



WING & WING

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Bohemia by Dennis Berg



The Schooner came to anchor in the lee of the headland in the late afternoon. A fresh breeze still blew from the southwest. A quarter mile ahead on the starboard bow was a pier. Actually, it appeared to be a ferry wharf. On the port bow the shoreline receded into the distance with hints of farmsteads showing

through the trees.

The evening meal was passed up from the forepeak; a hot dog and baked beans on a paper plate and a cup of tea for each. Afterwards, a group of us congregated near the bow. The bow of the schooner, the bulwarks, the windlass, the catheads with one anchor still catted, the bowsprit and jib boom, the jibs loosely furled, was a scene to stir a boy's imagination.

The conversation ran from schooners to sailing to cars to girls. There was some traffic past us to the schooner's only sanitary facility, a 2" X 6" plank that ran across the longhead under the bowsprit to the head rails on either side. This seat gave a close up view of the draped American flags and gold cannons of the trail board carvings.

I had noticed a small black dot on the horizon off to the northeast. It seemed to gradually grow in size. Eventually, one of the older boys saw it and pointed, "Look at that black smoke," he said. "I bet that's 'Smokey Joe' coming." As we watched over the next hour or so, a tall black stack, then a dark grimy red ferry-boat showed over the horizon, came by us to the ferry wharf, let off one or two cars, then departed.

The year was 1941, the headland was Love Point on Chesapeake Bay. The schooner was the Bohemia, a Chesapeake Bay freight schooner. The boys-the campers of Camp Gunston near Centreville on the Corsica River. The camp chartered a bay schooner, usually the Bohemia, every year for a three day cruise from Corsica River to Annapolis and return.

The schooner anchored off the camp the evening before the cruise. The next morning we campers rolled up our bedding, clothes, toilet articles and whatever else was needed in our mattresses and tied them with clothesline. The councilors transported first these bed rolls, then the boys, out to the schooner in the camp's two "war canoes." When all else was aboard, the war canoes were pulled aboard and stowed upside down along the bulwarks between the masts on either side.

The schooner started down the river, pushed by her yawl boat. The mattress rolls had been put down in the hold. The boys unrolled them side by side athwart ships on either side of the centerboard well with walking space alongside the keelson. Forty mattresses almost took up the space in the hold. In the lower Chester River, the sails were hoisted. By sail or pushing, as the wind dictated, the schooner would anchor off the Annapo-

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From the Log of Voyager:

Venice: March 2006

At precisely 1700 hours 10.10.05 we cast off our lines on the floating docks at ACI Marina, Pula, one of the northern most ports in Croatia. The massive amphitheater built by Claudius in the first century loomed a scant 200 yards off our starboard. Those ponderous stones on the third story continued to haunt me: How did they raise them so high? Temporary ramps, earth fill, block and tackle? Unlikely at that scale, but in fact what I learned later, the system they did employ, together with an army of workers.

The wind was light out of the northeast with an unaccustomed chill. Direction favorable but our bodies were unprepared for cold weather. Too many years in the tropics. Sailing through the night in the coolest hours would allow us to arrive in the Lido Channel south of Venice at daybreak. All yacht facilities in this, unquestionably most sought after city in the world, are full year round, and it might take a day to find an empty berth. Friends had told us that Italians were most hospitable, making every effort to take in a foreign vessel, particularly a classical old schooner. A fellow sailor we had met in Greece, sailing in the opposite direction, mentioned a private sail-



Voyager at Isola San Giorgio, Venice

ing club opposite Piazza San Marco. He assured that if they liked us and our boat, they would make space.

Jeanette had to bolt between the foredeck as bow lookout and the engine room where our pilot books were strewn over both chart tables. We were passed by two ocean liners in the approach channel, one a five masted schooner perhaps 500 feet

long, seven stories high. One blast of the horn indicating "Wind Surf" would take us on its starboard, and an officer appeared on the bridge to give us a wave as it passed. It was a courtesy extended by vessels flying the same burgee, the green American Schooner Association, passing at sea. I doffed my cap in return.

It was Sunday and appropriately the sun was beginning to warm our bones. The quays both sides of the canal had swarms of people moving about. Every bridge we could see spanning the lesser rio (canal) had tourists standing motionless gazing seaward. There are 400 bridges crossing the 150 canals that make up the city. We motored to the west, then easterly, looking for marinas noted on our guide books. In the Marina Touristica we found our friend, "Wind Surf", laying alongside a 1,000 foot dock. Had we arrived before this aberration, the marina might still be there, but the local officials had decided cruise ships were more important than a stray yacht. An officer again came onto the bridge to wave, most likely in defiance, but I returned his salute in any case.

We spent several hours plying the main thoroughfare, looking for a place to rest. Neither of us had had more than two hours of sleep since Pula. We entered an



Voyager at Isola San Giorgio, Venice

Dogwatch by Sam Hoyt

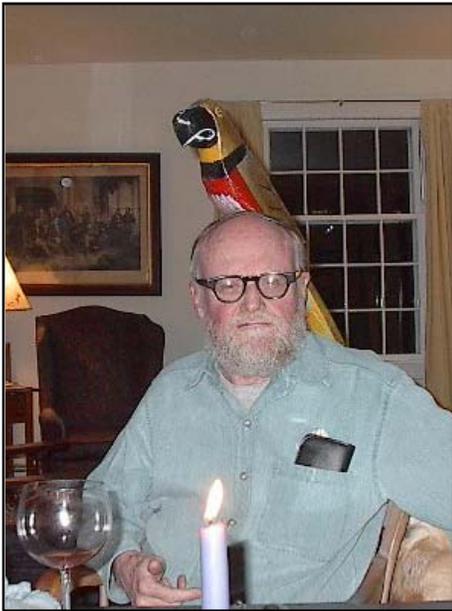


Photo: Sandy Thompson

We couldn't have started the sailing season off any earlier this year. Thanks to Richard Hudson and his year-round commissioning of **Rosemary Ruth**, we were out in New York Harbor on New Year's Day. A couple of other sailboats were out but we were the only schooner. Not much wind and we did a lot of sailing backwards, but a good time was had by all.

*Annual Meeting...*The blizzard was a week late this year, so we had an outstanding turnout at the annual meeting and possibly the best social functions in ASA history. Two suites at the Best Western were secured, one for talking, one for music. The talking suite was notable for its food and kudos to the following who provided sustenance: Jay McLauchlan from Gloucester with a truckload of fresh oysters, all of which he opened himself; Jim Cassidy who provided Goslings Black Seal and Gold rum and Barritt's ginger beer (the only ginger beer for a true Dark and Stormy); and the Chesapeake contingent who made the trip with a cargo of crabcakes. Excellent fare.

In the music suite, Daisy Nell and Captain Stan headlined an eclectic group. Daisy, despite losing her voice during the

evening, gave the world premiere of "Poof! -- Went Green Dragon," a riotous spoof of **Shearwater's** victory over Al Bezanson at Gloucester last summer, sung to a very familiar tune. Dogwatch also chipped in with a world premiere of "The Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race Talking Blues" which received mixed reviews. But many thanks to Captain Stan for the backup. Catherine McKinnon brought her fiddle and a couple of Celtic singers. And a group of chanteymen from Gloucester were led by affiliated members Peter and Joanne Souza. Joanne is director of the Schooner **Adventure** project. It's interesting to note that the only complaint to Best Western from a customer was directed at too much noise from the talking suite.

The business at the actual meeting saw the seating of a new slate of officers with Alex Rhineland moving up to Commodore, John Eginton as Vice Commodore, Al Roper as Rear Commodore and Roberta Pulsch taking over as Secretary. Mary Anne McQuillan remains Treasurer. Great thanks to the Senning family for their efforts. Susan continues her work as ASA Quartermaster and John leaves the officer ranks after six years of service. John Eginton, who is an owner and skipper of **Mystic Whaler**, lost no time in getting involved and has already signed up as members several fellow schooner skippers and assorted boat bums. ASA remains in good hands. Oh, yes. And Peter Thompson, who concludes his distinguished tenure as Commodore, has taken on the task of editing *Wing & Wing*.

The highlight of the meeting was the presentation of the ASA Award to the City of Gloucester and to maritime historian Joe Garland of that city. Representing Gloucester were City Councilman Walter Peckham and Mike Costello, director of the Cape Ann Chamber of Commerce. After several words of thanks from the Councilman, the award was taken back, to be presented again at the Gloucester Schooner Festival when the Mayor and other town dignitaries can be present.

Joe Garland, on the other hand, got to keep his award, which he characterized as

looking "like a collection plate." He then offered some very appropriate lines from his books, a fitting introduction to our guest speaker, newly-signed member and Professor Mike Santos of Lynchburg College. Mike's subject was also the fishing schooners of Gloucester, but specifically how they morphed from commercial to racing, almost yachty, vessels, based on his recently published book *Caught in Irons*. During the course of his talk, several members from the Gloucester area appeared to become upset at Mike's repeated reference to the "Eastern Point imbeciles." They failed, apparently, to understand that these were not Mike's sentiments, rather those of the Gloucester schoonermen themselves. He enhanced his talk with some of the best and most historic pictures of the schooners we've ever seen. But when we asked him which schooner was used in the movie "Captains Courageous," he didn't know. To his rescue came Courtney Peckham, curator of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, who knew that it was the **Aretha S. Franklin**.

*Short notes from the meeting...*Roger Worthington of Cambridge, MD, conveyed the invitation of the mayor of that fair town to all schooners to rendezvous there after the Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race. If the parties in Fells Point and Portsmouth are any indication, it will be well worth doing so...And Don Murphy of Provincetown made a pitch for the Provincetown Regatta Week which will be held the week after Labor Day. And right on the way south from Gloucester... Jesse Briggs and Delbay were there to accept the latter's ASA Rendezvous Award for the GCBSR, which Delbay immediately gnawed on. Is he teething, and what's going on between Delbay and Eliza Rhineland? Talk about robbing the cradle. Jesse also briefed us on the Bay Shore Discovery restoration project for the schooner **Cashier**...Harold Burnham, an 11th generation shipbuilder, spoke briefly on what it meant to be a master builder of historic vessels and outlined the **Isabella** project. This will be a 38' schooner commissioned by William Greene of South Dartmouth, MA. The Essex Shipbuilding Museum will be conducting guided tours of the

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Bohemia (Continued from Page 1)

lis city dock by late afternoon. After the evening meal the war canoes were put overboard and we went ashore at the head of city dock for a trip to the soda fountain at Read's Drug Store and then the movies. The next morning we were ashore early for a tour of the Naval Academy. Of special interest to me was the schooner America, looking somewhat forlorn.

Back aboard, the Bohemia moved down the Severn clear of town and anchored while we took a swim. This move was partially motivated by the fact that we did not have bathing suits. After the swim we set sail for Love Point.

The next morning there was a fresh north-wester which dotted the bay with white-caps. After breakfast of a slice of bread folded over a slice of bacon and a cup of cocoa (a few of us dedicated chow hounds got seconds), the process of getting under way began. The Bohemia was 82 ft. on deck. Her crew, whether for freighting or passenger trips, was the captain and one deckhand.

The only source of power onboard was a single cylinder donkey engine. This was connected by chain drive to the cargo winch. A chain from the winch drove a shaft that ran athwartships about three ft. above the deck just aft of the foremast. This shaft had winch heads on its ends just outboard of the fore hatch. By some means, which I cannot remember now, a chain from this shaft ran to a short shaft on the top of the samson post. Short cranks on each end of this operated the schooner's original, formerly hand operated, anchor windlass.

The fore and jib halyards were taken directly to the winch heads. The main halyards were led through the snatch blocks near the foot of the mainmast. The ends of the davit falls which hoisted the push boat were long enough to reach the winch heads. The boys were kept clear of this gear while the sails were hoisted. Looking up, the mast heads were visibly shaking as the sailed luffed and the booms and gaffs swung back and forth.

After the anchor broke loose, the Bohemia came off on the port tack. I couldn't see

much from back aft but the anchor was catted with the cat fall taken to a winch head. Captain Riggin brought the Bohemia off on a broad reach headed up the Chester River. She took off. We boys were allowed to climb out on the bowsprit when conditions were suitable. I led the way this time. The speed she was making and the tremendous bone in her teeth made me a little nervous on the jib boom. There was no netting. I climbed out to the end where I could hold on to the outer jib stay and looked back.

The scene was classic. The Bohemia was one of the best of the Bay schooners in the quality of her design and construction. She had a long low quarterdeck with the break in the deck just forward of the mainmast. The sheer line of the bulwarks was continuous without a break. There was a low, about 18," turned stanchion rail around the quarterdeck (this is hard to make out in the photo). Her joiner work, though painted white or buff, was of near yacht quality. Her standing rigging was fitted with deadeyes and lanyards and serving all properly tarred and maintained.

After a half hour or so we were called in as we approached the buoy where the Chester River turns north. It was a close reach for a couple of miles to the next buoy where the wind became nearly head on. Here the jibs were lowered and the fore and main trimmed close hauled. When she slowed to a near standstill, the yawl boat was lowered and set up pushing. We continued in this fashion to the camp. Here she lay at anchor with the fore and main still hoisted while the boys' gear were off loaded onto the war canoes. I was busy and did not see the Bohemia leave. Presumably she headed back to Baltimore or possibly down the bay for a load of lumber.

The Bohemia was built at the Kirby Shipyard in St. Michaels in 1884. The captain, a part owner, lived on the Bohemia, the first river below the C & D Canal on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. Presumably, she was intended for freighting to and from this river. It is interesting to note that in the accompanying photo she appears to have less freeboard than the average bay schooner. The most likely reason for this

is that the estuary of the Bohemia River is quite shallow and more freeboard would have added to the hull weight, thereby reducing the amount of cargo she would carry in the river.

In 1915, the Bohemia was purchased by Captain Edgar B. (Baine) Riggin, of Baltimore, for dredging oysters in the lower Potomac River. He also carried freight in the off season, primarily lumber, from Virginia rivers to Baltimore.

During the time I knew her in the late thirties and early forties, she came to Fredericktown on the Sassafras River each July to load wheat at the granary which belonged to Capt. Baine's brother, Captain Norman Riggin. She also brought in bagged fertilizer to the Baugh's Fertilizer Co. warehouse in the spring and fall.

Wheat was normally loaded aboard vessels directly from trucks which were weighed on a truck scale before and after. One time I saw a farm wagon pulled by two horses put a load aboard a power boat. The wheat was in burlap bags which were tied closed with short pieces of twine tied in bow knots. The trucks backed up to the edge of the bulkhead. The schooner's deckhand passed up the end of a plank, smooth and shiny from use. The truck driver would place a bag crosswise on the plank and give it a shove. The deckhand stopped the bag, yanked the string, dumped it into the hold, and tossed it back. In this fashion, a truck was unloaded in a short time. There was usually a line of trucks waiting.

It would take anywhere from two days to a week to load a schooner, depending mainly on the weather for harvesting. Frequently there would be another schooner waiting outside the first before she was loaded. It was pretty much assumed that a schooner would make it to Baltimore, a distance of 32 miles, in one day. Presumably if it was calm, they would push all the way.

The last time I saw the Bohemia and recognized her was September 1941 when she arrived with a load of fertilizer for Baugh's Fertilizer Co. She did not dock at Baugh's but at the granary where Baugh

Bohemia (Continued from Page 4)

had made arrangements to store fertilizer. The word was put out that she would unload that night and help was wanted. Men would be paid 40 cents an hour and boys 25 cents. At that time there were four teenage boys in Fredericktown. I was the youngest at 12. The other three were hired. I was considered too small.

There was a door in the river end of the granary. The Bohemia as positioned in front of this. The foresail was unbent from the gaff and swung outboard. The wire from the winch was led through a snatch block on deck then through a block at the end of the gaff. The gaff was hoisted about halfway up the mast. A rope guy line was shackled around the wire which had a hook shackled to its end.

Captain Riggin started the donkey engine and operated the winch. He had gotten out three or four endless slings of one inch

rope about six feet long and laid them on the hatch coaming. Two of the hired men took stations on top of the cargo in the hatch. Two others were on the platform at the granary door. Three or four appeared at the door (three of them the teenage boys) with hand trucks.

The men in the hatch laid out a sling on top of the cargo, took bags of fertilizer (one on each end) and stacked them four high across one of the slings, closed the sling in a girth hitch, hooked the hoisting cable to it and immediately began another pile. As Captain Riggin hoisted the sling of bags, it was immediately apparent that the snatch block on deck was carefully placed so that it would cause the gaff to swing outboard over the platform. It was the job of the deckhand with the guy line to control the swing. When the sling of bags landed on the platform it was immediately unhooked. The gaff began to swing back amidships. The two men on the platform, one on each end, stacked the

four bags one at a time on a hand truck, tossed the sling back to the hatch, and prepared for the next sling of bags which was coming toward them. The Bohemia's capacity was 120 tons or 600 slings of four bags each.

My father came down around 9 PM and insisted that I go home with him, so I did not get to see the entire operation. When I rode by on my bike the next morning the Bohemia was gone. Captain Riggin sold the Bohemia some time shortly after World War II. In June of 1949 I had occasion to take the "Old Bay Line" steamer from Baltimore to Norfolk. As we came into Norfolk in the early morning, I saw off to our port, anchored off the mouth of the Lafayette River, a Chesapeake Bay schooner. Her main topmast had been removed. She looked a little bedraggled. It never occurred to me that this was the Bohemia. I learned years later, from a book by Robert Burgess, that it was. She never sailed after this.

Log of Voyager (Continued from Page 2)

empty canal near the passenger terminal and tied up. I went to sleep promptly while Jeanette tidied ship and stood watch, checking the cruising guide for an alternative haven within reach during daylight hours. She does not take naps unless forced to by the watch schedule, while from my Army training I can sleep standing up, anywhere. We had come all this way only to discover our sources were out of date, that no marinas with guest berths existed in Venice. We had



Jeanette on Voyager

seen the sailing club mentioned by our friend, only 400 meters south of Piazza San Marco, when we first entered, but it appeared full and it required a large pair of calzones to think we could simply enter and find ourselves welcomed by a brass band. We made a short pass, then turned and crabbed into a narrow opening formed by a marble light tower and the Chiesa di San Giorgio Maggiore. This imposing cathedral was designed by Palladio in 1565 and had a significant impact on Renaissance architecture. Sailing into a private club was one thing, but in the shadows of a significant structure I had studied 50 years ago, and in the most prestigious location of Venice, we were both uneasy. Immediately, Federico took our spring line and bow line, motioning us to move further along the marble pier and into the tiny basin, as though he had expected us. He smiled profusely, welcoming us in Italian and English. Where was the brass band? He made it clear we could stay a few days, possibly longer; he would speak to the President. When Jeanette suggested six months, his eyes widened as no one had ever done so,



Isola San Giorgio, Venice

but we were most pleased with even a few days, a chance to get some sleep, and to be able to see something of this fantasy before us.

The following day we met the President of Compagnia della Vela (sailing club) di San Giorgio, a gentleman, young and enthusiastic. We could stay the winter and the usual fee would be 19,000 euros, but "this was ridiculous in our case," and he dropped off the 1, then upon seeing our expressions, lowered even further. They wanted us to stay and he left us saying he could chop-chop the amount further, that we were welcome at their club-

Log of Voyager (Continued from Page 5)

house adjacent the Palazzo Ducale with its restaurant and bar. Though still somewhat numb from our short passage from Croatia, we were able to grasp this gift, and the thought of living in the heart of Venice on our boat for six months was overpowering. It will be cold, damp, but exhilarating.

When we arrive at any new destination, we plan our visitation as though a military assault on the town. In this case we would have to take the waterfront before moving inland. Supply lines would be maintained and maps carefully prepared of all advances. The City provided us with landing craft and as members of so prestigious a club, it was free. It took four minutes for the crossing and we were met with no resistance. But from that moment penetration became more difficult. We were drawn away from the beachhead by the pull of the Piazza San Marco, Venice's only Piazza and the most significant square on this planet, more visited than any. In deference to its importance, all other enclosed spaces in Venice are called Campos.

There are 117 islands that make up the present city, and the earth taken to define any canal formed the land mass, wooden pilings driven to support the structures above. Barbarian invasions in the 5th and 6th centuries drove the citizens of Veneto and neighboring Adriatic towns into the marshes of the Venetian Lagoon (the French have a long history of abrasiveness). They soon formed a federation electing representatives to a central authority and with the fall of the Byzantium's hold over Italy, they elected their first Doge, an administrator who would lead Venice for the next 1,000 years. In 828 Venetian merchants stole the body of Saint Mark from Alexandria and, to house the apostle's remains, Basilica San Marco was built just north of the Doge's Palace. In the 13th century under the Doge Enrico Dandolo, Venice led the fourth Crusade to Constantinople bringing back all the treasures won but all the territories as well, making it one of the more enviable nations of the period.

My older son (who shall remain nameless) may find these historical notations tiring,



Gondolas

but I was a professor for 30 years, art and architecture, and I cannot escape this passion. It is why we travel. As I scribble this, my heart beats more quickly with the excitement we have felt moving throughout this city. All cities are inspiring, but Venice with its history, its obsession with art, plethora of museums, its shops cluttered

with paintings, clothing of haute culture, leather, everything with a strong sense of design, even the kitsch on the fringes pulls on one's visual senses.

For those of us who visit Venice, or just think about stepping onto its shores at the northernmost extremity of the Adriatic Sea, there is no image that better defines its existence than the gondola. This elegant form developed of necessity. In so far as the streets are water, boats plied the waterways from the fifth century on. The boat is 36 feet (11.0 meters) long and four feet abeam. The bow projects horizontally above the water for six to seven feet, sloping upwards to 16 inches high, and the stern somewhat less, leaving a little more than 20 feet resting on the surface. It has a flat bottom, the ends narrowing to an upright plane. The port side of the hull is wider than the starboard and so creates a list. They all lean to starboard when unoccupied. The gondolier stands on the stern port side with his long sweep to starboard, but even this does not right the vessel, balance the trim. They are built asymmetrically so that the chine on the starboard side will act as a keel, allowing the boat to maneuver the more narrow intersections. Four woods are used in its construction: oak, larch, mahogany and cedar,



Peter Phillipps

Wooden Boat Show *continued from page 5*



Venice Gondoliers Along a Canal

and the method for piecing this together is an exact business. The heavier and denser woods form the bottom and structure. The keel is laid with a stem and stern post, to which planks, the full length of the hull, are attached. The frames are then placed and the planking made fast. Lastly, a deck is fashioned, having a cockpit of sorts in which the passengers sit on tufted seats over an Oriental rug, pillows all about. There is sufficient room for six, but we have seen more as

the lowest fare to go around the block is 80 euro, for approximately one half hour. The gondola is a piece of sculpture, the equivalent of a Chippendale, painted only in black. No other color is permitted, even for the deck, which as a horizontal makes it difficult to maintain. But black seems entirely appropriate to me.

Years ago wealthy people had a private gondola at their disposal. Many gondoliers speak several languages, serve as local historians, and often sing opera to entertain their guests. It is lucrative business, but in no way serves the purpose for which it was intended. The gondoliers are also strong, wielding a 16 foot oar that has an asymmetrically shaped blade, with an acrobatic motion bordering on ballet. They all wear an ancient costume: blue striped jersey, black, tight-fitting slacks, and a straw broad-brimmed hat. Two long ribbons of either blue, sometimes red color, streams from its back to further enhance the nautical affect.

We spent an afternoon in the shipyard of Tramontin & Sons, one of two yards still building gondolas. Roberto greeted us while a helper finished painting a hull recently repaired behind a long sheet, a dust cover. Old wooden block planes lay on a bench: "that was my Greatgrandfather's, the elder Tramontin", and leaning on a saw horse there were two antique

buck saws, one a cross cut, the other with larger teeth to shape a plank longitudinally. A single plank spanned two saw horses, about 38 feet long, that had been seasoned for two years, now ready for use. They build but one each year, and the jig setting up construction was in place. He seemed delighted to take the time to show us his shop; it was near the end of the day and he was readying his own boat he had built for racing in the lagoon. This measured 7.1 meters (its class) and was powered by a lateen rig. There was to be a regatta that weekend and Roberto was defending champion. Oars had been fitted and neatly stowed within, as was a wine bottle holder and two glasses. A proper yacht. Jeanette asked if the two helpers were his sons, whereupon he smiled: "I have two daughters." Like so many old yards building wooden boats in this age of chemicals and production boats, his facility was a stage set. Three wooden sheds forming an open courtyard that sloped down to a small canal and having an earthen floor was all there was and all that was needed to build the black beauties. Venice, itself a stage set, has hundreds throughout the city. We already know that six months will not be enough to assimilate this city, any more than 15 years is enough to sail the seven seas. Marco Polo left Venice for China, returning 20 years later, bringing back with him many tales and treasures of an advanced culture, including the noodle. Our excitement persists.

Peter Phillipps, onboard *Voyager*, Isola San Giorgio, Venice. Photos: Jeanette Phillipps.

Editor's note: This entry is just an excerpt from Voyager's log in Venice. The full Venice log will be posted to the website. Jeanette and Peter Phillipps plan to be in Venice until May 1, then sail south and west, Corfu, Sicily, Malta, Tunisia, Sardinia, Spain, and plan to leave Gibraltar for the Canary Islands October or November. From there, they want to leave the Canaries mid-January for the Caribbean. As Jeanette noted in her e-mail to Sam Hoyt, "Then again, we thought we would be back in the US after 3-5 years; it has been 13-1/2 years!"



Venice Canal Bridge and Gondolier

Dogwatch (Continued from Page 3)

project...And it was great to see John (and Jan) Turner looking fit and upbeat despite his recent surgery. Chin up, John.

*Save our Schooners Committee...*A small group gathered at the close of the meeting and a committee was formed with the goal of doing as much as possible to save historic schooners. Mary Anne McQuillan valiantly volunteered to chair the committee which has already focused on three schooners in desperate need of help: **Ernestina** in New Bedford, MA, **Wawona** in Seattle, WA, and **Cashier** in Port Norris, NJ. The initial focus will be on **Ernestina**, which has been out of commission for almost two years now, the victim of gross neglect by the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, which has reneged on the deed of gift from the government of Cape Verde. The deed stipulated that, in return for the gift of the schooner to the Commonwealth, said Commonwealth would provide funding to keep the vessel functioning as the "Tall Ship" of Massachusetts. This it has most certainly failed to do. ASA offered a petition at the Maine Boatbuilders Show for those wishing to support the cause. ASA members are encouraged to lend their support and to check progress at amschooner.org. If anyone knows of other schooners that are in danger, let Mary Anne know.



Delbay and Jessie Briggs

*News from afar...***Voyager** was in Venice, Italy, for much of March and was participating in an international boat show there, the only schooner in attendance. Still no set date for her return stateside...Mike Mulcahy of Chicago reports, regretfully, that he will most likely be offering the historic Crowninshield schooner **Fame** for sale. She needs some work but Mike has still been sailing her regularly...Our young member Cameron Brien, who signed up at the WoodenBoat Show two years ago, has halted work on the schooner he's building with his grandfather to apply to high school. Late word has just arrived that Cameron has been accepted at Tabor Academy which, as we all know, sails the able vessel **Tabor Boy**. Best of luck there, Cam, and how about keeping a log of your experiences on the schooner to run in *Wing & Wing*...The Waterfront Center in Oyster Bay, NY, is working on a program of sail education for pre-teens and would like to sign up some schooner owners to take the kids sailing in August. Details elsewhere in this issue...And we welcome the Gulf of Maine Chapter which received its charter at the annual meeting...Phil Smith, long time resident and yacht broker on the Vineyard, has reportedly moved to Alaska. We don't know what has become of **Bluenose Junior**...Bob Pulsch deserves great credit for somehow talking the US Postal Service into producing a stamp featuring **Heron**, which Bob and Roberta used on their holiday greeting cards. Puts a new meaning on the term "going postal." And crewmember Bill Comella has created a **Heron** website...Sadly, we note that *Soundings* reported the suicide of Larry Mahan, apparently from depression over the fate of the schooner he built himself, **Larinda**, which was sunk in Halifax when hit by a Canadian naval vessel that had parted its mooring during a hurricane.

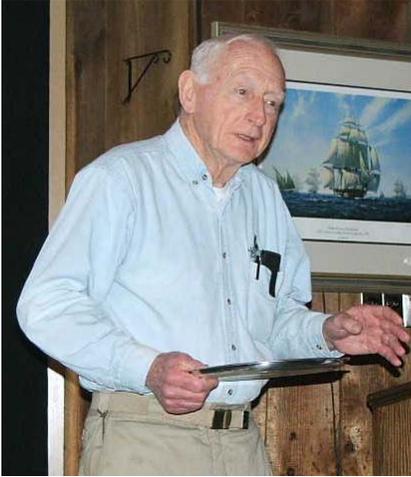
*Upcoming article of historic note...*We were contacted by longtime member Bill Broughton who inquired if we'd be interested in a tape of live interviews that shed some light on the history of the true name of the **Lettie G. Howard** and we will be working up an article based on those tapes for the next issue of *Wing & Wing*. The **Lettie**, known by some as **Caviare**,

was brought to the South Street Seaport Museum with the help of Peter Stanford who is now writing a book on that process. Bill Broughton and Peter Stanford both owned Alden designs #253-B, **Venus** and **Athena** (formerly and later **Heart's Desire**), both built by T.H. Soule in South Freeport, ME. Bill, who may be the only person who's been an ASA member longer than Dogwatch, also reported that the Biloxi schooners survived hurricane Katrina in the Back Bay of Biloxi. Unfortunately, Bill's **Venus** was not so lucky during hurricane Rita. While repairs are in progress, Bill has decided that after 51 years of ownership, he needs to find someone else to carry on. Here's another chance for someone to own an historic vessel.

*A Passage in Time, Along the Coast of Maine by Schooner...*Dogwatch has been known for some editorial criticism of one Peter Spectre when he was penning the "On the Waterfront" column in *WoodenBoat*. But we received a copy of the aforementioned book from our good seawife and it has shed a whole new light on Mr. Spectre's literary talents. Originally published in 1991 by W.W. Norton (with help from Jim Mairs), the volume chronicles a six-day sail from Rockland east to Mount Desert and return on "our schooner" (which, curiously, remains unnamed). What makes the book so compelling is the, dare I say "brilliant," interspersing of the narrative with the history of the Maine coasting schooners and many of the towns and characters of that part of the Maine coast. Spectre quotes extensively from such classics as John Leavitt's *Wake of the Coasters* and delves into episodes such as the Ned Ackerman fiasco and esoterica such as the etymology of the word "schoon" and the derivation of the term "schooner." He is helped immeasurably by the many photographs of the incomparable Ben Mendlowitz, which, in and of themselves, provide a pictorial history of the Maine schooner fleet. All in all, a most evocative and educational work and a must for all fans of schooners and the Maine coast.

*Miscellanea...*Speaking of books, where is Randy Pepper's new potboiler? We had understood that it was to be published this

Dogwatch (Continued from Page 8)



Joe Garland, ASA Award Recipient
Photo by Peter Souza

spring...And, in another media venue, **Shearwater** (of New York) appears for about a second and a half in a commer-

cial for ABC's "Eyewitness News." You have to look quick but she looks some fine....Fred Sterner and Mary Anne McQuillan participated in a Boston exhibition of home-brewed beverages and walked off with most of the honors. Fred took a first for a Belgian ale and Mary Anne won for her mead. If I recall correctly, they also were medalists for cider. And this spring they will acquire their own bees so they can use their own honey for the mead. Amazing!

...And we must also offer a couple of corrections to last issue's Dogwatch. We misspelled the last name of new member Skip Connell for which we apologize. And there's no way that Don Glassie's daughter could be both the cook on **Brilliant** and his son. Shades of *Eats, Shoots and Leaves*.

What better irrelevant historical fact could we offer than, prompted by the aforementioned Peter Spectre, the derivation of the word "schooner." As Spectre recounts it, the apocryphal story is that, upon the launching of a uniquely rigged vessel in the early 1700s, someone was reputed to have said, "Oh, see how she scoons." Scholars have scoffed at this account, but the legend persists, perhaps helped along by Daisy Nell, who used those very words in her song "When the Morning Star Rises Again." We are not only indebted to Peter Spectre for this, but also to the various historians and authors that Spectre quotes. Anyone have a better version?

Dogwatch

ASA AND HERITAGE MARINE INSURANCE ANNOUNCE NEW PROGRAM TO BENEFIT MEMBERS AND THE ASSOCIATION

The Board of Governors of the A.S.A. announced today that HERITAGE MARINE INSURANCE of Mystic, Ct. has designed a special insurance program which will benefit both association members and the association as well. HERITAGE will offer a **special lower rate** on insurance for members' boats and will also serve as a recruiting operation for new members.

When a schooner owner contacts HERITAGE he/she will be asked if they are a member. If they are a member they will be quoted at the special lower ASA rate. If they are not a member they will be given two quotes: one as a non-member and one as a member. In every case the savings as an ASA member should far exceed the dues, so the choice of whether to join will be obvious. HERITAGE will mail an ASA Membership Application along with all necessary paper work for insurance coverage to the schooner owner. When returning the paperwork to HERITAGE the schooner owner must submit the Membership Application and a separate check for dues made payable to the American Schooner Association or his/her membership card as a current ASA member. HERITAGE will forward the Membership Application and dues payment to the ASA Treasurer for processing.

"This program has been designed so that it benefits schooner owners and also the American Schooner Association since HERITAGE will be helping the association to grow its membership. We're pleased to be working with the ASA, saving its members significant amounts of money and playing a role in its reaching all schooner owners. We believe in the ASA and

we feel it behooves every schooner owner to be a member of it," said Jim Cassidy, a partner in HERITAGE MARINE INSURANCE.

The program will cover schooners which are used for private pleasure use. In certain cases coverage for a limited number of "six pack" charters may be available. Qualification for this special program is subject to standard underwriting guidelines such as sufficient owner/operator experience, condition of the boat as determined by an out of water survey supplied by the owner and intended use of the boat.

The ASA/HERITAGE Special Insurance Program offers the broadest coverage available including Agreed Value "all risk" hull and equipment, standard liability options from 300,000.00 to 1,000,000.00, towing and emergency assistance, personal property, accidental oil/fuel spill cleanup costs, Longshore and Harbor Workers Compensation Insurance, medical payments and uninsured boaters. Coverage is year round and the premium is adjusted in accordance with the navigation vs. layup periods.

Coverage can include in water winter storage. Liveboard coverage is also available. Boats undergoing or awaiting restoration may also be covered by special endorsement at a credited rate.

HERITAGE MARINE INSURANCE can be contacted by phone: 1-800-959-3047, by facsimile: 1-860-449-5915, by e-mail: classics@heritagemarineinsurance.com or through their website at www.heritagemarineinsurance.com.

Be sure to enter the word Schooner and ASA member if you are a current member.

Wing & Wing -Official Newsletter of the American Schooner Association

American Schooner Association Minutes from the Annual Meeting. February 4, 2006 Seamans Inne, Mystic, CT

The Annual Meeting of ASA was called to order at 1000 by Commodore Peter Thompson, followed by the Commodore's welcome and opening remarks.

REPORTS

The treasurers report was presented by Mary Anne McQuillan. Income \$5,805.14, Expenses \$5,819.04, Balance \$4,089.38. (Carried over from last year \$4,103.28). Details were accepted and filed. The secretary's report was made by Al Roper and supplemented by others. There have been four Board of Governors (BOG) meetings during the year. The Web site is up and functioning at www.amschooner.org. The roster is, or will be, on the website. Members will be given a password to enter that portion of the site, so that information will not be open to the general public, and should be secure.

OLD BUSINESS

Awards

ASA Award. Vice Commodore Alex Rhinelandier presented the ASA Award in two parts: The first was to the City of Gloucester, Massachusetts, for their long term dedicated efforts to continue and maintain a strong and viable schooner presence in that city. That award was accepted on behalf of the city of Gloucester by Mike Costello, Cape Ann Chamber of Commerce, and Walter Peckham, City Councilman. The second co-recipient was Joe Garland, Chronicler of the Northern Fleet of Fishing Schooners. In his acceptance remarks were included excerpts from his book *Adventure*. He also recommended for sailors' reading pleasure *A Summer Cruise In New England* by Robert Carter, 1860.

Rendezvous Awards were presented to Kay and Tom Ellis for their work and participation in the Gloucester Schooner Festival. The Rendezvous award for the Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race was made to Delbay Briggs, grandson of the Founder, the late Captain Lane Briggs, for carrying on the family schooner tradition to the third generation by sailing the Norfolk Rebel in the race at the tender age of four months. Delbay had no remarks, but indicated his pleasure by teething on the pewter platter.

Special thanks were given to Susan Senning for her excellent work as Quartermaster of ASA. Al Bezanson and Bob Pulsch were remembered and thanked for spearheading activities at Gloucester and Mystic.

The "Golden Parrot Award" lies dormant for another year at the discretion of the Commodore.

Sam Hoyt gave the report concerning the 2005 Maine Boat Builders Show and WoodenBoat Show. HERON was the headquarters boat this year. WHEN AND IF and/or BRILLIANT may be the headquarters in 2006. Membership in ASA has almost doubled, as represented by over 80 attendees of this 2006 meeting.

NEW BUSINESS

Election of Officers

The Nominating Committee, assisted by Sam Hoyt, placed the following slate on the floor: Commodore-Alex Rhinelandier, Vice Commodore- John Eginton, Rear Commodore- Al Roper, Secretary- Roberta Pulsch, Treasurer- Mary Anne McQuillan.

The slate was duly elected. It is worth mentioning that Captain Eginton, The newest officer, is the owner and skipper of MYSTIC WHALER, sailing out of Mystic, New York, and the Chesapeake Bay. Thanks were given to Peter Thompson for his dedication and effective leadership, and thanks that he will remain on the BOG as an active influence.

Peter Thompson reported on the progress of Wing & Wing. Alex Rhinelandier reported on the Web Site (see above), the rosters, and W&W archives. Dues are currently \$25-Regular, \$10-Junior, and \$10-Crew. The possibility of increasing dues to \$35 if a printed W&W were mailed (W&W is now available on-line) was entertained and remanded to the BOG for further consideration. Alex Rhinelandier, reporting for the BOG, stated that the current Board is composed of the five officers, two past Commodores, and the Editor of W&W. To increase the number by adding at-large members would require a By-law change. The BOG will look into this and report to the membership its recommendation for action as necessary.

Various initiatives were discussed, including ERNESTINA (New Bedford), ADVENTURE (Gloucester), and CASHIER (Port Norris). A special meeting has been scheduled for a committee to look into these matters, particularly ERNESTINA, following the general meeting. Any interested persons were invited to attend, participate or interfere as they saw best.

Annual Meeting (Continued from Page 10)

A plea was made to actively recruit new members. Another ASA Regional Chapter is being established for the Gulf of Maine and Chapter Vice Commodore Robert Macaleer accepted the Charter on behalf of the Chapter.

Nominations were requested for ASA Awards for next year. Nominations are always open for any additional suggestions. Consideration was asked for the following (so far): Delaware River Schooner Project; Robert Pulsch, HERON; MARY E, Greenport NY; Seafood Industry Museum of Biloxi, Mississippi; Wooden Boat Foundation, Port Townsend. Information was presented concerning the Delaware Bay-Maurice River Schooner Race, the Second Annual, to be held the first weekend in October, 2006. This is just right for schooners on their way south to the GCBSR Baltimore-Norfolk/Portsmouth, VA the following week. The ASA endorsed Official Rendezvous locations for 2006 will be Gloucester Schooner Week, Delaware Race About the Bay, and The Great Chesapeake Bay Schooner Race. Jim Cassidy reported on a special ASA member discount through Heritage Marine Insurance. Persons applying for insurance will be automatically asked if they are members of ASA, thus actively proselytizing for our organization. This should help to bring in some more new members.

OPEN DISCUSSION

Roger Worthington (PROM QUEEN) discussed the development of a post-GCBSR gathering in Cambridge, MD. Don Murphy discussed the development of a schooner race at Provincetown, MA on the weekend following Labor Day. This might well fit into a schedule with other races in the New England area. Greg Dekowski presented the status of the Schooner CASHIER, 1849. There is a web site (links also through ASA and A J MEERWALD sites) for progress reports.

Courtney Peckham, curator of the Essex Shipbuilding Museum, updated us on the status of ISABELLA, a schooner under traditional construction by Harold Burnham in his boatyard at Essex. (<http://www.essexshipbuildingmuseum.org/WebCam/webcampa.html>).

Motion was passed to end the formal portion of the Annual ASA Meeting. There then followed a presentation by Dr Mike Santos, Lynchburg College, Virginia, on the development of schooner racing and an historical perspective on the rivalry between working watermen and recreational sailors (Yachties). Following that excellent presentation, a discussion group was held by those interested in pursuing the ERNESTINA Project.

Respectfully Submitted, A. L. Roper, Secretary



The Annual Meeting at Mystic Seaport was a large gathering in 2006



Mike Costello and Walter Peckham Receive ASA Award on Behalf of City of Gloucester
Photo by Peter Souza

Oyster Bay, NY, Junior Sail Cruising Program

The Waterfront Center in Oyster Bay, NY, would like to establish a junior sail cruising program and is seeking schooner owners interested in taking part in a pilot program the last two weeks of August. The details of the program are still under discussion but some of the basics are set. The pilot sessions will be five-day excursions, the first leaving from Oyster Bay and ending up in Greenport, and the second returning to Oyster Bay. Stops would be made at interesting points in Long Island Sound, including Mystic Seaport, and each leg would include one overnight sail. Each participating vessel would carry a group of up to six children and one supervisor from the Waterfront Center. The age group would be kids entering 7th to 9th grade. The overall goal is to use the sailing experience to instill teamwork, develop good safety habits, learn to conserve and enjoy the marine habitat, and to appreciate the sailing tradition. Participating vessels would be compensated. Anyone with interest should contact Jack Hoyt at (516) 922-4098 or jhoyt@optonline.net

AMERICAN SCHOONER ASSOCIATION CLASSIFIEDS

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