoration. They'll also be able to visit with the Museum's riggers in the rigging loft. Other rare exhibits will be a collection of ships' plans and Rosenfeld photographs. With more than one million photographs, Mystic Seaport holds the largest collection of maritime photography in the world.

At Mystic Seaport, visitors step back in time to a 19th-century village with trade shops, historic homes, tall ships—even horse and carriage rides! Shipsmiths, coopers, and carvers keep traditional crafts

alive. Showgoers can board age-old ships, including the majestic CHARLES W. MORGAN, the only wooden whale ship in the world, or take a cruise on the steamboat SABINO. Mystic Seaport's galleries will feature *The Sailing Circle*, a new exhibit highlighting seafaring women from Long Island. Kids will love the Children's Museum (for ages seven and under) and the Discovery Barn, a new hands-on exhibit that's fun for all ages. And the whole family will enjoy watching the "Squad" members climb the rigging, set and furl sail, reenact a whale hunt, or perform a "breeches buoy" rescue.

Advance three-day tickets for the show (\$25 per adult) are available only until June 12 by calling *WoodenBoat Publications* at 1-800-273-7447. Daily adult admission at the gate will be \$17.50; children ages 6-18 will pay \$10.

This year, for the first time, the Marblehead to Halifax Ocean Race will include a Classic Yachts Division—classic yacht here being defined as one designed before 1970 and/or of plank-on-frame construction. Co-hosted by the Boston Yacht Club and the Royal Nova Scotia Yacht Squadron, the 360-mile race begins July 6 . . . **which should get you to Nova Scotia in plenty of time for the NSSA race week festivities.** For more info and an application package call 1-800-997-7223.

ASA members Cori and Mark Halverson are researching the knockabout LOUISE HOWARD. She was built at East Boothbay, ME, in 1917-18 by Frank C. Adams. She was used to freight salt and cured fish from Newfoundland to the West Indies, and was wrecked at Fort Macon, Morehead City, North Carolina, April 14, 1921. Any info or leads would be appreciated. The Halversons can be reached at 1701-46th Ave. NE, Olympia, WA 98506-1919; tel: 360-943-6265.

DOG WATCH

Ever breaking new ground, ASA has taken the hitherto unheard of step of electing as its commodore a full-fledged denizen of the Joisy swamps, undoubtedly the highest office of any organization, social or political, to which any resident of that oft-maligned state has risen. Seriously, nobody is more deserving of the office than Bobbie Pulsch, who, by word and deed, has probably come closer to fulfilling the ASA's mission statement over the last few years than most. We are in good hands.

The new administration wasted no time in setting some good examples; to wit, holding its pre-meeting Board of Governors planning session in one of Mystic's more upbeat establishments, *Trader Jacks*. And that tried and true parliamentary ploy, to the happy sound of train whistles, was trotted out to good use yet again.

No snow, for a change, and some new faces at the annual meeting, but last year's strong contingent from Maine was replaced this year by a group from Nova Scotia led by old friends Ralph and Julie Tingley. Ralph reported big doings way down east, including the fact that 1999 will be the 250th anniversary of the founding of Halifax, and suitably big events are planned to commemorate the occasion with a heavy accent on schooners and the city's strong maritime heritage. The NSSA's race week this year is the week of July 21 and, as always, Yankee schooners are cordially invited to come down to be soundly trounced by the bluenose fleet, including five new schooners that, Ralph claims, are "some fast."

Also in the Nova Scotia contingent was Fred Rhineland and wife who took their fine gaffer *CONSTANCE* around Newfoundland last summer. Why does that sound so much more exotic and adventurous than sailing down Long Island Sound, even to the Vineyard, or, for the really daring, to Bermuda? Because it certainly is.

On a sadder note, the Novies reported the loss by fire of the schooner *ELLEN* at her dock on First Peninsula. The vessel made many passages between Maine and

Nova Scotia over the years, all without benefit of engine or electronics. (See *Dogwatch* in the last issue of *Wing & Wing* for more on the subject of electronics, etc.)

Real Bad News Department: Ralph also stopped in Gloucester on the way to Mystic to see Betty Ramsey, who had been in hospital there, only to find that she had been moved to Brigham Women's Hospital in Boston with what appears to be terminal cancer. Schooner people never had a better friend than Betty, nor did the City of Gloucester have a better representative.

And successive issues of *Soundings* reported the passing of the first two chairmen of the Mayor's Trophy Schooner Race committee and both noted editors of marine publications, Monk Farnham and Dick Rath. Those who participated in the often hilarious skippers' meetings at South Street will remember the incredible crap these two gentlemen had to contend with, which they unfailingly did with humor and grace. Farnham, who died at the age of 87 in Easton, MD, did a solo transAtlantic when he was 73 and was featured in Bill Snaith's *On the Wind's Way*, a chronicle of a late '60s or early '70s race from Bermuda to Marstrand, Sweden, 3500 miles around the north tip of Scotland, in

which Farnham served as navigator aboard Snaith's 43' yawl *FIGARO III*. He served for years as editor of *Rudder* and then of *Boating*.

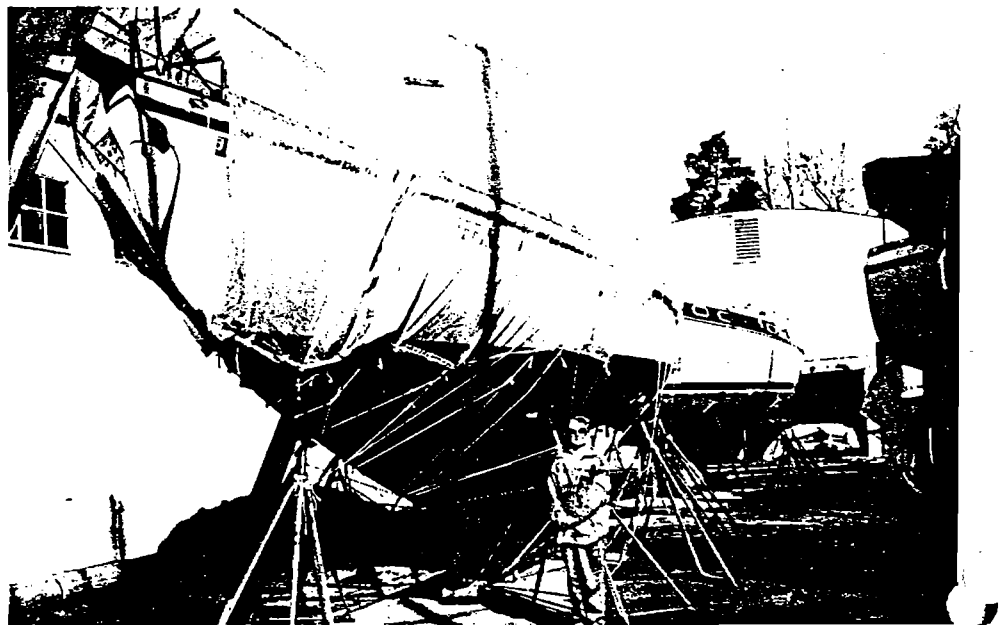
Dick Rath was a freighter captain and jazz trombonist before succeeding Farnham both at *Boating* and as Mayor's Trophy race committee chairman. He moved on to become editor of *Yachting* as well as a trustee of South Street Seaport Museum, for which he labored behind the scenes for many years. He was 67.

Much Better News Dept.: Jim Mairs came through his heart operation in fine form and was home on Sunday, 2/9. "It was textbook," Gina said, in yet another in an endless string of telephone conversations with family members, schooner people and other well-wishers.

Bill Barnham of SAGAMORE, looking trim and fit, says father Humphrey is sharp as a tack although not quite fit enough to make it to the meeting. And Bill Ames seems back to his old self after a long bout with Lyme. Bill is eager to participate in the planning for next year's rendezvous at Mystic, which can't help but make that a better event.

A new presence at the annual meeting was Scarano Boat Builders of Albany, NY, represented by Dave Thompson, skipper

SEBIM under wraps in Maryland. Photo by Vern Brady.



of ADIRONDACK, presently sailing out of Newport. Scarano lists an impressive number of large schooners built and launched over the last few years, including CARLYN and WOODWIND in '95, ADIRONDACK in '94, MADELINE in '93 and AMERICA last year. Currently under construction is another 70' gaff schooner (all of these vessels were designed by John Scarano) slated for a May 1 launching, IMAGINE, which will be bound for Annapolis.

But the biggest Scarano project to date is the 171' barque-rigged FRIENDSHIP, a replica of a vessel of the same name built in Salem, MA in 1797. This is probably the largest wooden square rigged vessel built in the US in over 100 years. She will be launched around July 1 and taken under power to Salem where finishing and rigging will be completed.

Dept. of Conundrums: The construction of FRIENDSHIP raises some interesting questions, though, in that she has been commissioned by no less a body than the US National Parks Service. This is the same organization that is taking some well-deserved flack for its dreadful lack of maintenance of, and subsequent proposal to scrap the world's only remaining steam schooner, WAPAMA, in San Francisco. One wonders at the dearth of funds—all of which, one is reminded, come from us taxpayers—for care of the latter but availability of funds to build the former. We wish the best to Scarano, FRIENDSHIP and Salem, but suggest that the Park Service get its priorities straight. Anyone wishing to comment can do so by writing the Park Service c/o Supt. William Thomas, San Francisco Maritime National Historic Park, Fort Mason Building, East San Francisco, CA 94123.

Around Some Other Boatyards: Our new vice commodore, Dave Clark, has (finally) launched WINFIELD LASH, named after one of Maine's premiere, if somewhat less well known, boat builders. . . . The Alden 43 HALF MOON, once one of the finest and fastest of that popular design, is for sale and currently hauled at Johnson's Boat Yard in Wickford, RI. The garboards and strakes at the turn of the bilge are off her so you can get a pretty good idea of her condition, which, sad to say, is pretty bad. Sounds like another project for Bobbie

Pulsch, or someone. Call Paul Gardner at the Hinckley Group in Newport. . . . The 35' David Stevens schooner MARILDA is available through Full Sea, Inc. David Kiremidjian reports that Full Sea has removed cabin trunk and engine, and that she needs a new transom, 10' of sheer strake and covering board, and that the masts have rotten sections. Lying at Greenport, NY. Call David at 516-734-7409.

Also in Greenport, which is fast trying to become a center of traditional boat activity and will host the Greenport Classic Yacht Regatta on September 20, the 140' REGINA MARIS will be dry-docked at the foot of Front Street (or is it the front of Foot St?) ". . . its prow forming a gate to the Village of Greenport," according to the *NY Times*. Charming.

Also noted in *Times* "Outdoors" column in December, a possible new hazard to marine navigation, especially relevant to schooner sailors because it occurred in an area well-known to many, Vineyard Sound. To wit, last summer the body of a coyote was reported to have washed up on the north shore of Martha's Vineyard. Now it seems that coyotes are well established on the Elizabeth Islands and, if this report is to be believed, it looks like they may be trying to extend their range. Since they've already made it from Nova Scotia

across the Northumberland Strait to Prince Edward Island (NSSA brethren and sestren take note), everybody is hereby warned to keep a sharp eye out. Maybe rigging coyote-catchers under the bowsprit?

And in *The Wall Street Journal*, an ad for a 17th Century wooden warship, 178' in length, 900 tons, built at a cost of \$12 million (not in the 17th Century, one presumes), full rigging (not necessarily fully rigged) and for the bargain price of \$2 million. Right under that ad was one titled "dock your boat here" and giving an Internet address. One wonders. And marvels.

Dispatch from Captain Vern: "Frank Ianni and George Wilson are both ASA members from New Jersey. They both own schooners homeported on Raritan Bay in Keyport. They both winter store at Pedersen's Boatyard—this year blocked up about 20 feet apart—and, they are both psychiatrists! (I'm sure there is a message here about the level of sanity required to own a schooner.) In any event, Ivan Pedersen felt that some warning was in order for those motorists using his driveway and the result was the posting of the 'Psychiatrist Crossing' sign [see photo page below] . . . Who says old time wooden boatbuilders don't have a sense of humor as sharp as their tools?"

"Psychiatrist Crossing." Photo by Vern Brady.



Captain Vern took SEBIM to the Chesapeake for the Great Schooner Race and says the turnout included about 30 vessels of varying size. SEBIM is wintering on the Sassafra River so Vern commutes to Maryland periodically to work on her and on Tom Schiller's BOUNDING HOME. News comes that Henry Hock is still maintaining HERANDIS in the St. Michael's area. Farther north, Phil Smith reports that the Vineyard now is home to no fewer than nine schooners and is considering trying to organize its own schooner/traditional vessel event, possibly the week before the Opera House race in Nantucket.

Soundings also reported at length on the loss of the Baltic schooner LINDO, known for the last several years as ALEXANDRIA, off Cape Hatteras in mid December. Reporter Bill Sisson rightly questions why someone would take a vessel in dubious condition on such a passage at such a time.

Surfing the Net: All right, so Dogwatch isn't quite the reactionary he's been trying to portray to these many years. But you

can find some interesting stuff on the Net. Item: The Lake Schooner Education Assn. of Milwaukee is planning to build a 130' three masted gaff schooner, a reproduction of a 19th century Great Lakes schooner, on the Milwaukee waterfront (see article page 1). The group's website also features "schooner news" and "job opportunities."

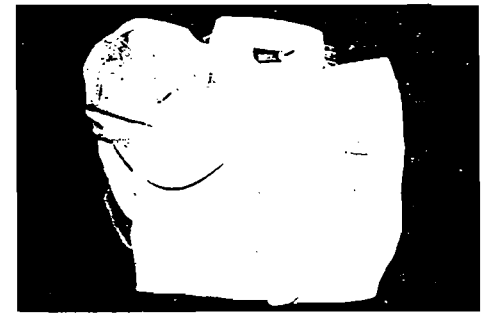
Item: And, ASA has some more competition. There's a Northwest Schooner Society—a bit hoity-toity, what?—based in Seattle, that purports to be a legacy of sailing, preservation and education. Sounds familiar. Though founded only in 1994, they have been taking groups, including old folks, on cruises on the 127' ZODIAC and recently received as a donation the 67' MARTHA. Sounds like a scouting job for Megan.

Hey, folks, you're making Dogwatch work. Where the hell are all those great cards and letters?

Sam Hoyt



ASA caps and shirts are for sale—modeled here by Mary Anne McQuillan. Contact Becky Hopps at: 860-564-7204.



American Schooner
Association

P.O. BOX 484
MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355