



P.O. BOX 484

MYSTIC, CONNECTICUT 06355

WING & WING

Volume XXVII, Number 3 • Fall '99

The Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

Gloucester Schooner Festival 1999



New England's Premiere Schooner Event certainly lived up to its promotional material. The big guys were there—ERNESTINA, HIGHLANDER SEA, HARVEY GAMAGE, PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II, ALABAMA, LETTIE G. HOWARD, LIBERTY CLIPPER and AMERICAN EAGLE; the medium-sized guys were represented by BRILLIANT, ELLIDA, THOMAS E. LANNON, RACHEL B. JACKSON and EDNA; and the small vessels were represented by GREEN DRAGON, SHEARWATER, and LEWIS H. STORY a replica of the Cape Anne Chebacco.

Two schooner visits in 1985 and 1989 made for happy memories as we (Julie and your reporter) cruised the Cape Anne scene. Another less happy visit a few years ago led us to Betty Ramsay's bedside in Boston where she was fighting the final round with cancer.

Betty was a great friend of schooner people in Nova Scotia and in her beloved Gloucester. How appropriate that the C of C named a race after this great lady—the Betty Ramsey Trophy is awarded to the winner of the small schooner class.

ASA Commodore Dave Clarke and Nancy arrived in time for the "Fish Fry" and spent the rest of Saturday walking the waterfront, checking out PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II, snacking at Schooners Pub, watching Skipper Douglas sail ALABAMA

(Continued on page 6).

ALABAMA and PRIDE OF BALTIMORE at the start. Photo by Fred Sterner

AMISTAD to be Launched Next Spring

Mystic Seaport, Connecticut, and AMISTAD America announced that after more than two years of construction they will launch and christen the freedom schooner AMISTAD on March 25, 2000. National, state, and local government officials, cultural affairs representatives, corporate leaders, school groups, religious delegations, entertainers and the public are expected to gather at Mystic Seaport for this historic event.

Although tradition dictates a bottle of champagne be broken over the bow, AMISTAD will be christened with water from oceans and rivers in Connecticut, Sierra Leone, Cuba, and the United States, that are symbolic of her story. Mingling water from various sources represents AMISTAD's educational mission to foster cooperation among people of different backgrounds. The person who will break the bottle, which according to custom is a woman who embodies the spirit of the ship, will be named at a later date.

Contrary to the common misconception that "launch" connotes the completion of the building process, the ship will still be under construction—interior woodwork, masts, rigging, and sails to be installed—once it takes to water. When complete, AMISTAD will ply the nation's waterways as an educational ambassador, teaching

the lessons of history, cooperation, and leadership inherent in the AMISTAD story to Americans of all ages, interests, and cultural backgrounds.

AMISTAD will make her maiden voyage in the OpSail Tall Ships Parade, New York Harbor, July 4, 2000, after which she will sail along the East Coast (including Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, D.C.) during her first year of operation.

AMISTAD America, the educational organization that will own and operate the ship, hopes to eventually expand the ship's itinerary to include voyages throughout the country, including major inland waterways such as the Great Lakes, as well as foreign ports such as Cuba and Sierra Leone. The ship's homeport will be New Haven, CT, and she will periodically return to Mystic Seaport for maintenance.

AMISTAD will accommodate 49 passengers, plus a crew of eight, on day trips, and will sleep 16. Half of the vessel's operational crew will be students who will work with a professional sailing crew, serving as instructors for other participants. Under sail, school groups and adults will use the vessel as a laboratory for learning the lessons of leadership, cooperation, and history—lessons that a traditional sailing ship naturally teaches. Themes for program curricula will be interdisciplinary, blending communication skills, geography, mathematics, and social studies, while placing history in a context of modern educational relevance. Dockside exhibits will focus on the history of the AMISTAD incident and its legacy, as

well as the significant contribution of African-Americans and other minority groups to maritime development in the United States. In addition to being an educational vessel, AMISTAD will serve as a unique and timely heritage tourism ambassador for the State of Connecticut, which appropriated a \$2.5 million bond to launch the project in 1995.

AMISTAD construction is currently underway and available for viewing at Mystic Seaport. Call 860-572-5315 for more information.

WANTED: Jim "Binnacle" and Linda Wright, ex-owners of MALABAR X, are in the market for a MALABAR II type schooner, 35' to 45', gaff-rigged, full keel. One of Alden's 390s possibly, located on the East Coast, in good condition, for retirement. Please respond to: James "Binnacle" Wright, 3 Lynne Drive, Preston, CT 06365; e-mail to blendplus@aol.com.

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Letters

3936 Alabama Street, #5
San Diego, CA 92104
619/297-9692

Dear Editor,

I am seeking partners to invest in a schooner to be chartered for daysailing, multi-day sailing, and teaching, in the U.S., Canary Islands, Mediterranean, and perhaps within five years, in Australia. I am also seeking sellers of schooners who may want to form a buy-out agreement (as additional partners/investors/sponsors are found).

Please pass my name and interest about your sources, and let me know your ideas on how I should proceed on this venture. I have had three sloops that I've operated in charter in Southern California, but I have long had the dream/desire to skipper a schooner.

In the meantime, if anyone is looking for a skipper/mate, I have a USCG Master, near-coastal to 200 GT license with sail, radar observer, and emergency towing endorsements.

Respectfully,
Michael Griffin

8533 Deep Cove Road
Easton, MD 21601

Dear Sirs,

I saw the note in the summer '99 *Wing & Wing* about the death of Henry Hock. I had known of this earlier and was sorry to hear it. I knew Henry and his schooner HERANDIS as we both lived in the same area and in fact, a few years ago I furnished him with a piece of oak to replace one of his bitts that had rotted out.

I also knew HERANDIS before she was in the Hock family. She was rebuilt at Robinhood Marina on Georgetown Island, Maine, in 1963, the same year my schooner ACTIVE was built there. HERANDIS had been rescued from Charleston, South Carolina, and owned that first year by someone whose name I have now forgotten. ACTIVE was a Murray

Peterson Coaster II. HERANDIS was built to the original Coaster design. In fact, Henry once corrected me when I called her a Coaster I, saying she was a Coaster and that there was no such thing as a Coaster I.

Sincerely,
John E. Marsland

310 Shelia St.
Florence, AL 35633
256/766-7528

Dear Friend,

I am in dire need of your help. Last summer I purchased a large wooden boat that has a lot of potential for restoration. I have never owned a classic before, but have done a lot of repair and restoration for other people. I do love the old wooden boats, and like to see them restored to their original glory.

I thought this boat to be a 1928 Burger, 40 feet long. I was told that it was used on the Saint Lawrence River during World War II as a submarine detector. The engine is a Hudson Invader with a Bureau of Ships number attached. Again, I was told that the Navy during World War II installed it, and that it is a 1935 model. Other than that, I have been unable to find any additional information. I have had no luck in finding a hull number where I am told it should be. I have contacted Burger and the Maritime Museum and found lots of nice folks. I would love to find anyone who may have photographs, articles, drawings, or anything relating to a similar boat. If you can help in any possible way, I would be eternally grateful.

Wayne T. Jaynes
wtjaynes@hiwaay.net

To Whom It May Concern:

The National Historic Landmark schooner ADVENTURE is desperately in need of a replacement for her historic relic of a stove. We are looking to buy a large Shipmate woodburning stove with oven in

good working condition. Our present one is 42" high x 30" wide x 32" high (floor to cooking surface).

Our mostly volunteer, non-profit organization, Gloucester Adventure, Inc., is in the midst of a massive restoration of this 121' former Gloucester fisherman turned Maine windjammer. We've just completed and paid off a complete rebuild of the starboard side (\$500,000) and still have the stern, deck, and port rail to replace plus windlass and sails before she can sail again.

Our Sunday fund-raising brunches have provided a good revenue stream to keep us afloat financially as well as a useful membership recruiting tool. A functioning stove is important for the organization and the ship's well-being.

Can any of your members help? Do you know any stove restorers? The manufacturer has gone out of business. The Lunenberg Foundry used to make similar stoves, but has recently stopped manufacturing them.

Is there anyone out there within 3-4 hours drive of Gloucester, MA, that has such a stove for sale?

Thanks for any help you can give us.

Nancy Free
ADVENTURE
nfree@ziplink.net

Dear Sir

I'm looking for the plan of the sailing schooner ZACA.

I'd like to build this ship as a model ship. So I am searching all information about these ships. If you have any information or any drawings, please contact me.: Urs Baechler, Ruetiweg 9, 8610 Uster, Switzerland. E-mail to ubaechler@gmx.de or ubaechler@datacomm.ch

Thanks for your help

Urs Baechler

(Continued on page 10)

Anti-Rant: Across the Border

All right. O.K. Who is this Braxinos@aol.com anyway? I have to admit the guy's good. A rant in the highest traditions of the form. Well-turned phrases abound in his pitiful attempt at self-justification. One not attuned to the true subtleties of the ranters' art might be swayed. It's enough to make me rouse my tired, rum-soaked brain and set the poor deluded fool straight once and for all. Braxi, old chum (I do hope I can call you Braxi), wood is not your problem. Wooden boats are not your problem. What's got your toga in a twist is the human condition! **YOU ARE UNCOMFORTABLE WITH YOUR MORTALITY!** There. I've said it. Best you pour yourself a shot of the distillation of the cane before you continue with this.

Of course wooden boats sink. People die. This is what makes life precious, bittersweet, profound, and beautiful. What makes life ugly and stupid and loutish and turns lovely little towns into ugly big malls is the largely North American desire to deny this truth, to outfox the eternal verities. Hence cryogenics, cosmetic surgery, social unrest, and fiberglass boats. While your eloquent description of the problems inherent in building a boat out of wood is as true as can be as far as it goes, it entirely misses the point of the whole lovely undertaking. And from what does this screed proceed? What fact set you on the road to certain damnation? Near as I can tell, you became upset when all of your boats sank. Well cry me a river.

First of all, sinking is an entirely reversible condition and almost always not the fault of the boat. The various arts and undertakings you describe in your rant have been proved over and over again to make boats that float their little buns off for years and decades and even centuries. Last Saturday, in the Classic Boat Race at the Mahone Bay Wooden Boat Festival, I raced a new composite construction wooden boat against Wm. Gilkerson's ELLY, a little lapstrake Swedish beauty. When Bill's wife Kerstin's grandfather bought "Old ELLY," as she was then known, in 1910 or thereabouts, he took no end of

grief for buying such an old tired boat. I'm here to tell you that she bears her new sails and stainless rigging with aplomb and goes like a rocket. And does she ever float. Oh, she's tried sinking a few times during her hundred and some odd years of life. But she never developed a talent for it. She floats, principally because the stuff she's made of floats, unlike fiberglass. Always remember, the problem isn't the wood, it's the freakin' ballast.

Mind you, ELLY needs to be taken care of. We all do, or we fall apart. This is a profound part of the beauty of wooden boats, acoustic instruments, old houses and women. None of them suffer neglect cheerfully. Your little digression into the courtship of a rich man's daughter was amusing but did nothing to serve your argument. Presented with such a father, one who insists that I court his daughter from a Rolls Royce, etc., I would smile and agree with the old fart and then direct my attention to the woman in question. "Do you agree with your father's demands?" I would ask sweetly, whilst lightly stroking her cheek. If she said yes, I'd be out of there. But would I then give

up on womankind, as you have on wooden boats? Not bloody likely. And there's always the chance that my touch on her cheek would be enough to inspire the longed-for answer: "No, I don't agree with him. It's you I love." And we drive off into the sunset in my beat up old Volvo.

You argue that your fiberglass Rozinante carries the spirit of Cap'n Nat. Maybe. But what about her own spirit? Ever seen the making of a fiberglass boat? Test tube babies might be easier on the mother, but I have grave fears for the child. Building wooden boats is a beautiful craft precisely because it is so difficult to do well. As the craftsmen learns and grows, he becomes a better human being in body, mind, and yes, spirit. He develops that rarest of human talents, intuition. He comes to know which piece will do the job best without being able to tell anyone why. Here we cross over into that which makes life best and which the technocrats, pollsters, scientists, and economists deny. Most of what is really important in this life cannot be measured. Sorry if you find this upsetting. But believe it you must, if you've ever made a sad child laugh. Life



Photo of Tom Gallant by Jim Mairs.

is not a series of absolutes, or a problem looking to be solved. It is a mysterious process that leads to a mysterious and even terrifying end. Anything in it that serves to keep us humble and aware of this truth is to be profoundly admired. Wooden boats in all of their manifestations, from the laying of the keel to their eventual end do the job nicely. Get over it.

Now, Braxi old chum, just so you don't tar me with the impossible-old-romantic-without-a-practical-bone-in-his-body brush, let me tell you a little story. In 1986, my wife and I hauled AVENGER at Crabb's Marina in Antigua. They had a Friday morning to Monday evening deal that gave you the weekend on the hard for free. We cleaned her bottom, had an old wizard from Barbados recaulk the garboards, painted bottom, bootstripe and topsides, slapped on a coat of varnish and were ready to go back in the water Sunday evening. In the yard near us was a brand new Swan 47, having the same job done. The proud owner of said yacht sidles up to me in the Marina Bar and says, "That your schooner?"

"Sure is," says I, proud as punch.

"She's a pretty boat. I love those old things, but I haven't got the time or money to take care of one."

"Which boat is yours?" quoth I.

"The Swan 47," he says, full of pride.

"What are you doing to her?"

"Oh, just painting the bottom. Had a few specks of osmosis so we're grinding those out while we're at it."

"Mind my asking how long you've been hauled?"

"Two weeks."

"Guess you can't do that kind of work by yourself?"

"You kidding? Nautor is very particular who works on their boats."

"Well, I have to say, I don't understand the remark about time and money that you made when we first started talking. I just finished my annual haul in four days, and the whole thing's gonna run around two grand. This for a twenty-five-year-old boat that cost me less than forty grand and by your own admission is at least as beautiful as yours. You paid a half million for yours and she's brand new and you're spending fifteen grand to paint her bottom. Don't know why you're afraid of wooden boats."

When I left the bar, the guy was still



Photo of AVENGER by Jim Mairs.

looking a tad shellshocked. A good wooden boat may carry a heavy burden of romance, but there's no way they're not a practical response to the problems of going to sea. I've never been rich but I've always had one of the loveliest boats in any harbor I've sailed into. Solid bang for your nautical buck is how I'd see it if I were inclined to see things from an economic angle, which I'm not.

As I write this, there's a pile of tropical hardwood on the dock in Lunenburg. It came here on the deck of the Barque PICTON CASTLE from Martha's Vineyard, and will find its place on the bottom of my own loved schooner, AVENGER. She's thirty-three years old and has carried me over more than fifty thousand miles of deep blue sea. She's survived knockdowns off Newfoundland, Nor'Easters from hell in the Gulf Stream, and my own vanity and foolishness. She's never been less than profoundly beautiful, brave, honest, and kind. She's never sunk. Whenever she got in a mood to sink, I plugged the holes and asked her forgiveness. She has plumbed my fears and shortcomings and helped me overcome them. In the creaks and groans of her timbers, I hear the passing of both of our lives. Sometimes I jokingly refer to the refit at hand as a "thick coat of

money." But that's not it at all. What we're talking about here is a love affair, plain and simple. I don't know about you, but I seek no promise in love other than itself.

AVENGER was designed and built by David Stevens. I knew him well. He was the kindest of mentors, often given to saying that a wooden boat was "the nearest thing to a living being that a man can make with his hands." Life implies death. Your attempt to find an immortal boat is beneath you sir. All of life teaches us that that which will not die is not alive. You end your rant railing against "reality in general." I suggest you embrace reality, take it to your heart. After all, it's all we've really got.

So, to the wooden-boat counters in Martha's Vineyard I say, "Count Away!" Every vessel on your list is more evidence that humans are still capable of measuring things using the wisdom of the heart and soul. As for you Braxi old chum, when your fiberglass Rozianante finally sinks, as she most assuredly will, where will you look then for your idea of beauty? The internet?

Tom Gallant

(GLOUCESTER: Continued from page 1.)

through the fleet and drop sail like he was handling a dingy. Add to all this the excitement of much cannon-fire and thousands of incontinent seagulls taking flight. Now I know where the Poop Deck got its name.

Sunday's races got off with very light winds. The PRIDE seemed to have things under control at the gun but HIGHLANDER SEA slipped between the Coast Guard Cutter and PRIDE much to the excitement of the Novies. BRILLIANT was off like a shot further down the start line and never looked at a transom. PRIDE never gave up—and it payed off. The old PILOT (HIGHLANDER SEA) kept the lead until the final mile when her only threat caught the inexperienced Canucks and won the Esperanto Cup by 3 min 16 secs.

From the press boat it appeared HIGHLANDER SEA was not pointing to weather as well as the Top'sail rig from Maryland. The next to finish, approximately 15 minutes, later were ERNESTINA, skippered by Amanda Madeira; AMERICAN EAGLE, with John Foss, and ALABAMA, with Jamie Douglas. LETTIE G. HOWARD, LIBERTY CLIPPER, and HARVEY GAMAGE rounded out the large schooner class

In the medium schooner class,



LEWIS H. STOREY. Photo by Fred Sterner.

BRILLIANT ran away with the Cameron Trophy. EDNA (Paul Bramsen); ELLIDA (Jeff King); THOMAS E. LANNON (Tom Ellis); and RACHEL B. JACKSON (Steve Keelinsky) made up the rest of the fleet.

Al Bezanson skippered GREEN DRAGON to a 20 minute win over SHEARWATER (Daisy Nell & Stan Collinson) and LEWIS H. STOREY (Dave Brown) to win the Betty

Ramsey Trophy in the small schooner division.

Plug Time: Plan now to come north for two weeks of just about anything you'd like to do with a schooner. You can race from Gloucester (a few Novie schooners will challenge you to a little 350-mile down hill run starting approximately July 14). Enjoy the best seats in the port as 125 Tall Ships decorate our 251-year-old harbor. Enjoy over 50 pubs, browse the entertainment sites or sit in on many of the Tall Ships social events. Your berth awaits. Check-in with your reporter for more info. Email: tinger@sprint.ca

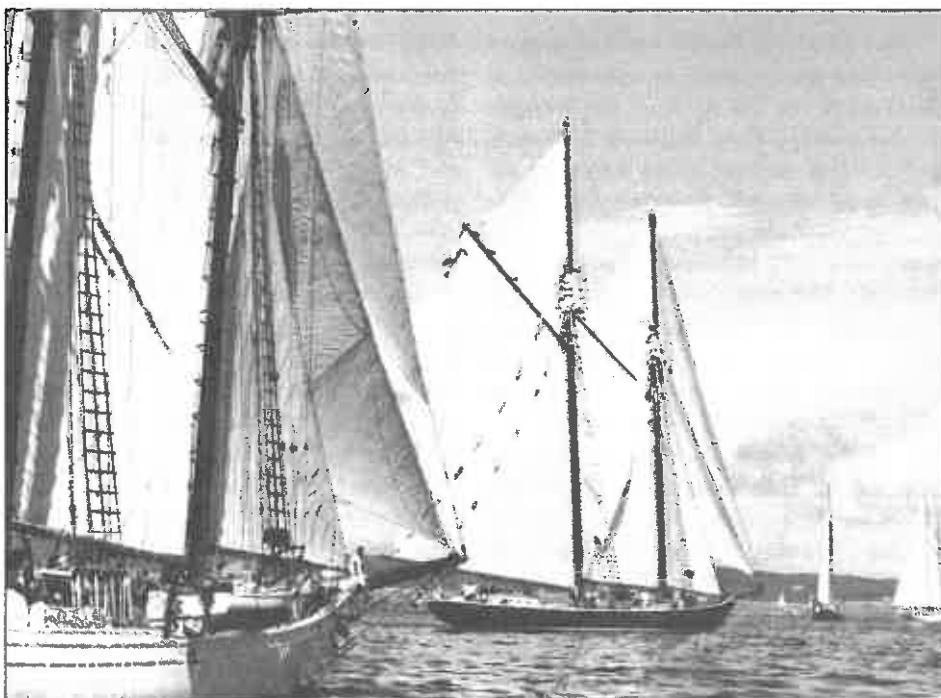
Ralph Tingley

And an American View:

Just got back from the Gloucester Schooner Race.

This year there were a few new boats, the most notable being HIGHLANDER SEA—ex-PILOT. She is a Gloucester schooner that was obviously built for speed. After going through some hard times, she looks great. She is now owned by a Canadian and based in Halifax.

ALABAMA and PRIDE OF BALTIMORE at the start. Photo by Fred Sterner.





Above: HIGHLANDER SEA. Photo by Fred Sterner.

Above right: PRIDE OF BALTIMORE. Photo by Fred Sterner.

Below right: ELLIDA. Photo by Jim Mairs.



The other surprise entry was PRIDE OF BALTIMORE II, she was on her way back from the Great Lakes and was running ahead of schedule.

It was very light air at the start and the two new boats were first across the line in the big boat class. BRILLIANT was first across in the medium class. ERNESTINA made a good start in third. The first mark was upwind, near Thatchers Island, so everyone had all the sails set. HIGHLANDER SEA got out ahead with eight sails and about 10,000 square feet up.

HIGHLANDER SEA was ahead at the mark with PRIDE close behind. ALABAMA was about two boat lengths ahead of ERNESTINA at the mark after battling all the way up.

On the broad reach/run back to the fin-



(Continued on page 9.)

Dogwatch



Left: Photo of Sam Hoyt by Jim Mairs.

As this will be the last *Wing & Wing* before the Millennium, we can almost say that *Dogwatch* spans the centuries. In casting about for a suitable topic for this august occasion, the thought of a "Schooner Hall of Fame" came to mind, a very subjective listing of those individuals who have contributed to the glorification of schooners over the century—people such as the legendary Harry Bureau and Boom Boom Boehmer. But such an endeavor would undoubtedly necessitate considerable research and such is not currently prominent on your intrepid reporter's agenda.

And then someone—oh hell, Jim Mairs, that veritable Solomon—suggested that the timing seemed appropriate to examine just how yours truly managed to get himself so inextricably involved with schooners. Such, Jim opined, must be replete with dozens of great schooner stories, which, with the added advantage of years of accumulated wisdom, would be not only entertaining but also instructive. Well, replete, at the least.

It all began on an August day in the late '40s (yes, oh dearly beloved, *Dogwatch* is that old). I was on a small English cutter sailing out of Douglaston, at the western end of Long Island Sound. We were head-

ing towards Larchmont for it was Race Week and we wanted to watch the 12-meters racing that day. Just off City Island, I saw my first schooner, a large gaff rigger that seemed in retrospect to be some kind of working vessel, at least 60 feet, just ghosting along under four lowers. What I vividly recall was the helmsman sitting on a large orange crate at the wheel. No fancy cockpit, no lifelines, just all boat. That picture has remained with me for more than 50 years.

It wasn't until more than 15 years later that the next chapter was written. But that was to be the pivotal experience that, in several ways, directed the course of my life. Fresh out of this man's Army in 1965, I was introduced by my brother to one Theodore Charles Cohen, aka Teddy Charles, and the Seven Seas Sailing Club. At the time, Teddy was sailing *VOLANTE*, a marconi-rigged *MALABAR VI*, out of Baron's Boatyard on City Island. *VOLANTE* was the first schooner I sailed on, just day sails around the western Sound. But I was getting interested. The power in the vessel, the tradition (really), all those strings to pull. My God, I was even getting into some semblance of shape.

And Teddy was soon to acquire *GOLDEN EAGLE*, a 72' Alden staysail schooner built on the Chesapeake and originally named *HIGH TIDE*. If *VOLANTE* made the cast, *GOLDEN EAGLE* set the hook, but good. Here was a boat that would regularly leave City Island at 7 Friday evening, anchor in Great Salt Pond at about 2 Saturday morning, and repeat in reverse on Sunday evening, all under sail. Well, most of the time. We not only learned to sail under any conditions, but to change sail in the pitch dark, figure tide sets, avoid tugboats. And I learned what a schooner can do.

I have many vivid memories of sails and events on *GOLDEN EAGLE*, on which I

must have sailed at least 5,000 miles: the America's Cup Races off Newport; the first Mystic Schooner Race, and seeing *BRILLIANT* and meeting Biff Bowker for the first time; the first Mayor's Trophy Race at South Street Seaport, and chasing the legendary *NIÑA* around the course several years in a row. The impromptu duels with *BOUNDING HOME*.

On one of those weekend dashes to Block Island, I remember going through *The Race* in total darkness with everything including a fisherman up, when all of a sudden the vessel was illuminated in the glare of a huge searchlight. A monster jukebox heading west just had to have a better look and turned the light on us. It wasn't a great surprise because boats of all types regularly altered course to get a better look at *EAGLE*. Another time going through *The Race* at night, I just sat quietly below for a while and listened to the vessel work.

Then Teddy started taking *EAGLE* to the Caribbean in the winter and I got a taste of offshore sailing. The first trip was New York to Norfolk via the Chesapeake-Delaware Canal, and then Norfolk to St. Thomas. I believe it took 11 days and even though we never found Point A, the legendary turning point after crossing the Gulf Stream, and I got powerful thirsty, I never wanted the trip to end. Later that winter my brother and I flew to St. Vincent, met *EAGLE* there, and sailed south through the Grenadines to Grenada. It was on that trip in 1969 that I started the search that has been a part of me ever since.

And *EAGLE* has one more monumental role to play. The next August, sitting at the dock at City Island preparing for yet another weekend dash to Block, a young lady treating herself to a birthday sail boarded the schooner. That was Jeanette. It took a few months for me to figure out that I better act more quickly than I was accustomed to doing, but we have been together now for 30 years.

A couple of years later *WILD SWAN* came into our lives. She was a 35' Sam Crocker

gaff rigger (the AUNT SARA design) with an extreme clipper bow and the biggest bowsprit in schoonerdom. We bought her through Bill Page of Camden, Maine, and she was lying in Tenant's Harbor at the foot of Penobscot Bay.

Now we had another kind of weekend dash: leave New York City at 6 Friday evening, arrive Tenant's Harbor around 2 Saturday morning, sail all weekend off the mooring and repeat the process in reverse Sunday evening. But we were young.

There were many memories, good and bad, on WILD SWAN, but one of the most exciting had to be the first time we departed Tenant's Harbor for another port of call. It was blowing a brisk 20 knots as we headed up Muscle Ridge Channel, the inside passage to Rockland and Penobscot Bay. The channel was very narrow and the buoys were coming up fast as the schooner was close reaching at a good six knots under main, fore and forestaysail. Going like a train. It was most exhilarating but the best was yet to come. As we rounded the point off Owl's Head and entered the open Bay, the entire Maine dude schooner fleet was coming down on us. Nothing but schooners in sight. Then, when we anchored in Camden, who should come rowing over but Bill Page. He asked how we liked our schooner. I'm afraid I was bordering on incoherent.

Somewhat later that summer we figured we better get WILD SWAN a bit closer to home and so determined to leave Tenant's Harbor. And the Maine fog set in. We waited a day, then another, and since you can only eat so many fresh blueberries, yours truly said we were leaving next morning, no matter what. We dropped the mooring in fog that was, if anything, even thicker. As we motored past the seawall, a local lobsterman was setting his pots. He said nothing as I cordially greeted him. About 100 yards further, I couldn't see past the mainmast, so we did a 180. As we re-passed the lobsterman, he looked up and just nodded his head affirmatively. I figured I'd finally made a correct decision. The next day it was clear as a bell. And when we arrived at our new home port, Schooner Cove in Stamford, we met George Stadel.

Sometime about then Teddy Charles acquired TIKI, the Alden gaff schooner

that was featured in the old tv series "Adventures in Paradise" starring Gardner McKay. In 1976, my brother and I joined Teddy in Bermuda for the OpSail race to Newport. We started after all the vessels—we weren't officially entered—and spent most of the night passing many of them, large and small. I had the dog watch (what a coincidence) and was at the helm when the sun rose. There were only five other vessels in sight, but they were all square riggers, and you can imagine the historic conjurings running through my feverish brain. Possibly the most memorable of any one scene in my nautical career.

Jeanette and I had one other sail on TIKI, from St. Thomas to Nevis, with the schooner leaking very badly as we roared through the Anegada Passage.

There were many other memorable moments: the schooner rendezvous(s) in Gloucester and Martha's Vineyard; a wild sail from Mystic to Stamford on BOUNDING HOME with just Tom Schiller, Captain Vern, and yours truly aboard; a freakishly fast Mayor's Trophy Race on Bill Wetenbaker's TYEHEE; the Nova Scotia Race Week in Mahone Bay on SEBIM and the subsequent passage to Gloucester when to Captain Vern's great amazement, we didn't sail off the edge of the earth; the Marblehead to Halifax race on WHEN AND IF, to mention just a few. And to be sure, there will be many more, starting next year with the Y2K celebration, hopefully in Gloucester and Halifax.

As great as the schooners have been, it's the people associated with them who have made it what it is to me and, I'm sure to Jeanette. For without the people, the boats wouldn't go, the rum wouldn't flow, and Dogwatch wouldn't have this great, albeit captive, audience. Thank you all.

Lest you think that the above reminiscences mark some kind of milestone, departure, or catharsis, rest assured that Dogwatch will return in future issues to subject you to the usual outrageous invective, rumor, gossip, political hyperbole, and irrelevant news and historical facts to which you've all unwittingly become accustomed. In the meantime, happy new century. Who would'a ever think!

Sam Hoyt

**AMERICAN SCHOONER ASSOCIATION
MERCHANDISE**

| | |
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(GLOUCESTER: Continued from page 7.)

ish line, PRIDE's squares enabled her to gain on HIGHLANDER SEA, so HIGHLANDER SEA tried to reach off a little bit and then jibed back. BRILLIANT was well out in front of everyone and EDNA was second in the medium schooner class. The wind picked up a little and ERNESTINA caught and passed ALABAMA. ERNESTINA's 8 sails and 8,200 square feet and longer waterline enabled her to pass ALABAMA, despite ALABAMA's attempt to luff her up.

At the finish, it was PRIDE first, HIGHLANDER second, and ERNESTINA third. When ALABAMA was trying to hold off ERNESTINA, last year's winner, AMERICAN EAGLE, had the chance to catch up and caught ALABAMA at the finish line for fourth. LETTIE G. HOWARD was sixth. After that it was close between LIBERTY CLIPPER, THOMAS LANNON, and HARVEY GAMAGE. GREEN DRAGON won the small schooner class Sunday as well as Saturday.

Fred Sterner

(LETTERS: Continued from page 3.)

Hi!
I'm Dave Large, Sea Dragon Marine Art Studio. I have the Schooner Links website and am a ASA member. I received the following e-mail requesting information about a schooner. I don't have any information about her, so I thought that I would forward this to you to see if the ASA knows anything about the schooner.

Thanks.

Dave Large

I am looking for anything you might know about a schooner called SMITH K. MARTIN.

She was built somewhere around the Chesapeake and was used to supply light-houses during the early part of the century. She may be in dry dock somewhere in Massachusetts.

Thank You,

Earl Schlotterbeck
reply to: dave@seadragon.com

To Whom It May Concern:
I am trying to find a used fisherman for an 82 ft schooner. Hope you can help!

Thanks

Kenneth B Beckmann
KenandHazel@worldnet.att.net

Dear Sir,
I am researching the history of the American Tern schooner NAT MEADER. She was a three-masted schooner, circa 1880. William P. Stubbs (1854-1909, born Bucksport, Maine, but worked in Boston most of his life) was a noted ship portraitist who depicted the schooner in one of his paintings.

Does anyone have any info on the NAT MEADER or can point me in the right direction to find out what happened to her?

Thanks,

Peter Barretta
pbarretta@jil.com

We also hear news of a new schooner race, established as part of the annual Pat West Gaff Rig Race, held in mid-September out of Vineyard Haven. This year's participants finished in the following order: MALABAR II, WHEN AND IF, PHRAU LUANG, ESTRELLA, and CHANTY.

The race is held the week after the George Moffet Race, which is open to all kinds of boats. These two events could make for a nice excuse to go cruising in that part of the world in the early fall. . . .

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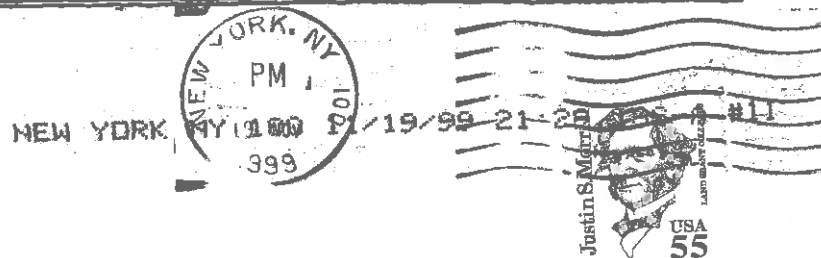
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