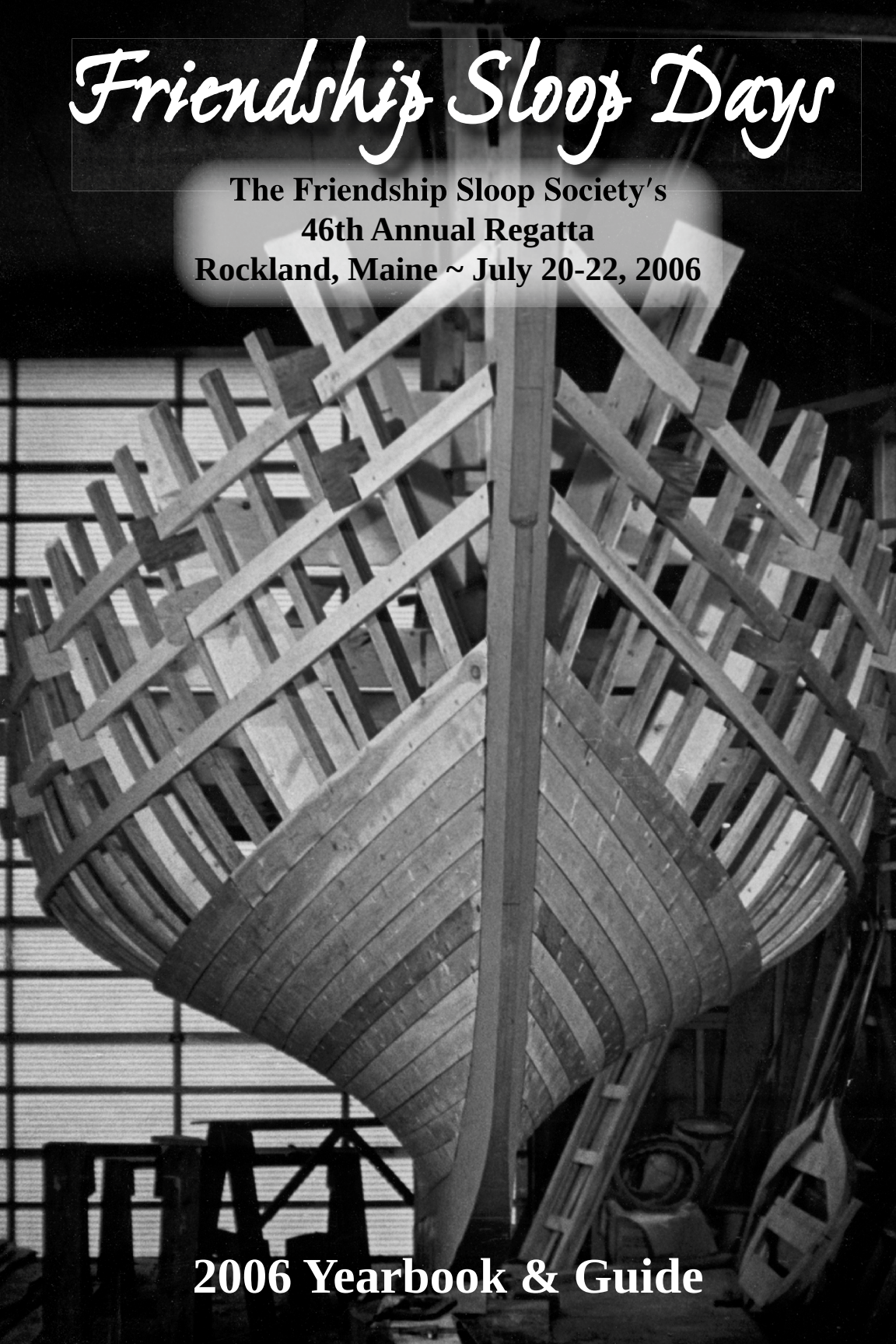
Friendship Sloop Days

The Friendship Sloop Society's
46th Annual Regatta
Rockland, Maine ~ July 20-22, 2006



2006 Yearbook & Guide

ROCKLAND-THOMASTON AREA CHAMBER OF COMMERCE

WELCOMES

THE FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY TO ROCKLAND, MAINE July 20-22

Join the Friendship Sloop Society members for a public supper and free entertainment on Friday. The public is also welcome to attend breakfasts and skippers' meetings each morning, and visit sloops dockside at the Public Landing. There will be races each day, and a parade of sloops on Saturday (see next page for full schedule).

OTHER SUMMER EVENTS

July 4
Thomaston 4th of July
www.thomaston4thofjuly.com

July 15-16
North Atlantic Blues Festival
www.northatlanticbluesfestival.com

August 2-6
Maine Lobster Festival
www.mainelobsterfestival.com

For more information on the area, contact the Rockland-Thomaston Area Chamber of Commerce
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info@therealmaine.com • www.therealmaine.com

2006 Homecoming and Rendezvous Schedule of Events in Rockland

Wednesday July 19
Sloops arrive in Rockland Harbor and tie up at the Public Landing (no charge). Moorings will probably be available on Tuesday afternoon at $20 per night. Call the Harbormaster, Ed Glaser, or Assistant Harbor Master, Pete Thibodeau, on Channel 9. Tent, chairs and barbecue will be set up.

Thursday July 20

9:00 AM	Skippers' Meeting under the tent
11:30 AM	Race starts off the breakwater
4:30 PM	Rowboat races - all ages welcome to participate
5:00 PM	BYO Barbecue under the tent

Friday July 21

9:00 AM	Skippers' Meeting under the tent
10:30 AM	Parade of Sloops
Noon	Race starts off the breakwater
4:00 PM	Sloops on public display at the dock
6:00 PM	Public dinner under the tent followed by informal musical entertainment. Bring your own musical instrument

Saturday July 22

9:00 AM	Skippers' Meeting under the tent
11:00 AM	Race starts off breakwater
4:00 PM	Awards Ceremony
6:00 PM	BYO Barbecue under the tent

Cruise to Friendship July 23
Day to sail or drive the crew to Friendship

Cover: Cover Photo of Friendship Sloop *Freedom* while under construction in Ralph Stanley's shop during the winter of 1975-1976. © *Craig S. Milner*

Craig Milner was the photographer for the book *Ralph Stanley: Tales of a Maine Boatbuilder*. Autographed copies of this book are available from Mr. Milner. You can contact him by phone (508 853-3300) or via his website at www.craigmilnerdesign.com.

Friendship Sloop Society Officers 2006
(Also on the web at www.FSS.org)

Commodore	Charlie Burnham	30 Southern Ave., Essex, MA 01929
Vice-Commodore	Roger Lee	26 Parker Street, Belfast, ME 04915
Secretary	Caroline Phillips	72 Molasses Hill Rd., Brookfield, MA 01506
Treasurer	Greg Merrill	P.O. Box 166, Butler, MD 21023
Newsletter Editor & Webmaster	John Wojcik	347 Lincoln St., Norwell, MA 02061
Yearbook Editor	Rich & Beth Langton	868 Cross Pt. Rd., Edgecomb, ME 04556
Yearbook Editor Emeritus	Roger Duncan	P.O. Box 66, East Boothbay, ME 04554
Publicity Chairman	Miff & Marge Lauriat	47 East Ridge Rd.Southwest Hbr.ME 04679
Membership Chairman	Bob Monk Jr.	3 School Hill Lane, N. Reading MA 01864
Scholarship Chairman	Bill Zuber	35A Tideview Lane, Friendship, ME 04547
Race Committee Chairman & Marblehead Regatta Chairman	David Graham	7 Batchelder Rd., Marblehead, MA 01945
New London Race Chairman	Greg Roth	510 Montauk Ave., New London, CT 06320
Southwest Harbor Race Chairman	Miff Lauriat	47 East Ridge Rd., Southwest Hbr., ME 04679
Friendship Day Chairman	Bill & Caroline Zuber	35A Tideview Lane, Friendship, ME 04547
Chandlery Chairpersons	Bill & Kathy Whitney	75 Kingsbury St., Needham, MA 02192
Original Sloops Chairman	Harold Burnham	141 Main St., Essex, MA 01929
Measurer	Dick Salter	151 Bridge St., Manchester, MA 01944
Inspector of Mast Wedges	Bill Whitney	75 Kingsbury St., Needham, MA 02192
Cannoneer	Pamela Hooydonk	P.O. Box 93, Spruce Head, ME
Piper	Donald Duncan	Southport, ME 04576
Commodore, Motor Boat Squadron	Jack Cronin	164 Sturbridge Rd., Charlton, MA 01507

Honorary Members: Roger and Mary Duncan, Dorothy Gould, David Graham, Cyrus Hamlin, Marcia Morang, Betty Roberts, Governor John Reed and Carlton Simmons.

Commodore's Message

One of the signs of a healthy organization is change. This year the homecoming has major changes. First, it is being held on a Thursday, Friday and Saturday schedule rather than midweek. Second, a cruising event has been incorporated in the program. Further, the handicap alley race format that generated so much fun last year will be repeated.

The Friendship Sloop Society welcomes all to Rockland and our forty-sixth annual Homecoming. If you haven't attended before, join in all the activities, make new friends, and have a good time. Hear first hand of our history. Learn about sailing and cruising in sailing lobster boats. See that time has failed to relegate this turn of the century gaff rigged fishing boat to the past. Her beauty, fine lines and seaworthiness keep this model active today. Enjoy the sight of twenty-five Friendships under sail in Rockland Harbor. Visit and help celebrate our maritime heritage. Our fleet rafts up at the side of the Rockland Town Dock every afternoon after the races. Meet the kids and see what keeps our society going.

The new schedule will make it easier for the public and everyone's friends to join in the fun. It is a more convenient time for the local boats and crews. The race format used at Friendship - start together, inside the harbor, twice around including handicap ally makes for spectacular views and friendly sailing. There are trophies for each day of racing. The race committee has been charged with arranging for all boats to finish simultaneously.

This year will be special for those that enjoy cruising. Miff Lariat has organized a 4-day cruise to Rockland from Southwest Harbor. Following the Saturday activities, the cruise will start on Sunday the 16th from Southwest, rendezvous at Pulpit Harbor Tuesday evening and conclude with a Wednesday morning crossing of Penobscot Bay to Rockland. Join in, this is guaranteed to be a good time.

Special thanks go to our yearbook editor and to the vice commodore who generously assumed the work and responsibilities of publishing this yearbook. Finally we want to thank and acknowledge our appreciation to the City of Rockland, the Rockland Harbormaster and crew, Share the Pride, the Chamber of Commerce, the dedicated volunteers that cater the Friday night dinner, and the advertisers whose generosity make the publishing of this book possible. Please support them. They are listed in the categorized advertising index at the back of this book.

Looking forward to seeing you in Rockland.

Charles and Maria Burnham

2006 Events of the Friendship Sloop Society

June 30th – July 3rd New London Rendezvous

New London CT

Contact: Greg Roth, 510 Montauk Ave, New London, CT 06320 – 860- 442-2747

July 15th Southwest Harbor Regatta - Southwest Harbor, ME

Followed by a 4-day cruise to Rockland

Contact: Miff Lauriat, 47 East Ridge Rd., Southwest Harbor., ME 04679 – 207-244-4313

July 20th – 22nd Homecoming Rendezvous and Regatta

Rockland, ME

Contact: Charlie Burnham, 30 Southern Ave, Essex, MA 01921 - 978-768-7146
or Roger Lee 26 Parker Street, Belfast, ME 04915

July 23rd Cruise to Friendship

Contact: Bill Zuber, 35A Tideview Lane, Friendship, ME 04547 - 207-354-8036

August 12th & 13th Marblehead Regatta - Marblehead, MA

Contact: David Graham, 7 Batchelder Rd., Marblehead, MA 01945 - 781-631-6680
or Charlie Burnham, 30 Southern Ave, Essex, MA 01921 - 978-768-7146

September 2nd Gloucester Schooner Festival

Gloucester, MA

Contact: Gloucester Harbormaster

November 18th Annual Meeting

Best Western Merry Manor Inn
700 Main Street, South Portland, Maine

Contact: Caroline Phillips, Secretary - 72 Molasses Hill Rd. Brookfield, MA 01506
508-867-0503

Sloop Society Webpage: www.FSS.org

- - - We Dedicate This Yearbook - - -

We are pleased as punch to dedicate the Friendship Sloop Society's 2006 Yearbook to a truly deserving individual - - - an individual of many talents and capabilities; one who has nobly fulfilled each and every task to come before him within the Society - - - DICK SALTER. But let's go back to the beginning.



Dick Salter receives accolades from the chair of the Trophy Committee

It was in 1972, following a lengthy search for a Friendship Sloop, that Dick Salter found an advertisement in a yachting publication of the day for ***Old Baldy***. As it had earlier developed, her previous owner employed ***Old Baldy*** as a water taxi at Cranberry Island. By the time Dick had first set his eyes on her, she had come to Ralph Stanley's yard. Built of cedar planking on oak frames, ***Old Baldy*** was Dick's delight. Solid though she was, Dick eventually found that her size proved limiting to his expectations. Thus, ***Old Baldy*** was sold in 1975 when Dick acquired ***Liberty***, a "Dictator" hull by Jarvis Newman, with deck and house by Ralph Stanley.



Liberty

Dick then trucked ***Liberty*** home to Manchester, MA where, in 1976, he added a ballasted keel, an engine and other "goodies". He then hauled ***Liberty*** to Winter Harbor where Bruce Lanning was to sufficiently finish her so that by May 13, 1980, at 1313 hours, Dick was able to depart, under power only, for the trip back home to Manchester. Dick remained "in-command" of ***Liberty*** until around 1993, when she went into the ownership of Peter Carter and eventually on to Lake Michigan.

But we digress, as this article is supposed to be a dedication to Dick Salter rather than about boats - - - although one can hardly discuss one without going into detail on the other.

Almost from day one, Dick Salter has made significant contributions within the Friendship Sloop Society. With ***Liberty*** barely finished in 1980, Dick took the fleet to Boston, where they led the memorable Tall Ships Parade into the harbor. In 1985, ***Liberty*** and Dick won the Governor's Trophy in the final regatta at Friendship. As if that were not enough, it was the following year that ***Liberty***, Captain Salter in-command, took the Ridgway Trophy at Marblehead. Notable among the ***Liberty*** crew of that era, were individuals with names such as Leo Campbell, Bob Rex and Hugh Verry.

This is but a thumbnail sketch of Dick Salter's sailing efforts on behalf of the Society.

Ashore, Dick's contributions have been even greater. Our longtime official measurer, Dick became the Society's first commodore in the year when we transitioned from the position of leadership that had previously been known as the president. Following his watch as our first commodore, Dick thankfully refused to step into retirement; for Dick was to become our first "Tech Tips" author in the FSS Newsletter - - - and for many years, Dick was at the helm as our annual meeting auctioneer. For a long time, Dick has voluntarily been the on-going December holiday party coordinator, a wonderful end-of-the-year event as we begin to hunker down for a long winter's nap.

Currently, we find Dick Salter deeply immersed with the Society's Race Committee program aboard his newest command, ***Messing About***, a vessel aptly named for someone who has devoted so much of his life to "messing about in boats". Dick has proven himself indispensable with his highly professional race-mark setting efforts, along with the very capable Bill Zuber, at Rockland.

Commodore, measurer, author, auctioneer, winning skipper, race committee member and party coordinator, Dick has done it all - - - masterfully and magnificently! These are but a few of the reasons why we have chosen to dedicate the 2006 FSS Yearbook - - - to our very own Dick Salter.

David Graham

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Presenting the 2005 Winners…

Southwest Harbor Rendezvous July 23rd

First to Finish: *Gladiator*

Rockland Homecoming Rendezvous & Regatta July 26th-28th

1st All Divisions - State of Maine Trophy – *Salatia*

Division I (<25')

1st Place-Herald Jones Trophy – *Salatia*
2nd Place-Bruno & Stillman Trophy – *Celebration*
3rd Place-Lash Brothers Trophy – *Echo*
1st Pemaquid Sloop-Jarvis Newman Trophy - *Salatia*

Division II (>25")

1st Place-Commodore's Trophy – *Lady M*
2nd Place-Gordon Winslow Trophy – *Tannis*
3rd Place - Rockland Trophy – *Gladiator*
Liberty Trophy - *Gladiator*

Class A (Original Sloops Built before 1920)

1st Place - Wilbur Morse Trophy – *Gladiator*
2nd Place - Charles Morse Trophy - *Sazerac*
3rd Place - Alex McLain Trophy – *Chrissy*
Rum Line Trophy- *Sazerac*

Special Homecoming Trophies

Nickerson Trophy - youngest crew member - Kenerson Cronin - about as young as they can get!!
Chrissy Trophy - woman who keeps sloop, crew, and family together – Caroline Cronin Phillips
Cy Hamlin Award - Skipper's homecoming – *Down East*
Gladiator Trophy - Sloop sailed the furthest – *Banshee/ Gaviota*
Danforth Trophy - Sloop that finishes in the middle of the fleet - *Gladiator*
Stanley Cup – Sara Beck – *Flying Jib*
Owner/Builder/Restorer of Sloop – Dick Dudman – *Freedom*
Tannis Award - 7th overall in fleet – *Gladiator*
Spirit of Friendship Award – in the spirit of friendship – Dick Salter

Marblehead Regatta - August 13th & 14th

Friendship Sloop Division Winner
Ridgeway Trophy – *Tannis*

Division 1
1st runner up - *Margaret F*
2nd runner up -*Tern*

Division 2
1st runner up – *Chrissy*
2nd runner up - *Resolute*

Gloucester Schooner Festival – September 3rd

Tannis - first to drift over the line

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Leo Campbell
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Marcia Morang
Bob Rex, Chairman Emeritus
Penny Richards
Jerry Ross
Dick Salter
Oddvar Solstad
Hugh Verry
Bill Zuber

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

Please Return with Remittance to:
Bob Monk, Jr.
Friendship Sloop Society
3 School Hill Lane
North Reading, Massachusetts 01864

I/We Hereby apply for Membership:

Name(s) _____

Street _____

_____

City_____ State_____ Zip ____

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Date of Application: _____

E-Mail Address: _____

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FULL MEMBERSHIP - $30
Sloop owners and other interested parties and/or persons. A family-type membership. Full voting privileges, including husbands and wives.

COOPERATIVE MEMBER - $20
Trades people, interested people, etc. No voting privileges. Names carried on the mailing list.

Extra Membership Decals are available at $2 each.

Society Burgees are available at $20 for the small size and $25 for the large size.

Affiliation with Friendship Sloops:

☐ Owner(s) ☐ Former Owners ☐ Crew ☐ Family

☐ Friend(s) of Friendship Sloops ☐ Other (list) _____

Affiliated Friendship Sloop (if applicable)_____ Sail No. _____

Optional Contribution to the FSS General Fund: $ _____

Signature:_____Date: _____

Total Amount Enclosed:$ _____

Pendleton Memorial Scholarship Fund
Named in memory of Commodore Bill Pendleton and his wife Beatrice, the Fund was established in 1967 when Friendship sloops were racing in the town Friendship. In 1983 the Friendship Sloop Society turned the fund into a trust, with townspeople being named as trustees. The income of the trust is to be used for the "residents of the Town of Friendship, Maine, in the form of a scholarship for those who are seeking to further their post high school education." It has provided scholarship assistance for 36 years to over 120 individuals, several of whom have received multiple year scholarships. The young people of the town of Friendship need your support. Tax deductible donations in any amount should be sent to the Pendleton Memorial Scholarship Fund, P.O. Box 279, Friendship, ME 04547

Hadlock Award
In 2005 this award was made to Sara Beck, owner of *Flying Jib*, in memory of Bill Hadlock, skipper of *Heritage* and Past Commodore, the award is presented at the Annual Meeting to a member of the Society who has promoted safe sailing by evidence of sound seamanship in conjunction with an abiding love and respect for the sea, nurtured and promoted family participation in the Society's activities, shown a strong willingness to share knowledge and help others, has enthusiastically promoted the goals and aims of the Society, and has been a strong advocate of the beauty, charm and splendor of the Maine Coast.

Omaha Award
Don and Dottie Huston received this award in 2005, from the Morang family who were recipients in 2004. The award is made in recognition of the sloop *Omaha*, built in 1901 by Norris Carter.

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Freedom

By
Tom Halsted

I've known and sailed with Dick Dudman for more than forty years. We met in Washington, where he was at the Washington Bureau of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and I was doing arms control work.

In April, 1970, the paper sent him to Vietnam just after American forces invaded Cambodia. He and two other reporters were captured on the Vietnam-Cambodia border by Cambodian Khmer Rouge guerrillas and were prisoners of first the Cambodians and then the North Vietnamese for more than a month—beaten, threatened with execution, and dragged from one primitive jungle camp to another, dodging American B-52 bombing raids, as they tried to prove they were bona fide journalists and not CIA spies. After nearly six weeks, they were finally released on the outskirts of Saigon. (Dick wrote a great book about his ordeal called *Forty Days with the Enemy)*.

During his captivity, Dick later told me, he made a promise: "If I ever get out of here alive, I'm going to Southwest Harbor and get Ralph Stanley to build me a Friendship Sloop, I'll call her 'Freedom,' and I'm going to spend the rest of my life cruising the waters of Maine." As we all know, he did all those things. ***Freedom*** was launched in the bicentennial year 1976.

It was not long afterward that Dick called me from Little Cranberry, in search of someone who would join him in fulfilling the last part of that vow he'd made himself. I joined him for the cruise from Islesford to Friendship and the regatta in 1977. Every year since, with few exceptions, I have had the pleasure of cruising with Dick aboard ***Freedom*** — along the coast of Maine, from Casco Bay to Quoddy Head, and beyond, into Passamaquoddy Bay, to St. Andrews, up the St. John River, and across the Bay of Fundy to Nova Scotia, where a Friendship Sloop is a rare sight. Once (thanks to my creative but flawed navigation techniques) we nearly made an amphibious landing on Roaring Bull ledge, in thick fog just off Isle au Haut, and another time succeeded in running thoroughly aground off Crazy Point in New Brunswick, but most of the time we stayed out of serious trouble, and enjoyed a lot of glorious sailing in these welcoming waters.

Freedom started out so traditionally equipped that for the first few years Dick and I navigated by compass and wristwatch alone, spending many an anxious moment feeling our way along a rocky shore in thick fog, listening to the too-loud sound of surf on a nearby but invisible rocky shore, or hunting for that elusive bell or whistle in mid-Penobscot or Jericho Bay, off Cutler or Campobello. In the early years, ***Freedom*** had no roller furling, no radio, no Loran or GPS, a broken depth finder, an unwieldy scissors for a boom crutch, kerosene running lights, and of course no winches. Tying in miles of reef points in a sudden blow (particularly the last three or four of them, way aft of the transom), or getting thoroughly dunked while clinging to a plunging bowsprit, trying to secure a wildly flogging jib a long way from the safety of the deck, struggling to light and hang kerosene running lights in a twenty-knot breeze in mid-Fundy, or getting a better workout than one

Continued p. 12

bargained for, hoisting sail and handling sheets without winches, is what makes Friendship Sloop sailing so special. But over time, ***Freedom*** gradually acquired, one by one, the newfangled gadgets that made her safer and easier to handle, making up for all but the last of those aforementioned deficiencies.

Freedom looks as beautiful as the day she first slid down Ralph Stanley's ways thirty years ago – but she is Dick's no longer. He sold her last summer to Earl ("Duke") Collier, but with the proviso that he be allowed to race her in one last Friendship Sloop Regatta and one last Retired Skippers Race. I had the pleasure of joining him for both of them, taking the tiller one last time as ***Freedom*** put in a creditable performance at Castine, beating most of the fleet across the finish line. It was a fitting conclusion to a thirty-year collaboration for ***Freedom***, for Dick, and for his most fortunate sometime shipmate.



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By Roger Duncan

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- **DOROTHY ELIZABETH**
  The joys of building a wooden schooner

To be published this summer:

- **AFLOAT AND ASHORE** - **A miscellany**
- **CHRISTOPHER** - **A novel of the Revolution**

Atlantic to Pacific Friendship Style

by
Nancy Toppan

When Rudyard Kipling said, "East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet," he did not count on Friendship sloopers. Our East Coast family had a great chance to sail with a West Coast Friendship skipper last August in San Diego.

The saga began in April 2004 when Peter and I sailed in San Diego harbor on one of those other sloops. Our skipper noticed our Friendship Sloop Society shirts and remarked that he knew of a Friendship in the harbor. We were skeptical about whether or not he even knew what a Friendship was, but he sailed right up to ***Pacific Child***, on her mooring off Shelter Island. We were impressed. Unfortunately, no one was abroad, but Peter located the marina that managed the mooring for ***Pacific Child***. We visited the office and asked if we could leave our contact information for the owners. Several weeks later, our phone rang and it was Catherine Randak, calling from Salt Lake City. Catherine and Kendall Brady own ***Pacific Child*** and Salt Lake City is their home when they are away from their boat.

Fast forward a few months and Peter's family is planning a reunion, but no one has any idea as to where we should gather. The family is spread between New England and Arizona. Peter recommends the same hotel on Shelter Island where we stayed the year before. His three older sisters agreed and let Peter organize the event. The first thing he did was email Catherine and Kendall to ask if they might be in San Diego when the Toppan clan was planning to gather. Luckily for us, Ken was going to be in San Diego at the same time. We knew we could leave ***Compromise*** safely on her mooring in Scituate harbor for a few days while we sailed in San Diego. She would understand.

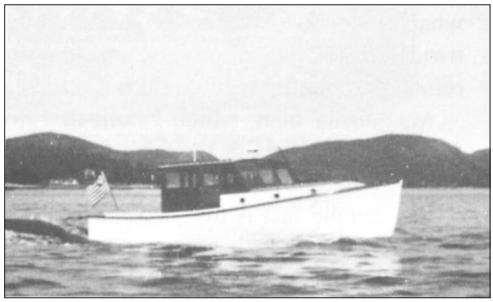
After we reached San Diego, a few cell phone calls between our Boston and Salt Lake City home-based phones resulted in plans for sailing. Ken was a great sport and agreed to take our family out on Saturday and Sunday. Sight unseen, Ken took the Arizona-based group out Saturday afternoon as we watched from the waterfront. These occasional sailors came back raving about their great afternoon. The next day, Peter & I, Andrew, Jason and Joey, Jason's girlfriend, met Ken at the marina. As Ken maneuvered out of the marina, he gave Peter a few pointers about the boat and then let him take the

Continued p. 14

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helm. Ken said several times during the afternoon that he did not often get the chance to just sit and enjoy the sailing because he was always the "captain". He was enjoying the change. Peter was happy to have the wheel and we were all having a grand time. Everyone should see San Diego from the water!

True to the way Andrew and Jason go about things, after less than 30 minutes of jib tending, they were suggesting a different configuration for Ken's jib sheet fairleads. He graciously allowed them to make the changes, knowing that he could switch it all back if he did not like it. The changes seemed to work. The mother in me was glad that the guys did not break anything on this kind person's boat and, well, maybe he really liked the new arrangement.

We had a wonderful afternoon, took scads of pictures of San Diego Harbor and made a new friend. We were sorry that we did not get to meet Catherine, but she is planning a trip East next summer and we are making arrangements to get together. After the afternoon sail, we all had dinner at a wonderful restaurant. As the evening was coming to a close, Ken confided to us that his biggest worry had been that we would be "proper Bostonians" and formal sailing people. We certainly laid his worries to rest! He was a marvelous host to these strangers from the East Coast. Friendship Sloops generate friendships!



The aircraft carrier *Midway* from the Friendship sloop *Pacific Child* in San Diego Harbor



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Heritage

By
Steve Dunipace

Heritage was once again a boat! To the casual observer during that summer of 2005, there could, in fact, be no argument that ***Heritage*** was again, indeed, a boat. She had a keel, a hull, and a deck. Her engine had been returned to its mounts and the necessary components to generate propulsion were intact. Outside, she was planked and caulked and had early signs of a soon-to-be brilliant coat of Malachy Green paint. Her newly constructed rudder was securely in place and stood ready for commands from the helm to guide ***Heritage*** along any future course. Inside, so much of the hardy oak structure that made her whole had disappeared behind sparkling bright cedar ceilings and the teak of ***Heritage***'s sole. Bulkheads were reappearing. Joinery was slowly taking its rightful place. Plumbing and wiring had been replaced, refit, and reconnected. And, after many idle years, berthing once again provided seating and accommodations. Stainless rigging and brilliantly varnished spars stood ready to fulfill their supporting role, having at long last come down from their roost high in a Riverside Boat Company shed.

Heritage was so close to the water I could feel her bow charging through the swell and her deck canting to the efforts of billowing and cracking canvas. I could hear her hull groaning, spars creaking, and taut shrouds singing in response to their strain. I could taste the salt spray in the air around her and see the glistening gold sparkle of reflected sun light in the gurgle of her wake. I could smell all of the wonderful, as well as not so wonderful, smells found only in and around a vessel at sea: bilge water, Herring Gulls, diesel fumes, low tide, the lee of a fishing boat and so much more. My senses were alive with excitement and the anticipation of at long last getting under weigh.

At first, the restoration of ***Heritage*** had seemed daunting even impossible; tantamount to eating an elephant. If done at all, it would require many small bites over a considerable period of time. Three years before, I had ambitiously set out to eat that

Continued p. 16

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elephant, and it appeared in 2005 that, after so many little bites, that was precisely what I had done. The enumerable steps in the process had been methodically, meticulously, and patiently carried out. And, though stuffed to the gills from the meal, I could look back with wonder and breathe a sigh of relief at having cleaned my plate…or so I thought. Then, like a broadside from Nelson's ***Victory,*** came the realization that the elephant was but one course in this meal, as I was promptly served my giraffe.

Heritage, though my first restoration, was not my first boat. I had in the past jumped through all of the hoops, checked all of the boxes, crossed all of the "T's" and dotted all of the "I's" necessary to commission a vessel. Therefore, I naively thought, I must be an expert and should encounter little difficulty doing so again. I could not have been more mistaken. This giraffe was a completely different animal and an enormous meal.

Heritage was documented with the United States Coast Guard versus registered with the State of Maine, thus requiring an interaction with the federal government bureaucracy that left me yearning for the days in line at the Department of Motor Vehicles. Enough said. ***Heritage*** was wooden which had enormous implications for the manufacturers of seam sealer; enough used to seemingly sink the Titanic. I am still not certain where all that gooey red putty went! ***Heritage*** was more than twenty years old and had been declared totaled; an issue of considerable concern and not easily lost on those who underwrite insurance and conduct marine surveys. *Heritage* displaced three times that of her predecessor necessitating a significantly hardier mooring, so that I should avoid another course of elephant. ***Heritage*** was not fully nor even slightly provisioned and demanded countless carloads of equipment from Hamilton Marine. ***Heritage*** had been conceived and born prior to 1984 and the days of overbearing government regulations and thus had to be brought up to code. ***Heritage*** had more spars, more sails, more bright work, more paint; so many more little bites of the giraffe that ate away at the clock counting down the minutes, hours and days of summer.

All this stood between ***Heritage*** and her return to the sea. The summer of 2005 was spent sanding, phoning, sealing, typing, caulking, copying, painting, faxing, polishing, mailing, sawing, shopping, bunging (more on that later), and nibbling away at that giraffe with a desperate even frantic hope of finishing my second course before the season ended. It was not to be. The sands of time paid no heed to my plight nor paused to honor my deadline. They continued remorselessly on, leaving ***Heritage,*** alone in her shed to look longingly at the ebb and flow of the daily tide. On a warm and humid afternoon as the curtains closed on the summer of 2005, I watched the tears of condensation rolling down ***Heritage****'s* cool cheeks; both of us having come to the realization that yet another long cold winter stood between us and our launch date, now set for 2006.



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The Memories They Left With Me

By
Michael Gordon

A pliant, worn leather bookmark droops from the closed book by my reading table at our home in St. Augustine. The book is Roger Duncan's "Dorothy Elizabeth". It is waiting my return to finish the final third and learn whether the hero survives adversity to sail again, or whether, like Nelson a century ago, he falls in the only place for a sailor to fall, in command on the deck of his ship, to be stored in a rum cask by his crew for the last run home. I am hopeful that the final fall is many years off, but I shall not know for another week when I am able to return to my reading.

I met Roger only once, at the Friendship Sloop Days in Friendship in 1965. It was my first return to Maine since my wife Buff and I had driven our VW Beetle on a cold 1960 Thanksgiving break from first year law school classes to Farnham Butler's yard on Mt. Desert to pick up parts for an AmphibiCon. The parts would remain under our bed, and in every corner of our small apartment, until I finished law school and laid the keel timbers the day after the 1963 bar exam. A long forgotten source, but of good fortune, brought news of the annual Friendship Sloop Races. Off went a letter to the Society in early 1965 about trading a lecture on announcing the America's Cup races in 1964 for a couple of days aboard a Friendship to photograph the races. Betty Roberts responded with an invitation to lecture after the first race, plus a chance to crew on the newly built ***Dirigo*** the first race with Harold Lash and his brother, and then join Arthur Watson on his beautiful ***Palawan*** the second day.

There has always been, for me, an indefinable mystique about Maine. I have never visited without wanting to return to live, but for a strange gene that brings upon hypothermia at temperatures below 70 F and caused me to flee Connecticut to Florida. But I have been successful in sending checks to the Society without genetic retribution. Another mystique is the character of the people. How could I not feel a lasting kinship when the folks to whom I was first introduced were Al and Betty Roberts, Roger Duncan, Harold Lash, Bill Danforth, Arthur Watson and his Maine spouse?

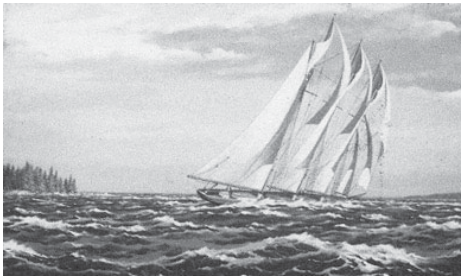
On the first race day, one of two pristine Maine days promoted by chambers of commerce but often obscured by nature, I photographed the skipper's meeting outside Betty and Al's Lobster wharf and went aboard Dirigo. The boat was new. It would be its first Friendship races. During the next few hours I took a lot of photos of bows chasing us, somewhat altered late in the race by the buoy pick-up on the handicap leg. We finished in grid lock. That evening I gave my slide lecture in the town hall, and then joined Betty and Al and the ***Palawan***'s German captain for a late dinner of, of course, lobster.

Palawan was a delight to be aboard the next day. The Watsons asked me to tell them where the best location would be for photos, and we moved about the course the whole day from one vantage to another. I went though a couple of dozen rolls of film, and spent the next week praying that nothing went wrong at Kodak. The results were just what I needed for another lecture, which would become "Of Shoes and Ships and

Continued p. 20



Friendship Sloop Races 1965 – ***Dirigo***



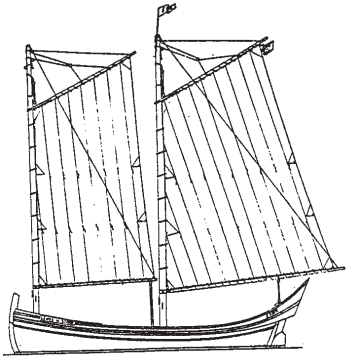
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Sealing Wax," and send Buff and me off to Florida again to revisit old clubs and stop at some new ones.

I have never been back to Friendship, or to Maine. We sold our British Cornish Trader a few years ago. Our boating is mostly on a flats boat in the salt marshes behind our St. Augustine house, or a drift boat on Montana and Wyoming rivers. But when the rare fog slips in off the Atlantic and drifts up the beach to our house, filling the marshes behind with the smell of vintage years, I think for a moment I am back in Maine. But that thought is dispelled partly as through the mists appear a dozen silent Brown Pelicans, gliding inches over the wave crests. And partly by the thermometer, fixed at 73°F on this February afternoon as I write these words. They are words of fondness and appreciation, for the folk I met those years ago, for their land they cherish, and for the memories they left with me.

Happy Birthday, Vera Jean, 100 years of sailing

By Dennis Mayhew

On April 2, 2006 we had a fantastic birthday party for *Vera Jean*. The party was at Bluewater Bay Marina, Niceville, Florida, her home dock. She was lookin' good – with new paint and canvas, a completely dressed ship with full flags. The party was a grand occasion with many guests and a beautiful cake made for the occasion. I did a champagne toast, written by a friend as the sun set.





Now here's to the VERA JEAN
Whose lines are classic and clean
Really one hell of a boat
So may she forever float
In weather both mild and mean.

Raise your glasses for a toast
Because I am about to boast
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Alice Ingraham

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Can I Borrow the Boat Tonight?

By
Bob Zuber

In the early hours of dawn as we coasted through "partly cloudy" I decided it was time. I wanted to cruise Penobscot Bay with my friends from D.C. and my only sister, ***Gladiator***. I had grown up with ***Gladiator****'s* twelve tons, her beam and draft balanced at six feet. I had managed her thousand-something feet of sail. I even handled her heavy gaff-rig through a 180-degree jibe in a twelve-knot breeze. Not a dash of salt water came over the cockpit combing. Sure my Dad and younger brother had made adjustments to the boat over the years. You couldn't expect them to sit through a long Maine winter and not ponder - and then make adjustments. But there wasn't too much to adjust or that I was not familiar with. ***Gladiator*** was designed to sail herself, leaving her captain free to haul lobster traps. Left alone, she usually sailed better than any captain now aboard. After all, built in 1902, she was more seasoned. At 104, definitely more experienced.

The sun rose past our bank of clouds. The morning got hot and the sky turned a brilliant blue, proving the "partly" of the day's forecast. The "cloudy" stayed thick around us, hovering above the cold grey water. But as the sun burned, the fog lifted and thinned now and again, revealing the private summer homes of the two Havens. I studied my panel of experts as we motored through North Haven Reach. I had been considering a solo cruise for many a winter. Approaching my 40th, even with my "from away" handicap, I figured I might as well ask.

My words broke the drone of the engine. They hung chilled in the morning air. Frozen really. The response was what I expected. My father and brother immediately stared silently out into the fog, busy looking for some approaching nun - you know, captain stuff. They were stunned by my suggestion.

We came out of the Reach and caught a decent breeze off Brown's Head Light as it finally became morning. Naturally, we cut the engine and hoisted the heavy gaff and unfurled the staysail. We headed to Hurricane Island for a brief walk about. No words had intervened since I put my question before the panel. It seemed still to hang a few points off the port bow. As my Dad and brother ruminated, the familiar islands surrounding Hurricane brought back memories. Preparing to make my case, a few choice moments of comparative seamanship flashed through my mind. Passing through the White Islands, we headed towards Valley Cove on the north end of Hurricane. I remembered one of Dad's famous moonlight cruises…

It had been a lovely affair. The cruise left the float at high tide, as the sun set red-orange over the high humpback of Hurricane. Simultaneously, the full moon rose—broad, low and blue over Green's Island. As we sailed out past the shadow of the hump, the sun's blaze caught in ***Gladiator's*** broad main. Not to be outdone, the moon rose large and bright in the light of the setting sun, magnified to gigantic proportions by the last of Green's heat. It hovered orange deepening to crimson over a third of the long island. That was the signal for the Gosling Rum to flow over the few shapeless chunks of ice smuggled aboard. The cubes had the consistency of rotten snow. The daily thaws and nightly freezes of Maine's fifth season (that being "Mud"—from the end of February

through April) left old snow pitted and weak, causing it to slump. Similarly, the evening shut down of Hurricane's generator left our cubes sagging – not quite able to recover. Many Goslings hit deformed cubes. (It was a proven fact that rum of this variety drew the wind—something inherent only to these fluffy young birds).

The rising of the blue-green moon was also the cue for me to don my squeezebox. Originally my uncle's, the three-octave hulk featured two-inch rhinestone letters that spelled "B O B." It had passed on to me as fellow namesake of my grandfather. "B O B's" gaudiness never failed to deliver, sparkling famously in the curious mixture of sunset and moonrise. I courageously pumped out the "Trish-Trash Polka" (as I liked to call it) and assorted waltzes. Although recognizable, the tunes were just out of reach of the youthful crew's memories. But with the help of the Goslings, half-sung pieces of melody were put windward. Mumbled singing was mixed with conversation without clarity. A relaxed din wafted gently against the sails.

We sailed across the broad sound and up along Green's Island. At Heron Neck we rode the swells fresh from Portugal (or so I liked to think). It was always a marvel to watch the sunset and the moonrise. As we sailed between them, vibrant, iridescent colors played on the water, lapping quietly against the hull. Odd colors mixed without blending, making the sun a reddish-green, the moon a bluish-red, and the sea a reflection of colored lapping. The hues were projected onto the white canvas sails, changing without order like the Aurora Borealis. Only the axis angles of midsummer could create such dazzling effects.

The evening's blue gradually turned nearly black. The moon shrank to its recognizable shape and size and gave the stars their space. They brightened and multiplied. The flow of rum slowed with the shift of the evening wind, blowing warm off the islands. The accordion was retired for *a cappella* shanties. Starting with a rousing chorus of "Drunken Sailor," the singing invariably slowed to Gordon Bok's song about the bay on which we were sailing:

> "*When you see old Isle au Haut, rising in the dawn;*
> *You will play in yellow fields, in the morning sun.*
>
> *Sleep now the moon is high, and the wind blows cold;*
> *For you are sad but young, and the sea is old."*

Continued p. 24

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Having lost the sun's power hours before, we began to lose moonlight as well. The moon had coasted across the sky and hid behind Hurricane's hump. Its fast fade muted the deep-green shadows of islands making them harder to see. The Captain turned back to off-load ***Gladiator****'s* rum-laden cargo or in his words, "rum-maiden cargo!" Slowly, it dawned on Captain that this would be the first time ***Gladiator*** docked at Valley Cove without her engine. A 1950's-era German diesel, it had died a loud, billowing black death the previous spring.

On the night of the moonlight cruise—newly rid of her noisy iron— ***Gladiator*** sailed gingerly into the unlit cove. Captain pondered the last swirls of low tide that would be emptying from the pier. The cove's mouth faced the swells from Portugal. When the tide made the water shallow by twelve feet, the swells could give a good ride. He also thought about the curiously unique wind one could pick up in Valley Cove. From the southwest, where it rose over the high hump of the island, the wind plunged almost vertically toward the sea, struck the water and vaulted back upwards. When it did this, it drove everything in its path due west in a gust, directly onto the pier.

The pier was constructed of the unclaimed footings of New York, the ones to large to ship. The granite slabs were massive, unmoved since quarry days. Captain mused and held helm straight for the heavy square forms, and watched as things unfolded. ***Gladiator*** picked up the cove wind and held onto the gust with her strong main. The shallow water strengthened the tide's current and kept her keel proudly upright against the blast. Her speed went from slight drift to about four knots, and she headed due west fifteen feet from the slabs. The power in her main dug her bow down into the water, providing no steerage. Armed with forward momentum, ***Gladiator*** bore straight and low, directly for the pier. She struck with the force of an Amazon Don Quixote. Fearlessly, she drove her 85-year-old bowsprit into the granite blocks hard enough to stick the sprit. From four knots to complete stop, she held still, unmoving. Like a cat with her prey, she froze, content with her charge.

The Goslings were of no use now, "Damn rum-soaked birds," thought Captain. They quackled in the heads of the crew. All stood stunned, stiff as ***Gladiator*** with her prize. What to do? The tide had not finished lowering. At once, all hands went forward



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to un-stick the sprit, but this sudden movement only put more pressure on the antique spear. All heaved, then yelled "Ho" for various reasons, but ***Gladiator*** remained unmoved by the crew's attentions. She stayed stuck in the center of the stone pier like a dart in a bull's eye. Thwarted, the crew backed off, out of ideas.

After all were quiet and had fully admired her agile feat, ***Gladiator*** luffed her upper main, releasing the gust. All stayed hushed. She used her memorial ballast to tip the sprit a few inches higher, letting the tide swing her slightly to the left. She used her night sight to feel the wide vertical space between the granite slabs. Her full weight resting astern, the current caught her draft. Her bowsprit released. As she had timed, a small Portuguese swell raised her up, flowed under the granite, and pulled her straight out. Without a groan, she backed off the pier. Unaided, she had retreated from her charge. She had kept her sprit and her spirit intact. The crew stood, awestruck. Captain breathed a silent sigh and played off his inaction as a matter of course. (But he had known from many such experiences that ***Gladiator*** usually knew what to do…)

We continued making way across Hurricane Sound toward Valley Cove. I became conscious of my father and brother lost in similar reveries. Scenes played of "coasting" over Dead Man's Ledge, or "finding" Nun #2 a bit more to port than planned. My brother caught my gaze. Together, we secretly remembered our first solo voyage as teenagers. Our encounter with a sudden mysterious "swell" was still unknown to our father, now standing between us. We had done nothing—only watched as the "uncharted" ledge rolled beneath ***Gladiator****'s* keel. The urchins on the bald rock were plainly visible to our beer-soaked eyes. But ***Gladiator*** had instinctively gone up and over the ledge, seeming to enjoy the ride. Giddy actually, not so much as a dollop of her bottom paint had been added to the rock's décor.

"So," I said, finally breaking the silence, "Think I can borrow the boat next summer?"

Silence.

I continued, "That is unless you boys are already finished."

They turned to ask.

I answered, "You know, checking the chart for accuracy."



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Like Boats? Visit the Essex Ship Building Museum Essex, MA	Welcome to our newest crew member William E. Whitney Grandma and Grandpa Whitney *Gaviota*
Worm & Parcel With the Lay Turn & Serve the Other Way	Seamus Donigan Sez: You can lead a sailor to drink, but You can't make him water Happy Sails Greg and Naomi Grundtisch
Thanks for the Friendships Dot and Don Huston	"If a man must be obsessed by something, I suppose a boat is as good as anything, perhaps a bit better than most." — E.B. White
Heritage A Big Welcome Back from Barbara Hadlock	"Life hangs on a very thin thread and the cancer of time is complacency. If you are to do something, DO IT NOW, tomorrow is too late" — Pete Goss Seamus Donigan wishes all a glorious good time

THE FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY'S BULLETIN BOARD

Best Wishes for Good Cruising and Racing during the 2006 season Corinthian Yacht Club	*Queequeg* will be a starter this year! All the best from her crew Rich, Beth, Ruth and Robert Langton
In memory of Capt. Harry Jackson, USN Retired Greg and Daneen Roth *Fiddlehead* # 146	"To reach port we must sail, sometime with the wind and sometimes against it. But, we must not drift or lie at the anchor." — O.W. Holmes See you at the Chandlery Next Year
Wishing a Good 2006 to the Society Paul and Betty Cape Cod	Sailing – Number one on our list. *Salatia*
Enjoy the Summer! Wayne, Kirsten, Alec, Caitlin and Ashleigh Cronin	From Atlantic to Pacific, Friendships are everywhere. Peter & Nancy Toppan *Compromise*
Sazerac Aged 93 years	Compliments of Bette and Bob Monk
Wishing you Excellent Sailing in 2006 Lois & Jerry Ross	"We would rather be on the boat with a drink on the rocks, than in the drink with the boat on the rocks!" Good luck from the Gladiator Crew
Remember, Friendships add Richness and Worth to Life Crew of Banshee	"To enduring friendships" Desiree/the Plumer family

Two Friends and a Friendship

By
Harvey Nobe

This story is not so much about a Friendship Sloop as it is about a friendship involving a Friendship Sloop. This is my tribute to my dear departed friend, Martin McDonough.

I don't recall when exactly I first met Martin. I probably saw him hanging around the docks at the Center for Wooden Boats, doing stuff that I did when I first volunteered there: pumping bilges, painting, and sanding, varnishing CWB boats. He'd stop by on occasion and we'd talk about our favorite subject—wooden sailboats, and in particular, my Friendship sloop, ***Amie***. I had gotten her out of the yard about a year or two before with a new deck and lots of other needed work, and I enjoyed talking about it. Martin had spent some time on the east coast and had sailed quite a few races around Boston and New England, so we certainly had a common bond in the Friendship Sloop. Of course, he wanted to go out on ***Amie***, and, of course, I wanted to go sailing on ***Amie*** too.

I found Martin to be an excellent sailor. He had spent much time sailing Marconi rigs, but he was interested and eager to learn more about sailing a gaffer. Since I wasn't (and still am not) an expert at sailing them, it was fun to learn more together.

Martin was one of the first sailors on ***Amie*** that knew not to pinch the boat going to weather. I never had to ask him to let the main out and sail more of a reach than close hauled. He understood the fine art of the controlled jibe, something not everybody grasps.

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We had many good sails together. Then he asked if he could help me work on the ***Amie***! No major work, but the day-to-day care and feeding of your basic 25-year-old wooden sailboat. I'd come down on the weekend to do a project, only to find it done by Martin—and done well. I'd offer to pay him for his services, but all he ever wanted to do was to go sailing.

He brought his wife, Ann, down, and the three of us would often go out, just for a pleasant day sail. The 3 of us would also sail the occasional race on Lake Union. We had many grand times finishing last, just enjoying our time out on the water.

As time went on, Martin's skills and helpfulness became well known at the Center for Wooden Boats. He would teach sailing lessons, help families build their own boats, take school children and youth at risk out for sailing excursions. There wasn't a thing he was asked to do that he wouldn't do. All this time he still helped maintain ***Amie***.

On rare occasion he asked to take ***Amie*** out when I wasn't available. (*Of course* I'd let him take ***Amie*** out—Martin was a better sailor than I any day of the week). He was thrilled when he'd take her out, and gushed with praise for her when he'd come back.

About three years ago I was sidelined for six months with back trouble. Not only did I get constant cheering from Martin and Ann, but I'd get blow-by-blow progress on keeping ***Amie*** up. A year later, when I had ***Amie*** hauled, Martin was there to help take the boat to the yard, and helped sand and paint. When we found some bad caulking on a garboard seam, Martin said "I've never caulked before, but I'm willing to try". He stayed till about 8:00 on that Saturday night to put in about three feet of caulking. ***Amie*** has not leaked since.

We were all saddened when we found that Martin and Ann were leaving town for a new job in the San Francisco bay area. Nonetheless, we kept in close touch, emailing and visiting whenever they were up in Seattle or we were in the Bay area. We had a wonderful time with them earlier this summer when Martin showed us the yacht club where he taught sailing.

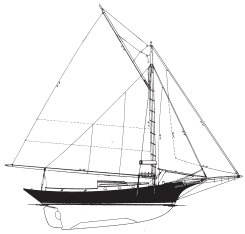
This past week we found that Martin had passed away suddenly. He apparently had a seizure and drowned after a wonderful evening sail with Ann and friends. He would have been 42 in October.

The Sequoia Yacht Club in Redwood City, CA held a memorial service for Martin. We held one at the Center for Wooden Boats in Seattle. Although I could not be in both places at once, I'm sure there wasn't a dry eye at either service.

Such is the legacy of a true friend and sailor who did so much for so many.



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Boat Rules

By
Tom Berry

We live with rules our whole life. At first we don't know they're rules, just demands or orders from our parents. But they're the genesis of our rule-dominated life. They usually begin while we're still in diapers; that's called "training." By the time we get to school we know what rules are: No speaking in the classroom unless you're called on to speak. In my day, that was a direct order; you either obeyed or were sent to the vice-principal.

There are times when we have to create our own rules, too; like when we own our very own Friendship Sloop. We soon learn that guests require guidance. Thus, we create rules so that life on our own boat allows us to remain content. After all, that's what we want out of our water-borne experiences, contentedness.

Here are my 5 simple rules.

Rule #1. ***Wenonah*** departs when she and the Captain be ready, which normally be as announced/agreed.

For the life of me, I can't understand how some people can be so cavalier about leisure time, yet are always punctual about arriving at work. What's so God-awful important about work that it monopolizes the punctuality credo, whilst leisure is often simply wasted by lollygagging? Being invited to join someone on their boat for the day is not the same as arriving a fashionable hour late for a party or dinner invitation. Fun is supposed to be fun, and if fun begins at 1000 hrs then be there at 1000 hrs!! Once someone arrived for a two-day sail 1½ hours after the time we'd agreed to set sail. There was no phone call during this time, so I bit my lip, seethed internally, squirmed about and otherwise muttered voodooistic unmentionables while waiting. The guest finally arrived with a happy, "oh, I was running late" excuse. Yes, I was tempted to leave without them. But they had all the food, and when foods involved, El Capitan has his priorities, after all.

Rule #2. She returns when she returns, which normally be as announced/agreed.

This rule could easily be named after a former friend, now a mere acquaintance. We departed on an overnight sail several years ago. It was a lovely sail across the

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Chesapeake, up the Chester River to a quiet anchorage at Gray's Inn Creek. All went well. The next morning a light breeze blew from the NW, allowing us to sail away from our anchorage. The wind tempted and I bit, so commenced putting up all five rags. Just as the 5th sail was belayed the wind all but died. This was 1000 hrs Sunday. We were moving at less than a knot, but still moving, yet my friend asked me to turn on the engine. I'd just finished busting my hump getting all the sails up, was calmly enjoying a rewarding beverage of my choice and didn't understand what the rush was; after all, we'd be back by 1600-1700 no matter what. Oh, he got uppity. When pressed for attitudinal details, he said he had to be back because a local dance club was closing that night. OK, I said, what time does the club open, 9:00 PM? There's plenty of time. No, no, the doors open much earlier and, blah, blah.... I saw no rush, professed that we'd be back in time and that was that. He went below to sulk because he didn't get his way...on my boat! We continued to inch along, but the minute we hit Love Point the wind kicked up again and ***Wenonah*** flew. It turned into a memorable sail across the Bay and up the Magothy River, five sails kicking into overdrive to fetch us home. We were back by 1600. My friend immediately grabbed his already-packed gear and jumped off ***Wenonah*** to head for his car. I calmly and politely asked if he could help carry some of the trash and boat gear up to the house. He got the hint. Nor did I forget.

Rule #3. No special stops to procure or discharge crew during the sail.

Wenonah*'s* a gaffer. Translation: she can be stubborn when going to weather. Ergo, we try to sail off the wind as much as possible. When out for several days I try to heed the weather forecasts as best we can. That means I'll let the wind push us as much as possible. That, in turn, would make it a bit difficult and, almost always, a nasty beat to fetch someone's land wagon that's been parked contrary to our convenient sailing weather. Nor do I commence a sail by blurting, "Hey, let's go to Annapolis and hang on a mooring" when the weather forecast indicates it'll be a lengthy beat to weather all the way. Nope, comfortable sailing is what it's all about and you sign on for the duration of the sail with *Wenonah* or, if really need be, you get off wherever we are, not where you'd prefer us to be.

Rule #4. Food and beverage provisioning are normally shared but sometimes aren't, depending on the Captain's spirits.

Sharing, as used here, is a very flexible word. It's about as flexible as a bird preening its back feathers. I have a friend who always brings delightfully fresh, healthy meals. I love her provisioning. It's always devoured...in toto. But there must be some balance to all this health, so I manage to counterbalance her efforts with good libations: plenty of real (not Lite, Light or faux) beer, tons of water and a bottle of my favorite rum. I almost always over-provision my part of refreshments, so we do eat and drink well. Sometimes, "depending on the Captain's spirits," I will treat someone like this to a nice dinner if we're anchored near a restaurant. But pity the fool who shows up with a couple of wee tea sandwiches for the Captain's hearty appetite that day.

Rule #5. Whilst underway all cell phones/pagers shall remain off.

I have to give the other half credit for this rule for I fumed, fussed and steamed far too long. One day she finally said, "You have 4 boat rules, just make another one. It's

Continued p. 32

your boat." Bingo! I had a new, and so far, final rule, unless man's technological bent throws another irritation my way, forcing the formulation of yet another rule. This is the rule I happily force on guests. I am empowered and love it.

Despite what you've just read, I'm really rather flexible with four of my Boat Rules; I really am. But the 5th, the last rule, I adamantly enforce. Go ahead, leave your phone on in a meeting, a concert, a restaurant, a restroom, a rest home, but kindly keep it off while on my boat. The cell phone has significantly altered our lives and, methinks, not necessarily for the better. We used to, in fact a few of us still do, retire our decrepit souls to the solitude of our Friendships in search of a respite from what ails us ashore. There is nothing quite like sharing this experience with a good friend or two, nibbling, sipping, yakking and laughing the day away, with some lengthy pauses to listen to a sail flutter, a gooseneck squeak, a sheet flop, an osprey squawk and the water lap against the hull of your favorite toy. There is absolutely no need for modern conveyances in this perfect environment. Yet too many of us cast off the dock lines hell-bent on remaining tethered to shore with newfangled gadgets that irreverently intrude on what should be purely simple bliss.

There they are. Five straightforward Boat Rules. I think these rules are quite justifiable, too, since they are fewer and simpler than what the IRS promulgates, and we manage to live with that excess, don't we?

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Two Blades Are Better Than One

By Ted Walsh

The following heavily edited excerpts from our log explain how we finally solved the recurring problems with our folding propeller.

Tuesday 29 July

Eben, a good friend and veteran of several cruises, had agreed to help me with the delivery of the ***Black Star*** from Rockland to Deer Island, in the Bay of Fundy. We arrived in Rockland to find the boat still on the mooring where I left it, but anchored beyond the mooring field was a large grey warship. We were told it was the ***USS Ticonderoga***. It became clear that the Navy had commandeered the public docks as a clearing point for crew going ashore and to clear any guests that might be going aboard. We got somewhat hesitant permission from a flack-jacketed petty officer to dock just long enough to take on ice, water, and provisions.

We rowed out, brought the boat in, loaded gear aboard, cast off, and headed for the fuel dock.

"Hey what's that thump-thump noise"? Eben asked.

"Must be something wrapped around the prop again," I replied.

13:30. Pulling away from the fuel dock the prop still sounded wonky. I was sure it was just some rockweed or something binding the folding prop. We had a wonderful south wind, so upon clearing the channel, we set the main. As we fell off we found we were headed right for the anchored warship. "*Notice to Mariners regarding recreational vessels in the proximity to Navy vessels*" flashed through my head. Phrases like "…*private vessels will be impounded*…" and "…*punishable by fine or imprisonment*…" came uncomfortably to mind and I rushed aft to help Eben bring her onto a new heading away from the looming grey giant. While going about, a life-line managed to grab my boat shoe, remove it from my foot, and fling it overboard a remarkable distance in the direction of the anchored ship. We both looked at the now sinking shoe. Eben asked if we should come about and see if we could find it. I decided that if our choices were between littering, or possibly violating the security zone of an anchored warship, we would opt for the former. The whole episode left me with a sort of "bad omen" feeling.

14:20. Making eight knots on a course to take us "outside" Vinalhaven to Isle Au Haut. The thrill of tearing along under staysail, jib, and one reef in the main, was chasing away any lingering anxieties. At this rate we would make Laundry Cove in time for the sunset gun….

18:30. No wind.

At about 14:30 the wind had begun to ease, and then, over the next hour or so it died altogether. Now under all plain sail, we drifted in slow lazy circles.

We thought by now the prop would be washed clean, but about the best we could get out of her was a little way on the boat and a lot of vibration. After nearly an hour of trying to coax wind into the sails or get the prop to engage, Eben volunteered to go over the side with the mask before it got too dark, and see if he could locate the problem.

"Uh, Ted, how many blades is the prop supposed to have"? Eben said. Very bad feeling about this.

Continued p. 34

"There should be two."

"Ah, THAT'S the problem."

Somehow we had managed to lose one of the folding propeller blades while the pin that holds it in place was…well, still in place. We had struck nothing; moreover, everything had been working fine on the trip into the dock to pick up supplies. It was only upon leaving that something appeared to have gone wrong.

We agreed that the mystery would have to wait. Right now we needed to make a safe anchorage.

23:50. After a long slow approach in the dark, we finally entered the southern entrance of the thoroughfare between Isle Au Haut and Kimble's Islands on the midnight high tide. Knowing that this area does not have good holding ground, we continued on through the thoroughfare. With Eben on the bow, using the big spotlight to silently point out lobster pots and channel buoys, we made our way slowly through the very crowded town anchorage and on through the narrows (only really navigable at high tide).

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Wednesday 30 July

01:10. At long last we made Laundry Cove and good holding ground; were I not in the bosun's chair at the masthead trying to un-jam the staysail halyard, I suppose I would be relieved. The one silver lining was that Saxon, the ship's wolf/dog was ashore with Chris, Eben's wife. I was grateful that Saxon was not here for this cruise.

08:30. Awoke. Staggered around the cabin. Tried to think clearly…failed. Before the grogginess wore off, I went over the side with the mask. Yup, one blade, not two.

10:00.A beautiful sail into Stonington on a perfect summer day; still I could not keep from wishing that I could skip to the end of the story and see how it comes out.

12:00. Anchored off the yard and made arrangements to get the boat taken out of the water after lunch. We were just about to bite into hastily made sandwiches when the yard-launch arrived and the attendant said that the plan had changed; they wanted to lift us out now. Somehow we managed to back her into the granite slip and run slings under her without bumping anything.

A weird experience to be in the water one moment and lifted clear the next. Eben and I managed to scramble off with our sandwiches as the boat was lifted clear of the water.

At this point there was much chin-scratching and several people passing by pointed out that we were missing a propeller blade; very helpful. As we stood next to the dripping, suspended hull, providing entertainment for the yard crew at Billings, a lady approached and started asking very knowledgeable questions about the boat; it turned out her family had owned ***Rights of Man*** before Wayne and Kirsten Cronin. This rather cheerful conversation was just getting warmed up when a large man, whom it later turned out ran a competing yard, appeared and started to lecture us on how the worst thing you could do with a wooden boat was to have hull zincs…clearly the employees of Billings had heard this tirade before, for they scattered like startled birds, diving into work sheds, boat sheds, and waiting pick-up trucks. The new visitor droned on about how everybody had it wrong. Meanwhile, our boat was slowly driving away in the travel lift. This was all getting very strange. After several attempts to interrupt the zinc lecture, we managed to communicate that we needed to follow our boat.

As we jogged after our vessel, now disappearing at a stately pace behind a boatshed, Eben said, "I will say one thing for cruising with you; we meet the most interesting people."

We caught up with the boat and began to amble behind it. Several more nice people helpfully pointed out the missing propeller blade. At this point a mechanic appeared and after checking to make sure the Zinc Lecturer had not followed us, suggested that the boat might have to be put on stands for the night until parts could arrive.

Things were looking bleak, and possibly expensive. While we tried to digest this, another mechanic arrived with a used fixed-blade propeller in hand. After a very short conversation we had the old prop off, the new one on, and the boat reversed course and started her stately procession back to the sea. I ran into the office to pay the bill and then ran back to the boat. Minutes later, we were afloat with a new-used propeller—the engine operating perfectly and without vibration for the first time since we have owned the boat. The boat had been out of the water was less than an hour.

As we shaped a course to take us to Mt. Desert, I thought that surely the worst was over. As it turned out, we had yet to face an un-forecasted storm in the Grand Manan Channel and a dungeon of fog in the Bay of Fundy, but we had no more problems with the propeller. There must have been a dozen times in the last twenty four hours that I had reflected on how relieved I was to have not brought Saxon on this one trip—but I would have loved to have seen her face as we took the boat for a walk at Billings Diesel.

Bancroft Award

This year the Bancroft Award went to Bill and Caroline Zuber. It is made in memory of Winthrop Bancroft, owner of *Elicia III* and an early and enthusiastic member of our Society. The award might also recognize an unusual voyage, the building of a sloop, a model, a poem, a painting - some contribution to the Friendship tradition.

Morang Award

Stephen Major was presented this year's Morang Award for his contribution "The *Edelweiss*" that was published in the 2005 yearbook. This award is given in memory of Bruce Morang, helmsman, yearbook editor and race committee chairman. Ashore, he was editor of the Reading, Mass. newspaper and a discriminating writer. The award is given for the best article submitted for publication in the yearbook.

FRIENDSHIP SLOOPS REGISTERED WITH FRIENDSHIP SLOOP SOCIETY

Sloops are classified Class "A"= Originals built prior to 1920; Class "B"= "Replicas" & Near Replicas" built after 1920; Length On Deck (L.O.D.) rounded to nearest foot; TBL= To Be Launched; OLD= Built before WWII; c = circa; Builder names separated by "&" built together; Separated by "/" built sequentially; Alphanumeric in "Builder(s)" column is builder's model & hull (number if known)

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
1	VOYAGER	30'	Charles A. Morse	1906	Jim Salafia, Warren ME	Rebuilding	ME
2	DICTATOR	31'	Robert E. McLain	1904	Peter M. Chesney, Burbank CA	Deer Isle	ME
5	CONTENT	25'	Stuart M. Ford	1961	Noel March, Old Town ME	Friendship Harbor	ME
6	EASTWARD	32'	James Chadwick	1956	Robert C. Duncan, Concord MA	Boothbay Harbor	ME
7	TANNIS	38'	W. Scott Carter	1937	Jack & Mary Cronin, Sturbridge MA	Salem Willows	MA
9	AMITY	30'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Stephen & Diane O'Connell, Ellsworth ME	Benjaman River	ME
10	MARY ANNE	31'	Lash Brothers	1958	Dr. Joseph Griffin, Damariscotta ME	Damariscotta	ME
13	EASTING	29'	Charles A. Morse	1920	Brenna & Van Keith Herridge, Rockland ME	Rockland Harbor	ME
14	SADIE M.	30'	Wilbur Morse 2nd	1946	Nick & Eunice Kingsbury, Kennebunkport ME	Rockland	ME
15	VIDA MIA	30'	Edward L. Stevens	1942	George & Cindy Loos	Cape May	NJ
16	RETRIEVER	22'	W. Prescott Gannett	1942	Phil Rotondo & Susan Franklin, Scituate MA	Florida Keys	FL
18	CHRISSY	30'	Charles A. Morse	1912	Harold & Kim Burnham, Essex MA	Essex	MA
19	BLACKJACK	33'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Wilson Fletcher, Bar Harbor ME	Northeast Harbor	ME
21	WILBURA.MORSE	30'	Carlton A. Simmons	1946	Richard Brown, Port Townsend WA	Port Townsend	WA
22	ELLIE T.	25'	John G Thorp	1961	Gregory Roth, New London CT	New London	CT
23	ALICE E	30'	Unknown	1899	Karl Brunner & Kristen Ramos, Bass Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
24	TERN	25'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1900	Leo & Kelly Greene, Andover MA	Marblehead	MA
25	SEA DUCK	35'	Charles A. Morse?	c1901	Matinicus Island, July 95'	Matinicus	ME
31	WHITE EAGLE	28'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1914	William A. Cronin, Sturbridge MA	Rebuilding	MA
32	NOMAD	33'	Wilbur A. Morse	1906	Tom Ash, North Weymouth MA	Rebuilding	MA
33	SMUGGLER	28'	Philip J. Nichols	1942	Mike Mulrooney, West Kingston RI	Rebuilding	
34	PAL O' MINE	27'	W. Prescott Gannett	1947	James B.L. Lane, Winchester MA	Essex	MA
35	MARY C.	20'	Nathaniel D. Clapp	1962	Roger Burke, Ipswich MA	Islesboro	ME
37	CHANCE	31'	Wilbur A. Morse	1916	Maine Maritime Museum, Bath ME	Bath	ME
38	ELEAZAR	38'	W. Scott Carter	1938	David B. Schuler, Rochester NY	Rochester	NY
39	GOBLIN	30'	Lash Brothers	1963	Dr. Brad Wilkinson, Durham, CT	Center Harbor	ME
40	COMESIN	32'	J. Ervin Jones	1962	John & Linda Livingston, Jacksonville FL	Jacksonville	FL
42	SELKIE	26'	C. Simmons & J. Hennings	1963	Russell Stone, Ivoryton CT	Plymouth	MA
43	GYPSY	23'	Judson Crouse	1939	David Tabbutt, Portland ME	Bucks Harbor	ME
44	SAZERAC	35'	Wilbur A. Morse	1913	Roger Lee, Weston MA	Islesboro	ME
45	FLYING JIB	30'	W. Scott Carter	1936	Sara Beck, Topsfield MA	Salem Harbor	MA
46	MOMENTUM	30'	Lash Brothers	1964	Bayfront Center For Martime Studies, Erie PA	Erie	PA
47	GALATEA	30'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1964	Don Murray, Sausalito CA	Sausalito	CA
49	SURPRISE	33'	Phillip J. Nichols	1964	Downeast Sailing Adventures, Bar Harbor ME	Bar Harbor	ME
50	HERITAGE	29'	Elmer Collemer	1962	Steve & Dee Dunipace, Brownsburg IN	Friendship	ME
52	RIGHTS OF MAN	30'	Lash Brothers	1965	Wayne Cronin, Thomaston ME	Rockland	ME
53	EAGLE	32'	Wilbur A. Morse	1915	Richard Rapalyea, Elverson PA	Portland	ME
54	ECHO	22'	Lee Boatyard	1965	Stephen Major & Family	DeLand Cove	ME
57	OLD BALDY	25'	James S. Rockefeller	1965	Jim & Andrea Wilson, Rye NH	Kittery	ME
58	CATHY	21'	Jeremy D. Maxwell	1969	Ted & Cathy Chase, New Harbor ME	New Harbor	ME
59	SARAH MEAD	30'	Newbert & Wallace	1963	Nate & Randy Jones, N. Brewick, ME	Muscongus Harbor	ME
61	WINDWARD	25'	James S. Rockefeller	1966	Tim Sullivan, Gloucester MA	Gloucester	MA
62	COLUMBIA	23'	Lester Chadbourne	c1950	John & Kimberly Bundza, Barrington, NH	Great Bay	NH
64	AMICITA	33'	Lash Brothers	1965	Jeff Pontiff, New Bedford MA	New Bedford	MA
65	GALLANT LADY	33'	Morse	1907	James Smith, Picton Ontario Canada	Prinyer Cove	Ontario
66	VENTURE	26'	Wilber A. Morse	1912	Bill Finch & Carrol Rose, Beverly MA	Beverly	MA
67	HIERONYMUS	33'	Ralph W. Stanley	1962	Albert P. Neilson, Honey Brook PA	Southwest Harbor	ME
68	ROBIN L	25'	James H Hall	1967	Bill Cummings, Bristol, ME	Rebuilding	
69	COAST O'MAINE	30'	Vernell Smith	1967	William & Shawn Poole, Fulton NY	Rebuilding	NY
70	WINGS OF THE MORNING	30'	Roger Morse	1967	Rodney Flora & Jill Schoof, Georgetown MA	Southwest Harbor	ME
71	GLADIATOR	32'	Alexander McLain	1902	Bill & Caroline Zuber, Friendship ME	Friendship	ME
73	WEST INDIAN	26'	Pamet Harbor Boat	1951	Christoff Skoczylas, Kenora Ontario	Kenora	Ontario
74	PATIENCE	30'	Malcom Brewer	1965	Rev. John Arens, Needham MA	Cataumet	MA
75	OMAHA	35'	Norris Carter	1901	Adrian Hooydonk, S. Thomaston ME	Spruce Head Island	ME
80	DOWN EAST	35'	Fred Buck & "Skip" Adams	1941	Matthew and Nancy McConnel, Camden	Camden	ME
82	MORNING STAR	28'	Albion F. Morse	1912	Paul Milani, Ashfield MA	Sandy Point	ME
83	PERSEVERANCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (01)	1969	David Niebuhr, Gloucester Point VA	Gloucester Point	VA
84	PHILIA	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1969	Betty & Al Whritenour, St. Augustine FL	Cotuit	MA
85	HEIDI LEE	38'	Jeremy D. Maxwell	1974	Matthew & Heidi Gabrilowitz, Cranston RI	Wickford	RI
86	ALLEGIANCE	24'	Albert M. Harding	1970	Hale Whitehouse, Cape Porpoise ME	Cape Porpoise	ME
87	STELLA MARIS	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1969	Capt. James Russell, Scituate MA	Scituate	MA
88	APOGEE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (02)	1969	Paul & Libby Collet, Freeport ME	South Freeport	ME
89	ERDA	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1970	Francis "Pat" West, Vineyard Haven MA	Vineyard Haven	MA
90	SALATIA	25'	Newman (P02)/Newman	1969	Miff Lauriat, Southwest Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
91	PHOENIX	30'	Bruno & Stillman (04)	1970	Tad Beck, Hollywood CA	Carvers Harbor	ME

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
92	PRISCILLA	25'	James Rockefeller/Basil Day	1975	Norman M. Sulock, Baldwinsville NY	Oneida Lake	NY
93	ANNA R.	25'	Kenneth Rich	1970	Stuart L. Rich, Tenants Harbor ME	Rebuilding	ME
94	DIANA	25'	Newman (P03)/Rockefeller	1971	Ebenezer & Diana R. Gay, Rockland ME	Vinalhaven	ME
95	WESTWIND	40'	Charles A. Morse	1902	John & Diane Fassak, Mansfield MA	Rebuilding	MA
96	VOYAGER	32'	Lash Brothers	1965	Capt. Fred Perrone, Plymouth MA	Plymouth	MA
97	INTEGRITY	27'	Wilbur A. Morse	1903	Brian & Christine Wedge, Harpswell ME	Harpswell	ME
98	DEFIANCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (06)	1970	Bob Smith	Rio Dulce	Guatemala
99	BUCCANEER	29'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1911	Tirocchi Family, Johnston RI	Johnston	RI
100	CAPTAIN TOM	26'	Bernard Backman	1970	John Sandusky, Mt. Sinai NY	Mt. Sinai Harbor	NY
101	GOOD HOPE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (07)	1971	Barta & Lee Hathaway, Newburyport MA	Ipswich	MA
102	TODDY	35'	Lubbe Vob (Germany)	1972	Mary L. Morden, Bad Axe MI	Lake Huron	MI
103	SOLASTER	25'	Newman (P04)/Newman	1970	Newman & Gray, Cranberry Isle ME	Cranberry Isle	ME
104	COCKLE	28'	Elmer Collemer	1950	Rupert & Regina Hopkins, Miller Place NY	Mt. Sinai Harbor	NY
105	LADY E	30'	Bruno & Stillman (05)	1971	Liz & Ken Spindola	Padanaram Harbor	MA
106	HOLD TIGHT	25'	Newman (P05)/Newman	1970	Alan Watkins, Weston MA	Gloucester	MA
107	MAGIC	22'	Passamaquoddy (1)	1970	Eric Applegarth, Clairborne MD	Rebuilding	
109	PETREL	31'	G. Cooper	1933	Colin D. Pears, Kennebunkport ME	Rebuilding	
112	SECRET	27'	Philip J. Nichols	1971	Edward Good, S. Lancaster MA	Salem Willows	MA
113	YANKEE PRIDE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (14)	1971	James J. & Margaret E. Graig, Keyport NJ	Keyport	NJ
114	HELEN BROOKS	30'	Bruno & Stillman (08)	1971	Khristyn Ramos & Karl Brunner	Southwest Harbor	ME
115	GOOD FRIEND	30'	Bruno & Stillman (12)	1971	Harvey & Lee Goodfriend, Simsbury CT	Groton	CT
117	LEADING LIGHT	30'	Bruno & Stillman (10)	1971	John & Eve Crumpton , Oxford ME	South Freeport	ME
118	WENONAH	30'	Bruno & Stillman (16)	1971	Thomas L. Berry, Washington DC	Pasadena	MD
119	VALHALLA	30'	Bruno & Stillman (15)	1971	Paul & Sally Wolfe, Pittsburge PA	Ben Avon	PA
120	PERSISTENCE	30'	C. Simmons/J. Lichtman	TBL	John Lichtman, Friendship ME	Building	
122	EDEN	25'	Francis Nash & Ed Coffin	1971	Scott Martin, Bar Harbor ME	Bar Harbor	ME
123	RESOLUTE	28'	Charles A. Burnham	1973	Charles A. Burnham, Essex MA	Essex	MA
124	CALLIPYGOUS	30'	Bruno & Stillman (17)	1971	Richard & Tina Sharabura, Toronto Ontario	Toronto	Ontario
125	TIGER LILY	25'	Al Paquette	1969	Holbrook Family, Rochester MA	Mattapoisett	MA
126	WHIM	20'	Chester Spear	1939	Jack Manley, Northville NY	Rebuilding	
127	MARIA	21'	Charles A. Burnham	1971	Frank Friend, Essex MA	Rebuilding	
128	SCHOODIC	31'	E. Collemer/B. Lanning	1973	David & Nancy Schandall, Lunnenbrg Nova Scotia	Lunnenberg	NS
129	GISELA R.	25'	Andrew P. Schafer	1969	James O'Hear, Sag Harbor NY	Noyack	NY
130	NARWHAL	25'	Newman (P06)/Newman	1972	James Rosenbaum, Milwaukee WI	Milwaukee	WI
131	NOAHSARK	29'	John Chase	1972	Paul Werner, Old Orchard Beach ME	Unknown	ME
133	INDEPENDENCE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (21)	1973	Frederick G. Schwarzmann, Far Hills NJ	Oxford	MD
134	BEAR	22'	Passamaquoddy/Collins	1973	Jim Horigan, Reading MA	Swampscott	MA
136	SQUIRREL	28'	Charles A. Morse	1920	Larry & Stephanie Moxon, Mystic CT	Mystic	CT
137	AYSEHA	35'	McLain?	OLD	Larry Thomas, New Orleans LA	Lake Ponchartrain	LA
138	PUA NOA II	31'	Robert P. Gardner	1973	Francis L. Higginson, Islesboro ME	Islesboro	ME
139	OSPREY	25'	Newman (P08)/ Morris	1973	Steve Hughes, Kansas City MO	Southwest Harbor	
141	SEA DOG	25'	James H. Hall	1974	Greg Grundtisch, Lancaster NY	Buffalo	NY
142	AUDREY II	21'	Peter Archibold	1976	Ronald Shaw, Peaks Island, ME	Peaks Island	ME
143	FAIR AMERICAN	25'	Newman (P10)/Morris	1974	Francis P. McIntire, Santa Maria CA	Port St. Louis	CA
144	DUFFER	25'	Newman (P09)/Morris	1974	Jack & Gerna St. John	Boothbay Harbor	ME
145		31'	Newman (D02)/Lanning	1974			
146	YANKEE LADY	25'	Newman (P01)/C.Chase	1970	John M. Ash, Ferndale PA	Chebeague Island	ME
147	MARA E.	31'	Newman (D01)/Jones	1974	Barrie Abrams, Mamaroneck NY	Satans Toe	NY
148	SLOOP OUT OF WATER	38'	Norris Carter	1905	Joe Vinciguerra, Andover MA	Patio Gazebo	MA
149	FIDDLER'S GREEN	25'	Roy O. Jenkins	1978	Dick Leighton, Bowdoinham ME	Yarmouth	ME
150	WOODCHIPS	25'	Deschenes & Willet/et al	TBL	Neil Allen, Orleans MA	Unfinished	
151	DEPARTURE	15'	W. Prescott Gannett	1936	Dr. Llewellyn Bigelow, Alexandria VA	Alexandria	VA
152	MURPHY'S LAW	32'	Kent F. Murphy	1977	Diahanne & Kevin Stirnweis, Chelsea MA	Marblehead	MA
153	ANGELUS	22'	Passamaquoddy/Collins	1975	Jim & Elaine Carter, Everett MA	Bass River	MA
154	MUSCONGUS	28'	Albion F. Morse	1909	Captain's Cove Seaport, Bridgeport CT	Bridgeport	CT
155	QUEEQUEG	25'	Newman (P11)/Morris	1975	Rich & Beth Langton, Edgecomb ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
156	NAMASTE	31'	Newman (D03)/Morris	1975	Jerry & Penny Kriegle, Duxsbury, MA	South Dartmouth	MA
157	LIBERTY	31'	Newman (D04)/Salter	1980	Inland Seas Education Foundation, Suttons Bay	Suttons Bay	MI
159	PACIFIC CHILD	30'	Bruno & Stillman (03)	1969	Catherine Randak, Salt Lake City UT	San Diego	CA
160	DEFIANCE	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1973	Morgan L. Hendry, Wilmington DE	Round Pond	ME
161	SUMMERWIND	22'	Sam Guild & Bill Cannell	1976	Norman E. MacNeil, Woods Hill MA	Falmouth	MA
162	IRENE	38'	Charles A. Morse	1917	Harold Burnham, Essex MA	Rebuilding	MA
164	VERA JEAN	30'	Charles A. Morse	1906	Dennis Mayhew, Niceville FL	Choctawhatchee Bay	FL
165	REUNION	25'	Clifford G. Niederer	1975	Mason E. "Ric" Stober III, Concord CA	Oakland	CA
166	SCHOODIC	25'	Concordia Company	1967	Bob & Maria Barth/John Mayer	Kittery Point	ME
167	FREEDOM	28'	Ralph W. Stanley	1976	Richard Dudman, Ellsworth ME	Isleford	ME
168	LOON	30'	Newbert & Wallace/Jacob	1974	Karl Brunner & Kristen Ramos, Bass Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
169	DEFIANCE	22'	Eric Dow	1976	Fran Daley West Newton MA	Winthrop	MA
170	LADYOFTHEWIND	31'	Newman (D05)//Morris	1976	Karl Brunner & Kristen Ramos, Bass Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
171	RESOLUTE	31'	Newman (D06)//Morris	1976	Alan Leibouitz, Bilerica MA	Marblehead	MA
172	AMNESTY	25'	Jim Drake	1982	Jim Drake, Carlisle PA	Baltimore	MD
174	JOSIE	31'	Newman (D07)	2004	Mike Dulien, Costa Mesa CA	Gloucester	MA

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
175	EDEL WEISS	15'	David Major	1975	David Major, Putney VT	Friendship	ME
177	LIBERTY	19'	Ahern)B5) Hoffman	1974	Tom Mehl, Saugus CA	Saugus	CA
178	NESARU	25'	Newman (P13)/C. Chase	1977	Arieyeh Austin, Tacoma WA	Olympia	WA
180	BANSHEE	25'	Newman (P12)/Wojcik	1978	John & Carole Wojcik, Norwell MA	Mattapoisett	MA
181	AURORA	19'	Ahern (B3)/Brownie	1975	Dale Young, Deer Isle ME	Deer Isle	ME
182	MUSCONGUS	22'	Apprenticeshop	1977	Harry Oakley Jr., Old Lyme CT	Shelter Island	NY
183	TARA ANNE	25'	Newman(P14)Morris	1978	Michael Florio, Greenwich CT	unknown	
184	PERSEVERANCE	27'	Simms Yachts	1963	Denis & Kathy Paluch, Chicago IL	Chicago	IL
185	OCEAN ROAR	27'	J. Philip Ham	1978	Les Taylor, Warren ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
186	RAGTIMEANNIE	27'	Nick Apollonio	1975	Bartlett H. Stoodley Jr., Unity ME	Camden	ME
187	PEREGRINE	27'	Ralph W. Stanley	1977	Paul & Carol Lidstrom, Whitefield NH	Southwest Harbor	ME
189	TRADITION	31'	Newman (D09)/Nehrbass	1981	Jarvis & Susan Newman, S. West Harbor, ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
191	ANNABELLE	22'	Apprenticeshop	1978	South Street Seaport, New York City NY	Museum Display	NY
192	KERVIN RIGGS	22'	Williams & Bouchard	1977	Bill & Dori Mebane, Falmouth MA	Woods Hole	MA
193	LADY M.	32'	Harvey Gamage	1978	Thomas Martin, South Bristol ME	South Bristol	ME
194	HUCKLEBERRYBEL	25'	Clifford G. Niederer	1977	Brian & Mary Clare, Gloucester VA	Gloucester	VA
195	PRINCESS	26'	Wilbur A. Morse	1908	Joe Dubois & John Harror, Sarasota FL	Rebuilding	
196	ENDEAVOR	25'	Ralph W. Stanley	1979	Betsey Holtzmann, Southwest Harbor ME	Southwest Harbor	ME
197	NATANYA	31'	Newman (D11)/Davis	1978	Joe & Miriam Hliva, Greenwich CT	Greenwich	CT
198	BAY LADY	31'	Newman (D12)/Lanning	1978	Captain Bill Campbell, Boothbay Harbor ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
199	WILD ROSE	31'	Newman (D13)/Liberation	1979	James Peck, Waverly PA	Sargentville	ME
200	ESTELLA A.	34'	Robert E. McLain	1904	Mystic Seaport Museum, Mystic CT	Mystic Seaport	CT
201	ENDEAVOR	31'	Newman (D08)/Genthner	1979	James Genthner, Fairhaven MA	Nantucket	MA
202	ARRIVAL	31'	Newman (D14)/Niedrach	1981	John & Carole Wojcik, Norwell MA	Rebuilding	MA
204	MARIE ANNE	27'	Jason Davidson	1977	Diana Echeverria, Seattle WA	Severn River	MD
205	DAYSTAR	28'	Richard E. Mosher	1989	Rich & Sally Mosher, Kalamazoo MI	Kalamazoo	MI
206	GRANUAILE	31'	Newman (D15)/ Clarke	1979	Thomas Power	Salem	MA
208	LISA K	31'	Newman (D16)/Lanning	1981	Jeff Cohen, Mamaroneck, NY	Mamaroneck	NY
209	FRIEND SHIP	31'	Newman (D17)/Pettegrow	1981	Whistling Man Schoner Co. Burlington,VT	Burlington	VT
210	THESLOOPJOHNB	22'	Passamaquoddy/Oliva	1974	Al Perrin, Canandaigua NY	Canandaigua Lake	NY
211	ANSA	22'	James D. Hamilton	1982	Stephen & Julie Sell, Landenburg PA	Earlville	MD
212	ACHATES	22'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1980	Richard C. Leigh, Nashville TN	Charleston	SC
213	AMIE	25'	Bob Holcomb (Alaska)	1978	Harvey & C.R. Nobe, Newcastle WA	Seattle	WA
214	GAIVOTA	31'	Newman/(D19)/Pettegrow	1982	Bill & Kathy Whitney, Needham MA	Cataumet	MA
215	ELLEN ANNE	22'	Passamaquoddy Yachts	1968	David Colinan, Lincoln RI	East Greenwich	RI
216	AMITY	39'	W. Scott Carter	1941	John F. Nichols, Takely by Stortford, Herts., Eng.	Ipswich	UK
217	OPHELIA'SODYSSEY	33'	Shoreline Boats	1972	Thomas Searles, So Portland ME	South Portland	ME
218	WILLIAMM.RAND	22'	John B. Rand	1982	John B. Rand, Raymond ME	Cundys Harbor	ME
219	YANKEE BELLE	23'	Paul G. Edwards	1983	Jeffrey Sander, Sag Harbor	Sag Harbor	NY
220	SORCERESS	31'	Newman (D20)/ Pettegrow	1984	Ruy Gutierrez, Auburn ME	Phippsburg	ME
221	SEAL	22'	Ahern (01)/Zink	1984	Pam Burke, East Boothbay ME,	Boothbay Harbor	ME
222	LADY JEANNE	16'	Richard L. McInnes	1982	Joe Dupere, Orono ME	Unknown	
223	CORREGIDOR	25'	Newman (P17)/P. Chase	1981	Brian Flynn & Mary Clay, Brooklyn Heights NY		
224	DAYLIGHT	19'	James Eyre Wainwright	1983			
225	PHILLIPJ.NICHOLS	27'	Philip J. Nichols	1981	Bob & Dave Monk, N Reading MA	Salem	MA
226	DESIREE	31'	Chris Sparrow/Larry Plumer	1993	Larry Plumer, Newbury MA	Newburyport	MA
227	CELEBRATION	25'	Newman (P15)/Hodgdon	1980	Greg & Annette Merrill, Butler MD	Bayville	ME
228	MERMAID	22'	Ahern(10)/Fitzgerald	1990	Al & Louise Doucette, Mattapoisett MA	Mattapoisett	MA
229	CAP'TNGEORGE	30'	Bruno & Stillman (09)	1970	Robb Darula Richmond RI	Mystic	CT
230	HEGIRA	25'	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1980	David MacClain, Marlboro CT	Stonington	CT
231	SOLOMONGUNDY	22'	M.W. Roth Jr/W.C. Butcher	1984	William C. Butcher, Suffield CT	Branford	CT
232	COMPROMISE	22'	Ahern (08)/White	1979	Peter & Nancy Toppan, Scituate MA	Scituate	MA
233	PRINCESS PAT	22'	Harry Armstrong	1987	Harry & Pat Armstrong, Winter Park FL	Titusville	FL
234	BEATRICEMORSE	22'	M.W. Roth Jr/D.W. Owens	1985	D. William Owens III, Branford CT	Stony Creek	CT
235	FINEST KIND	22'	Sam Guild & Geoff Heath	1981	Mike & Karen Looram, East Haddam CT	Noank	CT
237	CHRISTINE	19'	Ahern (B1)/Patten	1975	Vance Home, Topsham ME	Center Harbor	ME
238	VIKING	22'	Ahern/Ulwick	1980	Steve Ulwick, Wakefield MA	Lynn	MA
239	CHEBACCO	30'	Bruno & Stillman(22)/Ginn	1987	Mike & Jayne Ginn, Jupiter FL	Jupiter	FL
240	RAVEN	26'	Rodney Reed	1965	Jeffrey C. Richards, Rockland ME	Rockland	ME
241	BLUE SANDS	34'	Boston Boat Company	TBL	Walt Disney Theme Park, Japan	Ashore	Japan
242	TECUMSEH	36'	Charles A. Morse	1902	David Frid, Oakville Ontario Canada	Oakville	Ontario
243	ERIN	22'	Ahern (05)/ Hersey	1979	Anne Del Borgo, Boothbay Harbor ME	Boothbay Harbor	ME
244	REBECCA AMES	30'	Bruno & Stillman (18)	1971	John & Karla Ayer, Miami FL	Boca Raton	FL
245	LA PALOMA	25'	Unknown (BC, Canada)	1969	John J. Caldbick, Seattle WA	Seattle	WA
246	DAME-MARISCOTTA	19'	Ahern (B6)/Shelley	1983	Rose & Hans-Peter Sinn, Huntington NY	East Boothbay	ME
247	BLACK STAR	35'	Apprenticeshop	1989	Ted Walsh & Jeff Wilson-Charles, Conway NH	Portsmouth	NH
248	TIMBER	22'	Rick Conant/Greg Fisher	1979	Greg Hickey, West Hartford CT	South Lyme	CT
249	BABY BLUE	25'	Newman (P18)/Pettegrow	1983	Scott & Sally Johnson, Waterville VT	Burlington	VT
250	BELFORD GRAY	29'	WoodenBoat School	1992	WoodenBoat School, Brooklin ME	Brooklin	ME
251	BUCEPHALUS	19'	Ralph W. Stanley	1986	Alex Forbes, Tahoma CA	Rubicon Bay	CA
252	-NONE-	30'	Harry Quick/J.R. Sherman	TBL	J. Robert & Eff Sherman, Correa ME	Building	
253	IOLAR	25'	W. McCarthy & G. Richards	1989	William L. McCarthy, Riegelsville PA	Georgetown	MD
254	WHISPER	22'	Passamaquoddy (02)/Core	1972	Gary & Debbie Crowel, Summit NJ	Toms River	NJ

Sail	Name of Sloop	L.O.D.	Builder(s)	Launched	Owner(s) & Winter Address	Homeport	State
255	GENEVIEVE	25'	Emmet Jones	1982	LaMonte Krause & Stacy Patterson, La Jolla CA	San Diego	CA
257	TODDY B.	28'	Dave Westphal	1992	Sam Nickerson	Lake Lanier	GA
258	KIM	22'	Harold Burnham	1992	Steve Goldman, Milton, Ontario	Osbourne Harbor	NS
259	SPARTAN	28'	Steve Merrill/R. Shepard	1992	Roland Shepard, Brunswick ME	Harpswell	ME
260	NIMBLE	25'	Nelson Cutler/Kim Smith	1994	Christopher Zimer, Halifax NS	Halifax	NS
261	BLUENOSE	19'	David Holmes	1974	David & Charley Holmes, Annapolis MD	Annapolis	MD
262	I GOT WINGS	22'	Ahern (04)/Almedia	1980	James "Binnacle" Wright, Preston CT	Stoneington	CT
263	RALPH W. STANLEY	19'	Ralph Stanley	1995	Anne Franchetti, Seal Cove ME	Olbia, Sardinia	Italy
264	MARGRET F	24'	Dave & Loretta Westphal	1998	Roy & Shelagh McCauly, Wayland MA	Gloucester	MA
265	MARIA EMILIA	25'	Rafael Prohens	2000	Rafael Prohens, Ovalle Chile	Launched Unknown	
266	MALISA*ANN	22'	Ahern/Hilburn	c1992	Steve & Melisa Blessington, Bangor ME	Winterport	ME
267	TRISTAN	25'	Joeseph Bernier	1980	M. Dorsey Owings, Millington MD	Chester River	MD
268	PRYDWYN OF LAMORNA	25'	Ralph Stanley	1977	Brian & Judy Cross, Lemming Australia	Fremantle	Australia
269	ACADIA	28'	Ralph Stanley	1998	Adrian Edmondson, Richmond Surrey England	Dartmouth	GB
270	JOSEPHINE	25'	Nelson Cutter	1985	Ron Wisner, Marion MA	Marion	MA
271	JASMINE	18'6"	Peter Donahoe	1985	Patrick McMahon, Airdrie Alberta Canada	Sylvan Lake	Alberta
272	TAMARA	35'	Ralph Stanley	2003	Sean & Tamara McCarthy, East Hampton NY	Boothbay	ME
273	SUMMERJOY	19'	Ralph Stanley	1989	Bob and Cindy Robertson, Holden MA	Northeast Harbor	ME
274	SELKIE	25'	James Lyons	1977	Brad Clinefelter, Nordland WA	Port Townsend	WA
275	VIKING	28'	Wibur A. Morse	1908	Cordell Hutchins, Cape Porpoise ME	Cape Porpoise	ME
276	Lucy Belle	38'	Peter Sellers	2005	Mr & Mrs Peter Sellers, Philadelphia PA	Mt Desert	ME

"LOST" REGISTERED SLOOPS (UNKNOWN STATUS AND/OR LOCATION)

If reader has ANY INFORMATION regarding any of these sloops, please contact the Society

Sail	Name(Former Name)	LOD	Builder	Launched	Comments
12	FRIENDSHIP	29'	Wilbur A. Morse	1902	Last Seen c1983 at Little Compton RI, ashore since 1968
30	KIDNAPPED (Fly-A-Way)	21'	Unknown	1921	Sunk off Hull MA in August 1965 squall, salvage confirmed
33	SMUGGLER (PRESSURE)	28'	Phillip J. Nichols	1942	Owned by North Kingston RI parties in 1983
51	#NAME?	32'	Wilber A. Morse	c1915	No information since NJ registration with Society in 1965
56	IOCASTE	33'	Charles A. Morse	c1907	Sold in 1992 to unidentified parties
63	KHOCHAB	28'	Speers	1953	Sold to Unknown Parties c1998
77	BEAGLE (SEA QUEEN)	28'	Charles A. Morse	1905	Sold May 1970 to an unnamed Staten Island party
81	REGARDLESS (Friendship)	39'	Fred Dion	1963	Repaired 1979 at Manatee Pocket FL enroute to Carribean
110	AMISTEAD	25'	R.T. White/R.E. Lee	1977	Sold in Galveston Bat TX area c1979 to unknown parties
121	CLARA (ETTA MAY)	27'	Elmer Collemer	1960	Sold March 1988 to unidentified Anacortes WA parties
132	VOGEL FREI	30'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1910	In Mediterranean in 1977, rumored as wrecked in West Africa
140	BRANDYWINE	??	McKie W. Roth Jr.	1968	Last known in South San Francisco Bay in mid 1970's
163	REWARD	25'	William A Green	1975	Last known to be in Isleton CA in 1980's; UOP student living aboard
176	TRUMPETER	28'	Charles A. Morse	OLD	Last known to be in the Galveston TX area late 1970's
179	CELENE	22'	Unknown	OLD	Sold c1979 from Canada to unknown (Detroit area?) parties
236	AUNTY POOLE	25'	Harry Bryant	1970	Sold to Unknown Parties from Lebanon, ME

REGISTERED SLOOPS NO LONGER IN EXISTENCE: "GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN"

Sail	Name(Former Name)	LOD	Builder	Launched	Comments
3	FINNETTE (RIGHT BOWER)	40'	Wilber A. Morse	1915	Destroyed C1968 at Norwich CT
4	GOLDEN EAGLE (QUEEQUEG)	26'	Albion F. Morse	c1910	Destroyed c1980 at Lynn MA
8	BANSHEE	30'	Wilber A. Morse	OLD	Destroyed c1980 at new Bedford MA
11	SHULAMITE	24,	W. Prescott Gannet	1938	Went ashore in Rockland, ME, disposition unknown
17	JOLLY BUCCANEER	45'	Eugene McLain	1906	Sunk 1972 at Melborne FL, destroyed c1978
20	MURRE (MOSES SWANN)	30'	Morse	c1910	Wrecked Oct. 1974 at Guilford CT, Destroyed c1978
26	VIRGINNA M. (SWAN)	28'	Morse	1917	Destroyed c1982 at Waterford CT
27	SARAH E.	25'	Bob McKean & Sid Carter	1939	Lost in roof cave-in at Havre de Grace MD
28	BOUNTY	22'	W. Prescot Gannet	1932	Destroyed Spring 1984 at Noank CT
29	SUSAN (OCEAN BELLE)	41'	Charles A. Morse	1902	Wrecked Christmas Eve 1977 at Hillsboro Inlet Fl
36	MARGIN	25'	Unknown	OLD	Destroyed c1985 at Waldoboro ME
48	CHANNEL FEVER	33'	F.A. Provener	1939	Destroyed Oct. 1985 at Rockport ME
60	OLD SALT	32'	Robert A. McLain & Son	1902	Broken up in CT, 2004
72	TEMPTRESS (RESULT)	33'	Phillip J. Nichols	1934	Destroyed Fall 1987 at Westerly RI
76	PACKET	26'	Charles A. Morse	1925	Destroyed Fall 1980 at Vineyard Haven MA
78	EMMIE B.	37'	Reginald Wilcox	1958	Burned 1974 at Southport ME
79	NIMBUS	30'	A.T. Chenault III	1954	Destroyed c1979 at Slidell LA after Hurricane Camille & Betsy
108	LOON	35'	Charles A. Morse	c1907	Destroyed at 1972 at Standford CT
111	AMOS SWAN	26'	Wilbur A. Morse	c1910	Blown ashore Nov. 1980 at Camden ME
116	TINQUA	30'	Bruno & Stillman	1971	Lost Rudder & Wrecked 1977 on Whaleback Ledge ME
135	HATSEY	25'	Newman(P07)Morris	1973	Demolished while filming The Truman Show in Hollywood CA
158	EVA R.	33'	Edward Robinson	1906	Sunk Hur. David 1979; destroyed c1983 at Port Chester NY
173	MEDUSA	25'	Ron Nowell	1979	Blown ashore in 45 knot gale c 1982/83 at marshall CA
188	MAUDE	32'	Harvey Gamage	1939	Burned in barn fire at Salisbury MA while being rebuilt
190	AIKANE	31'	Newman(D10) /Chase	1978	Burned in Feb. 1983 boatyard fire at Stonnington, ME
203	AURORA (LUCY S.)	26'	Unknown	c1898	Destroyed Fall 1993 at Ipswich MA
207	SAFE HOME (LANNETTE M)	31'	Herbert Melquist	1980	Blown ashore in Hurricane Bob 1991 at Beverly MA
256	OCTOBER 4th (FRIENDSHIP)	22'	Edgar Knowles	1985	Sunk in squall Sept 1993 on Oneida Lake NY

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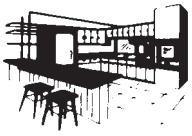
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